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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

The War and the Labor Programme

Between March, 1913 and June, 1916 two hundred and ninety-six industrial disputes are recorded as having taken place. Between June 30, 1916 and May 30, 1917, in the course of eleven months current, there have been two hundred and forty-four such disputes. To dispose of them, the Department of Labor had heretofore employed a body of conciliators, twenty-one in number. Of these, seventeen have recently been dismissed, because the Congressional Committee on Appropriations, of which Fitzgerald of Tammany is chairman, refused to report any appropriation for the service of mediation and conciliation in labor disputes for the coming fiscal year, beyond the sum necessary to maintain the skeleton of an organization. Meanwhile federal soldiers were used in Newark against pickets of a branch of the International Molders Union there on strike, and were called off through the intervention of a civilian advisor to the Secretary of War.

These data are significant. Take them together with the astounding assault on the social and labor legislation of the state of New York, with the remarkable declaration of surrender of the indispensable right of labor to strike attributed to Mr. Gompers, and they have an implication,—patriotic or noble or self-sacrificing as their original intention may have been, —sinister in the extreme for their ultimate result.

We are in a war, we have been told again and again, which is to "make the world safe for democracy." In numbers and in technique it is an unprecedented war; and in the fact, so often repeated and underscored, that it is a war to be won on the fields and in the factories at home far more than in the trenches abroad, it is a unique war. This means that upon the workingman falls the responsibility of losing or winning this war for our country. Consequently the attitude of the government and of employers toward labor and its needs and desires becomes of even greater moment than the government's attitude toward the constitutional rights of freedom of speech and conscience and person.

Now, that governmental interference in labor disputes should be necessary may be natural, but it is not desirable and it is not inevitable, and where enlightenment and intelligence exist among employers, it does not occur, because the situations that require it do not arise. However one may think of the class-war, labor and capital have certain common interests which in the long run are more fundamental than their antagonisms. Modernism in industry has meant the relatively rapid realization of this community by some entrepeneurs and the relatively slow realization of it by the forces of labor. The common interest is the end for which an industry exists—the production of a work of a certain type and character. Everything else in the organization of a productive agency is secondary to that; mere means. The administrative, the financial, the distributive and other concerns of an industrial organization are means, and means only. Effectively to employ this means, however, requires human personality. And the human units of an industrial organization can be human only in so far as they find in their work opportunity for the free play of their spontaneous energies, their initiative, their creative imagination, their intelligence—only in so far, in a word, as their work is itself not to be regarded as a means, but as an end, not labor but art. If the laboring classes have been slow in realizing the community of themselves with the employing classes, it is because the latter have dealt with them in impersonal, non-human terms, have treated them as means, as "hands," as "operatives" instead of human beings. Denied acknowledgment of the partner-

ship which exists in fact between all the human units engaged in an industry, the laborer has accepted perforce the status imposed upon him—the status of *earner,* as against that of *craftsman* and *creator,* and has taken his work as the necessary evil involved in earning a living, a thing quite apart from the making of a life. He has accepted the uncertainties of the future—the dangers of unemployment, of ill-health, of penniless old-age and death, and has followed blindly the uncontrolled operation of what the economic pundits miscall "the law of supply and demand." His attitude toward the employing classes has sprung inevitably out of his acceptance of this unnecessary situation as necessary. Similarly, the tool-possessing employers, dealing with labor as a commodity to be bought and sold in open market, became and largely remain, inimical to labor-force and hence to themselves. Only in recent years have they discovered that the acknowledgment of the *de facto* partnership with labor, the spread and intensification of the consciousness of it, the recognition and encouragement of the humanity of the laborer, the provision of opportunity for the exercise of his creative energies, the establishment for him of a proprietary interest in the works and the abolition of his fundamental uncertainties concerning the future, not only avert disputes, but improve the output, increase profits and turn a slave-gang into a team. As the experience of the Ford and other industrial companies shows, the saving in money and quality of work that comes from the elimination, by this means, of the mobility and restlessness of labor is enough to pay the added costs over and over again. In a word, to make the partnership of labor with capital conscious and conspicuous in the organization of industry is not to venture on untried ground; it is to make general a form of organization which in numerous observable instances has shown itself to be not merely common decency but good business and genuine democracy. They have demonstrated the actual harmonization of democracy with efficiency which the conditions of warfare have made so central a problem among nations with free institutions.

It is the duty of an intelligent patriotism to extend this condition to all fields of industrial endeavor where disputes are likely to arise. It is the duty of labor. It is the duty of capital. It is the duty of the government, which represents the common interests of both and has become the arbiter of their differences. Capital, so far as it has spoken, has, however, shown itself blind and greedy; labor, so far as it has spoken, has shown itself flabby and sentimental, and the government—as unintelligent as usual. Responsibility falls therefore upon the more far-sighted leaders in the labor organizations, upon the wise entrepreneurs who have already achieved something in industry in the direction of efficient democracy, and upon intelligent public opinion, whose hands more than any other, can mold the world into the form "safe for democracy."

The foundation upon which rests "democracy efficient" is a proposition which President Wilson has recently given wider publicity than it has had in a thousand years. It is the proposition that *labor is not a commodity.* Labor is not a thing that can be detached from a man and sent out into the market to be bought and sold like coal or iron or flour or books or guns. Men sell themselves in selling their labor. And it is hence that the rights of labor can never be separated from the rights of man, while the rights of property not only can, but must. The right to strike, it follows clearly, is not a right involving property; it is a right involving person. So is the principle of unionism, which alone can make the right to strike operative. It is the use of both these rights by labor which has won the grudging recognition of the humanity of labor-force, and a surrender or mitigation of them is suicide.

The proposition that labor is not a commodity implies that there is an irreducible minimum below which wages may not under any circumstances go, a minimum not determined by "the law of supply and demand," but by the effective needs of a human being for health, spontaneous action, and assurance concerning the future. In war time, particularly, when the will and the power of the hu-

man organism is at a maximum tension, the minimum necessary to repair waste, to store up the required physiological surplus, to keep up the condition of health and vitality of interest is indispensable in all forms of employment. This minimum should be set by the standard of living existing in a given society and by such modifications as a scientific consideration of the physiological and psychological conditions of good health and efficacious working would make. No production of any sort can begin to be anything but murder, slow or rapid, which involves the employment of labor below such a necessary minimum. The minimum wage of labor, in a word, should be a standard item among the fixed charges for the upkeep and repair of the industrial plant. The fixed charges of the non-human part of the plant are on the whole irreducible, and the care and upkeep of the human part under anything like human conditions should be even more irreducible.

In fact the minimum wage should not be regarded as a wage at all. It relates to that part of a workman's life that is subhuman, its animal foundation, not the creative impulses which are the nobler part of him. Wages proper should begin to be counted at the point where these impulses come into action and should be based upon his personal excellence and initiative. That is, the most significant form in which they could come is that of a share in the profits proportionate to the workman's distinction as a workman. All net profit over four per cent should be divided in proper ratio between employers and employees. The form that such division might take is various enough. Some of it had best take, if experience is any guide, the form of safeguarding the future against disease, old age, and death. In this form, as an insurance, it abolishes, on the whole, the problems of changing employees for the entrepreneur and unemployment for the laborer. The partnership of the two becomes explicit, and explicit partnership requires frankness and trust. Labor must know the status and problems of the concern of which it is a part, and must have a voice, if only an advisory one, in the conduct of its affairs. It should, that is, be represented on the directorate, and should be informed and consulted with regarding fundamental changes in the concern's affairs. The more permanently to establish the human unity of the industry, moreover, the workers within it should have the opportunity, if not the obligation, of progressively acquiring shares of its stock. They become thus in the completest sense owners as well as workers; their interest and the interest of the whole enterprise become explicitly, as they had been potentially, identical, and even the most routine and terrible of the mechanical and reflex repetitions of a process in which so much of our industrial endeavor consists, are thrown into an organic whole, fitted into a proper perspective, which eliminates the spiritual isolation of the workman from his tasks, thus conserving his humanity and increasing his efficiency. The industry becomes in this way progressively coöperative. It acquires *esprit de corps,* is at once democratic and efficient.

A perspective based upon practical participation in the ownership and operation of a works tends, however, itself to become mechanized and habitual. The sense of unity and *esprit de corps* it creates tends to get deadened over a long stretch of time. To maintain it requires, on the part of workman as well as of administrator, an intelligent understanding of the problems and processes of the industry and its general bearing on the life of the nation. Such an understanding can be created only through education, and for this reason an indispensable adjunct to a democratically coördinated industry is a system of education which shall be compulsory for all people in the shops under twenty-five years of age, and optional for those over twenty-five. The curriculum would vary to some extent with the industry, but on the whole, it would be standard. An important part of it would naturally take the form of numerous informal conferences between the various grades of craftsmen in the industry, on their own work and the relation of different departments to one another. It would be easy, but undesirable, to elaborate details of a satisfactory educational

system. For present purposes it is enough to indicate that such a system is indispensable, if merely from the fact that men more and more are concerned with the handling of complicated machinery that must be understood if it is to be kept right.

In sum, here is, in principle at least, a fundamental way, a tested and practical way to make the nation safe for democracy. We do not need to surrender the spirit of free institutions to win this war: we do not need to Prussianize our country in order to defeat Prussianism. We need only substitute vision for greed and intelligence for habit-custom. We need only take example from what has already been accomplished in this country and take courage to extend it.

But shall we? It is for labor to demand and for capital to offer. The alternative is the disastrous experience of England. H. M. KALLEN.

Thoreau and "The Wild"

What differentiates Thoreau from European writers on nature is, primarily, his intense Puritanism; what differentiates him from other American writers—Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, and the rest, most of whom share his Puritanism—is, primarily, his ardent yearning for wildness.

"There is in my nature, methinks, a singular yearning toward all wildness," he wrote in his first book. Later he prepared a lecture on "Walking, or the Wild," and indeed in all of his characteristic work we find what might be termed his doctrine of the Wild. "At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things," he writes, "we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild." Close about us lies the friendly world of nature, but whenever we make our way into it, suddenly it grows strange and wild, the explored becomes unexplorable, and we are aware of contact with a life "pasturing freely where we never wander." That is the Wild. If we were only alive enough, we should be able to enter upon that larger, freer existence which the Wild leads: "The most alive is the wildest."

The Wild, then, is living Nature, the inscrutable personality that animates the flux, resembling in some respects the *élan vital* of our day, yet really very different because static. Not a systematic speculative thinker, Thoreau seems to have had a somewhat odd notion that the physical world is inhabited by a personality with (perhaps) a spiritual universe of its own, while we, inhabiting the same physical world, have (perhaps) a different (and higher) spiritual universe. Sometimes he would breathe the humane air of his proper spiritual order; sometimes, more rarely, the wilder air of the spiritual order of nature. When the latter impulse dominated him, it seemed to him that attainment meant no less than some kind of actual union, or transfusion, with nature. He would "eat the brown earth." On another day he records a curiously gross-spiritual emotion; he "worships," he says, the brownish light in the sod on certain wet days in March, feels as if he "could eat the very crust of the earth; I never felt so terrene, never sympathized so with the surface of the earth." Later in the same month he could "stroke and kiss the very sward, it is so fair." Again, he tells a correspondent that he grows "savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat." That raw meat had its powerful charms is indicated by the passage in "Walden" in which he tells how, one evening as he was returning to the hut, chancing to see a woodchuck steal across his path in the gathering darkness, he "felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw." On one or two occasions while he lived at the pond, he goes on to confess, he found himself wandering through the woods "like a half-starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me." The whole chapter, indeed ("Higher Laws"), is a study of the dual

life he was impelled to lead, one rank and savage, the other spiritual, or to use his own terms, one wild, the other human.

Thoreau's lust (hardly too strong a word) for rainstorms and swamps is one of the most conspicuous instances of his yearning for wildness. He would like to sit in a distant cave throughout "a three-weeks' storm, cold and wet," to give a tone to his system. Better still a swamp; to have your house abut on a forbidding swamp is to dwell next to Elysium. Although for some reason he failed to select so advantageous a site for his woodland cabin, he visited the swamps of his parish with assiduous frequency, and entered into their life, in a double sense, with the keenest sympathy. Sometimes, as if to be civilized, he aims, ostensibly, to go a-cranberrying, or to find the kalmia, though what he always relishes is not the cranberries or the kalmia, but the "cold and bracing" wading in the stagnant water and muck, "amid the water andromeda and the sphagnum, scratching my legs with the first and sinking deep in the last. The water is now gratefully cool to my legs, so far from being poisoned in the strong waters of the swamp. It is a sort of baptism for which I had waited." Superior, however, to merely wading would be the luxury of standing "up to one's chin in some retired swamp for a whole summer's day, scenting the sweet-fern and bilberry blows, and lulled by the minstrelsy of gnats and mosquitoes. A day passed in the society of those Greek sages, such as described in the 'Banquet' of Xenophon would not be comparable with the dry wit of cranberry vines, and the fresh Attic salt of the moss beds. Say twelve hours of genial and familiar intercourse with the leopard frog."

This emotional attachment has its intellectual counterpart in that doctrine of the Wild which he preached in season and out of season. Briefly stated, it is this: that all civilization refers back to primitive nature, derives thence its title to permanence, and ever and anon deliberately reunites itself with its source of vitality. If it does not, it is a moribund civilization. Thus, in the fable of Romulus and Remus, Thoreau reads the eternal truth that every state that has attained eminence has drawn nourishment and vigor from *alma natura*. The children of the Roman Empire, not being suckled by wolves, gave place to the northern barbarians who were. The continent of America is the she-wolf of our time, he goes on to say, and the children of the diseased civilization of Europe, responding to her coarse ministrations, are reinvigorated, are enabled to found here a new Rome. In time this Rome of the West will likewise languish, if the rank soil that sustains it is allowed to become exhausted; it can be maintained only by ever-recurrent reliance on the Wild. "Surely good courage will not flag here on the Atlantic border, as long as we are flanked by the Fur Countries. There is enough in that sound to cheer one under any circumstances. The spruce, the hemlock, and the pine will not countenance despair."

Never was there a more convinced believer in the essential goodness of nature. Her rectitude is attested, he asserts, by the uprightness of trees; and "Disease and a rain-drop cannot coexist." In her large equanimity and antiseptic purity, she is medicine for body and soul, and no disease is beyond her magical healing power. "They bury poisoned sheep up to the necks in earth to take the poison out of them." She is completely healthy and innocent, and is an ideal to guide ever erring humanity. One might regard Thoreau, on a hasty examination, as accepting the charming myth of a nature of the Golden Age, smiling, tender, artless, not the slimy, hoary, shagged beast of a nature of prehistoric periods. But actually he had the modern vision of nature as red in tooth and claw. There is a tragedy, he said, at the end of the life of every wild creature. His "innocent" nature is fond of violence, fond of what a superficial view holds repulsive—that is one aspect of her innocence. "We are cheered," he wrote in a significant passage in "Walden," "when we observe the vulture feeding on the carrion which disgusts and disheartens us, and deriving health and strength from the repast. . . I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to

prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! . . . The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence." Thoreau's outlook on nature, indeed, does not suffer from a trace of Transcendental anæmia. He looks the facts in the eye, even the ugliest, sees the struggle for existence no less than the inspiriting sunset, and gives us, in the end, something like a whole view. That view was, of course, predestined to be favorable. Even so dread a word as Necessity he stripped of its terrors by regarding it as "only another name for inflexibility of good." Nature was bound to be good. No aspect of nature's wildness could repel him.

Everywhere he looked for the Wild. "In literature," he asserted, "it is only the wild that attracts us," though here the term means little more than spontaneity, the absence of conscious technique and conventional thought and feeling. English literature as a whole, the best of it included, he pronounced "essentially tame and civilized," imitative of the Classics. Grecian mythology had its root in a fertile nature, but even the Classics fall short of a perfect wildness. Again, he peered into the past of his American civilization to see what primitive vigor lay behind the modern culture. He had more than his share of the romantic absorption in the remote, in the primitive, in sources. "Strange spirits, demons," he says of the Indians, "whose eyes could never meet mine; with another nature and another fate than mine." The old warfare, waged in the very fields he walked on, seemed to him unreal, shadowy, and yet he loved to muse over it, with a still intensity, hoping now and again to obtain a true vision of the life of those far days. He would know "what manner of men they were, how they lived here, their relation to nature, their arts and their customs, their fancies and superstitions. They paddled over these waters, they wandered in these woods, and they had their fancies and beliefs connected with the sea and the forest, which concern us quite as much as the fables of Oriental nations do"—and that means a good deal when said by so devout a lover of the Bhagavat-Gita.

Foolish indeed, our poets and philosophers, who regret that we have no antiquities, no ruins to remind us of our past, for everywhere is our soil laden with relics, arrowheads, implements, stone chips—the wind can hardly blow away the surface, he says, without bringing to light the chips made by some aboriginal fletcher. He looked for such relics incessantly. It was actually his habit, he states, when, in the fall, some sandy field had been plowed, to "take note of it," and next spring to pay a visit as soon as the earth began to dry. Often he spent whole afternoons, especially in the spring, in pacing back and forth over such a sandy field. Indian relics were the gold which the sands of Concord yielded, and indeed he often thought at night "with an inexpressible satisfaction and yearning of the *arrowheadiferous* sands of Concord." He trained his eye for an arrowhead to an astonishing keenness, so that, in comparison, his walking companion, if he had one, was virtually blind. There is a familiar story that suggests this. His companion remarking, "I do not see where you find your Indian arrowheads," Thoreau stooped to the ground, picked one up, and gave it to him with the remark, "Here is one." Luck, in such matters, is always on the side of the sharp eye.

Why did Thoreau admire the Indian? First, perhaps, on account of his relation to nature. The Indian was fitted to see and understand the wildness of nature as no white man could, because he was really at home in the woods. "The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in Nature, is her inhabitant and not her guest, and wears her easily and gracefully." He envied the Indian this familiar, off-hand relation, and reproduced it remarkably well when one considers how introspective he was. If he was at home anywhere, it was in the woods and meadows of Concord. And next he admired the Indian's reticence and stoicism. Though doubtless inborn in Thoreau, these traits were almost certainly

greatly strengthened in him through emulation: had there been no Indian background, one suspects that his Indian traits would not have flourished. In "Walden" he relates with gusto the story of Winslow's reception by Massasoit and his tribe. "They had nothing to eat themselves, and they were wiser than to think that apologies could supply the place of food to their guests; so they drew their belts tighter and said nothing about it." Surely that is as typical of Thoreau as it is of Massasoit's Indians—he went through life forever tightening his belt and saying nothing about it. It is mainly for these traits—an easy relation to nature, reticence, and stoical endurance—that Thoreau admired the Indian, aside, to be sure, from the misty picturesqueness of his life in aboriginal Concord. Nothing suggests better the intensity of his admiration than his death-bed words—"moose" and "Indian."

To the Maine woods he made two excursions to satisfy his appetite for wildness and to study the Indian at first hand. He succeeded in learning a great deal, and in satisfying his appetite for wildness, to the point of nausea. He did not go to the woods, he complains, for moose-hunting, and he condemns the Indian's savageness—a very genuine type of wildness—roundly. "What a coarse and imperfect use Indians and hunters make of nature! No wonder that their race is so soon exterminated. I already, and for weeks afterward, felt my nature the coarser for this part of my woodland experience." He returned to the "smooth but still varied landscape" of Concord with manifest relief.. Wildness and the wilderness are a very good thing, no doubt, but they are not all of life; for a place to spend one's years in, it seemed to him, Concord was immeasurably superior to the wilderness, "necessary as the latter is for a resource and a background, the raw material of all our civilization." He goes on to remark that it is the partially cultivated country that has been the source of inspiration to the poets of the past, and will be to the poets of the future. The logger and pioneer precede the poet—eat the wild honey, perhaps, but the locusts also; remove the decaying wood and the spongy mosses of the rank forest, and build hearths and humanize nature for the poet. It is well for the poet, at proper intervals, to visit the logger's path and the Indian's trail; but let him dwell where "art and refinement" have altered the face of nature by making it more expressive, not only of man, but also to man.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Literary Affairs in France

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

There are many signs that internationalism is destined to play a large part in the world's affairs when the war closes and that literature and literary matters are to share in the new activities. Two evidences of this in the French periodical field have just come to my attention.

M. Georges-Bazile, a Paris translator and reviewer, tells me that he has decided to revive the plan of the defunct "Revue Britannique" in a somewhat different form and with a broader title—"Revue de France, de Grande-Bretagne et d'Amérique." It will be remembered that the old "Revue Britannique" flourished at Paris during the last half of the past century and accomplished among magazines much what the "Tauchnitz Edition" did in the book-reading world on the European continent; it presented to the foreign public what was best in the English and American monthlies. But the anti-British feeling which ran riot in France during the closing years of the nineteenth century undermined this venerable periodical, and the present M. Amédée Pichot was forced, much to his regret, to bring to an end a publication which the energy and broad-mindedness of his father had made almost an institution in Parisian intellectual circles.

In regard to the new "Revue Britannique," M. Georges-Bazile writes me:

> My aim is to make known in France, liberal, literary, and artistic England and America, especially the latter, and to profit by the triple friendship now strengthened on the battle field by propagating throughout the world sane ideas concerning a sensible pacifism. The review would also tend to develop the friendship and the present good relations existing between the three nations. Why doesn't France become the European university country of America, taking the place of Germany in this respect? This is one of the first campaigns the new periodical will enter upon; and there are others, many others, to follow.

International, too, but in another way, is "La Revue Contemporaine," which was founded in Paris at the beginning of the fifties to promote monarchy and reaction as an off-set to the pop-

ular commotions of 1848, but which long ago abandoned ideas on the wane in modern France and, last year, as a direct result of the war, came out as the organ of the "union nationale" and the "entente latine." M. Henri Ch. d'Osmos, the indefatigable editor of this reformed monthly, writes me as follows concerning the meaning of these two phrases:

> The *union nationale* is the *union sacrée* of the war continued after the war, and the *entente latine* will be developed and transformed into an "occidental union," which will prepare the way for the future "congress of Anglo-Latin intellectuals." Our pages stand for these things and it is in this direction that our minds are now turned; here is the aim of all our efforts.

A peculiar feature of this periodical is the utilization of notes and material which, when the war broke out, were being collected by a well-organized body of writers and editors who were publishing an important series of biographies of living celebrities—"Les Archives Biographiques Contemporaines." It was destined to supply a long-felt want in France, where "Qui Etes-Vous?" the French "Who's Who," lasted but two years, and where "Vapereau" seems to have died with its editor. Each number of this monthly devotes a section to a dozen brief sketches of living men and women. It is to be hoped that these scattered notices will finally be brought together in volumes and added to the eight or nine in the series already mentioned.

The lack of contemporary biography in France is also partially supplied by the four little volumes of the "Anthologie des Ecrivains Français Morts pour la Patrie" (Paris: Larousse, each volume 75 centimes), edited by M. Carlos Larronde, with a stirring preface by M. Maurice Barrès. In these volumes appear notices of over forty young French writers, killed at the front, along with selections from their works.

One of these biographies is that of Major Joseph Vidal de la Blache, a military historian whose reputation was rising rapidly when he fell at the beginning of 1915. M. Ernest Lavisse has brought out the correspondence—"Lettres" (Paris: Imprimerie Pochy, 25 centimes)—sent from the trenches during the first six months of the war. It is no ordinary collection. The eccentric mental and physical personality of Charles Péguy appears in the anthology, Péguy having been one of the first writers to fall, and perhaps the most famous. Oddly enough, however, no place has been found for Joseph Lotte, Péguy's close friend, who was killed less than four months later. But this omission is made up for by M. Pierre Pacary's "Un Compagnon de Péguy" (Paris: Gabalda, 4 fr.), a book which, besides limning two strange lives, throws much light on the struggle in France between the Republic and the Catholic church. In fact, I know of no contemporary work which brings out more picturesquely the Catholic side of this contest. These pages also offer an odd example of a Johnson-Boswell episode, though of course on a much smaller scale than the famous prototype—Lotte playing the part of the Laird of Auchinleck and Péguy that of the Great Bear.

As to the renewal of the old conflict in France between church and state, M. Maurice Barrès thinks that the hatchet has been buried. His latest book, "Les Diverses Familles Spirituelles de la France" (Paris: Emile-Paul, 3 fr. 50), would seem at least to imply this conclusion. Or, perhaps, we have here a case of the wish being father to the thought. Anyway, it is a fine picture that he paints of the superb youth of France, united in the trenches in mind and heart; and some of the extracts from the home letters of these young men bring tears to the eyes. M. Barrès is always an artist, and the subject lends itself magnificently to his delicate touch.

Besides the Vidal correspondence just mentioned, M. Lavisse has collected in a small volume the series of "Lettres à Tous les Français" (Paris: Colin, 1 fr.), which originally appeared as separate tracts. These letters, written for the most part by professors of the University of Paris, were issued in the summer of 1915, when Russia's weakness first began to cause misgivings in France. They urged upon the country, to quote the motto of the volume, "Patience, effort, courage." Scattered by hundreds of thousands all over the land, they must have done their part, and a large one, in preserving the fine *morale* of the nation, a *morale* which is the basis of M. Barrés's book.

Another recent volume of French biography is the "Anthologie du Journalisme" (Paris: Delagrave, 3 fr. 50), edited by M. Paul Ginisty, the well-known man of letters and theatre manager. He opens the book with an excellent essay on journalism in France, which is followed by short sketches of the leading journalists from the time of the first Revolution down to the Revolution of 1848, each sketch being accompanied by selections from the best work of the journalists. These pages well illustrate the truth of the French saying that journalism leads to everything, provided only that you get out of it early enough. Thus we find such great poets, orators, philosophers, and novelists as the following classed here as "newspaper men": Mirabeau, Condorcet, Chénier, Guizot, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, George Sand, and the Abbé Lamennais!

Another curious list of names, though of quite a different sort, is found in the book by M. Henri Welschinger, of the Institute, "La Mendicité

Allemande aux Tuileries" (Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1 fr.), in which appear scores of Germans of all classes and of all intellectual conditions who asked favors and even money of Napoleon III, or who fawned upon him during the Second Empire. The list was drawn from the official records of the Tuileries and extends over a period of eighteen years. Nobles, so-called, professors and poets from over the Rhine abound; and scattered among them are the names of several minor Hohenzollerns, a relative of Bismarck, the historians, Hüffer, Sybel, and Mommsen, Professor Helfferich, a relative of the present imperial minister of finance, Prince William of Baden, and Hans von Bülow. May not such a lamentable list as this have suggested to M. Welschinger this reflection, which appears in the note accompanying his book?

> This world-war will have the best effect on French literature. It will strengthen and clarify the spirit of the country. It will lift up our hearts and souls. It will rid us of the literary vermin who have done so much harm in leading foreigners to believe that we were degenerate. The novel, history, criticism, and the theatre will then be worthy of a country which has displayed to the world its real heroism and its true spirit of generosity.

A book of reference unlike those already mentioned is M. Joseph Reinach's "Histoire de Douze Jours" (Paris: Félix Alcan, 12 fr.), which gives the history of the diplomatic origin of the present war and covers the period from July 23, to August 3, 1914. We have there, arranged in twelve chapters, each chapter embracing the dispatches of a single day, all the diplomatic correspondence exchanged by the future belligerents during this short and fatal period. M. Reinach admits that "it is pretty certain that these dispatches are only selections chosen from among those really sent at that moment, and that the text of the dispatches is not always complete. . . But just as they stand, the aggressive spirit of those of German origin comes out on every page of this volume. . . If a German or Austrian publisher were to translate this book, he wouldn't be allowed to put it on sale."

Here is the place, perhaps, to say a word of a pamphlet, "Leurs Crimes" (Paris: Berger-Levrault, 25 centimes), published in popular form for propaganda purposes under the patronage of the mayors of more than a score of towns of the invaded regions of northern and eastern France which have suffered from Teutonic excesses. It was sent to me by the mayor of Verdun, who is installed at Paris as a result of the ruined condition of "our dear city." It is a dreadful picture of war made unnecessarily horrible.

Of course Verdun is also the scene of M. Gaston Jollivet's "L'Epopée de Verdun" (Paris: Hachette, 3 fr. 50), which traces in detail the history of that nine months' memorable defence. But I mention this book largely to call attention to the significant state of mind of its author, a veteran Paris journalist of the old school, who up to August, 1914 was an uncompromising enemy of the republican régime in France, but who now says to me: "After this war, we must all unite in a loyal effort to make this the best possible republic." He then asks for the titles of the principal books on democratic government in the United States. We have another instance of increased interest in our country and its institutions in the May number of the "Journal des Economistes," to which the editor, M. Yves Guyot, contributes "La Formation Politique des Etats-Unis," an article which precisely meets the demand of M. Jollivet and his friends.

THEODORE STANTON.

June 15, 1917.

Mr. Britling Sees Spooks

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan Co.; $1.25.)

The killing and the bloody anguish, the destruction of lovely and valuable things, the horror and sorrow in the hearts of those who remain are disasters immeasurable; but the greatest disaster of all is spiritual, intellectual; it is the stupefied brain, the soul that has been bludgeoned and stunned. It is not to be wondered at that English men of letters have lost their inspiration, that war has smashed the lips of poetry and that philosophy has fled from her seat. Perhaps the greater wonder is that in the midst of conflict men have courage to write at all. Of the English writers to whom we were once accustomed to look, if not for ultimate wisdom, at least for helpful correlations of current thought, few have kept their wits undeafened by the din, unblinded by the smoke. The most notable are Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, and H. N. Brailsford. On the other hand, such capable commentators on the human being as Rudyard Kipling and Arnold Bennett give us second-rate journalism. Mr. Chesterton, standing on his head, announces every week that no German is standing on his feet. And the saddest case of mental degeneration is that of H. G. Wells.

The direction of Mr. Wells's decadence is a normal result of war. When men lose control of their lives and fortunes and the whole world seems to be plunging to hell, they take refuge in mysticism and superstitious consolations. An earthquake sends them screaming to the skirts of the gods. On a sinking ship men fall upon their knees who have never learned or have long

forgotten how to pray. Bewildered Britlings cease to trust themselves and society; their old philosophies and sciences crumble; they cast about for something they can trust and turn to religion. It is more than likely that after this war, no matter how impotent the churches seem to be, there will be a recrudescence of religion, a period of mysticism, of reactionary thinking which will last until people recover self-confidence and stability. Wells's belated discovery of religion is normal and natural; the only abnormal thing about it is that he seemed not to be the sort of man who would lose his grip on reality and find satisfaction in religious commonplace.

And yet Wells has always shown a fundamental weakness of which his latest book is one expression. He is an incurable romantic, and his imagination is muddled. For all the brilliancy of his thought and his electric lucidity of phrase, he seldom keeps his ideas pure. He adulterates studies of society, novels, with sociological theory, and he corrupts his discussions of social and political problems with sheer fiction. He mixes stories of contemporaneous life with what he calls fantastic and imaginative romance. "In the Days of the Comet" is spoiled by a love story which is lugged in by the heels—or the heart; without it that interesting book would have succeeded even with a love-loving public. "Tono Bungay," which should have been an excellent story of modern life, is damaged by an unnecessary expedition to Africa in search of "quap," a mysterious metal which does not exist and which ought not to be invented in that kind of book. In the phrase of the day, Wells gets his wires crossed.

In "God, The Invisible King," the crossing of wires produces irritating crackles, occasional flashes of light, but no steady flame. Wells discusses vast uncertainties in a tone of cocksure certitude. He writes of God as he once wrote of flying machines. Bill Nye, of genial memory, said that he had been reading an interesting book by the Reverend Joseph Cook, of Boston, called "A Bird's-eye View of God." Wells in his airplane sweeps over the universe at terrific speed, cutting figure eights and looping the loop just to show off and enjoy the power of his wings, surveys the Almighty, drops bombs into the camp of the orthodox believer and into the camp of the atheist, sees at a glance that neither can shoot straight, and comes back with a triumphant flourish of discovery to tell us all about it. To be sure he does not pretend to invention or discovery; he disclaims it. "I have been but scribe to the spirit of my generation." God only knows, his God only knows, who gave him his credentials as authentic scribe to the spirit of a generation which is a confusion of many spirits and which is so diversified, such a contest of physical and spiritual forces, that no man can see it whole even from an airplane. He says that he has "at most assembled and put together things and thoughts" that he has come upon, and "transferred the statements of 'science' into religious terminology." (That transference is a perfect example of crossed wires.)

Wells has put together with a good deal of skill the things and thoughts that he has come upon; he has arranged them in his habitually neat chapters and sections; he has ticketed and pigeonholed aspects of the True God and the false gods, or, since pigeonholes are not tolerated in modern business, he has filed his thoughts and things in a steel filing-cabinet; and this in spite of his own adjuration "that you try to set no nets about God." "Chapter the Second: Heresies; or the Things That Are Not God. (1) Heresies Are Misconceptions of God. . . (3) God Is Not Magic." And so on, all in clear, compact literary method. There is much admirable phrasing, now and again a vivid metaphor. But I wish to the Lord (I believe that prayer is allowed by the Wellsian theology) I knew what the old-fashioned Almighty thinks about Wells's Finite God and what Wells's Finite God makes out of Wells's presentation of him.

Not having the advantage of that intimacy with God which Mr. Wells seems to be favored with, I must confine myself to things and thoughts that are human and mundane and capable of some sort of verification. Not only does Wells fail to content me with his report of the thoughts and things of my generation, but he seems to be ignorant of thoughts that were commonplace a generation ago. Oddly enough, he is not in the forefront of thought but is behind the times. Much that he has to say was stale (not old, for the age of a thought does not damage it, but stale) before Matthew Arnold wrote his once lively and perturbing heresies. We got all that long ago, accepted it, took it for granted, and stopped worrying about it. We could have got most of it at about the same time or a little earlier from Renan, and much of it a long, long time ago from Voltaire. It is as if Wells had come upon an airplane of ten years ago, had mended it himself, and learned to navigate with skill and daring, but was all the time sublimely unconscious that that type and many later improvements had been sent to the scrap-heap. He seems not even to have understood William James, whom he calls his friend and master; certainly he has missed James's spirit and fine manners. For when James developed the idea of a finite God and laid before us the consoling

idea that there may be forces in the universe more or less on our side, he said, "may be," not, "absolutely are, and if you don't believe it you're wrong." James wooed the idea of God; Wells violates it. James was magnificently hospitable to other people's gods and no-gods. The central theme of "Varieties of Religious Experience" is the reality of the other man's experience; let us try to understand what other people have been through, accept their testimony about something they know better than we do, before we attempt to assess the value of that testimony and assemble conclusions from the statements of many witnesses. If you do not accept Wells's God, you not only miss heaven but are wiped off the earth, ruled out of its warm living human contacts. Listen to this egregious intolerance:

> The benevolent atheist stands alone upon his own good will, without a reference, without a standard, trusting to his own impulse to goodness, relying upon his own moral strength. A certain immodesty, a certain self-righteousness, hangs like a precipice above him. . . He has no one to whom he can give himself. . . His exaltation is self-centered, is priggishness. . . He has no source of strength beyond his own amiable sentiments, his conscience speaks with an unsupported voice, and no one watches while he sleeps. He cannot pray; he can but ejaculate. He has no real and living link with other men of good will.

As an atheist, I hope a benevolent one, I can assure Mr. Wells that the foregoing propositions are the cheekiest buncombe that I have read since I read a report of a sermon by the Reverend Billy Sunday. The old theologians consigned us to hell fire, a problematic punishment which is still in the future for those of us who are left on the earth. The Reverend Mr. Wells denies our humanity and falsifies psychology. If I had time I should lay him out, Chapter the First, Section 1. But it is not worth while. I will only suggest that he is the last man in the world to charge other men with immodesty, that there are other modes of expression besides prayer and ejaculation, and that the links that we have with other men of good will (and of ill will) are as real and living as anything in the human breast. And one thing more: Mr. Wells wishes to impress his ideas upon the world, to make converts. If so, he goes at the task in exactly the wrong way. His facile dethronement of the old gods will not disturb their votaries. His insolent attitude toward the godless, whom he might win to a new and living conception of God,—if he had one,—alienates them, arouses their intellectual contempt (if he likes, their pride and priggishness), incites them to say over again the line from the "Hymn to Proserpine":

> I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.

JOHN MACY.

Opinion and the War

WHO IS RIGHT IN THE WORLD-WAR? By K. G. Ossiannilsson. (T. Fisher Unwin; 2s. 6d.)
THE LAND OF THE DEEPENING SHADOW. By D. Thomas Curtin. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.50.)
ITALY AND THE WAR. By Jacques Bainville. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.50.)
IMPERIAL GERMANY. By Prince Bülow. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.)
THE WORLD AT WAR. By Georg Brandes. (Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)
INSIDE THE BRITISH ISLES. By Arthur Gleason. (Century Co.; $2.)
PRESENT-DAY EUROPE. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. (Century Co.; $2.)

A more varied collection of volumes than this it is indeed difficult to imagine. But, with the exception of Prince Bülow's book, they have in common the single characteristic of being quite painfully unimportant. Mr. Ossiannilsson shows us that one Swede, at any rate, is not pro-German, but the rest of his thought is entirely unilluminating and utterly unimportant. Mr. Fisher Unwin's patriotism must indeed be extreme if it could so far obscure his usually alert intelligence as to make him publish these dull platitudes. Mr. Curtin is one of Lord Northcliffe's young men; and he has his patron's faculty of making our flesh creep with quite exceptional hideousness. The book he has written will tell any reader what Mr. Curtin says he saw inside the German empire; but I think that he will conclude that his author has still to learn the value of historic and psychological light and shade. M. Bainville has written a straightforward and simple narrative of the case for Italy, and he usefully makes plain the difficulties of the baffling campaign she has had to fight. The exact purpose of Dr. Brandes's book I have not been able to discover. It tells us a good deal about Dr. Brandes. One learns that he is very sensitive and that he loves a certain impossible attitude which he calls impartiality. But, as a whole, the book is evidence that the expert had better stick to his province. In the interpretation of literature many of us are anxious to hear what Dr. Brandes has to say. As a publicist, he is quite frankly third-rate. His book is a rehash of old material and new comment which has no permanent value of any kind. Mr. Gleason has performed an extremely able journalistic feat. His volume is a very skilfully composed encyclopædia of English thought to-day. Everyone is there—Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Zimmern, Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. Webb. Labels of identification are attached to them all. An ordinary Englishman like myself may again and again have real difficulty in recognizing some of the portraits. Mr. Gleason works rapidly, and he is a little naïve. But his book has a real interim value as a cinemato-

graph and it is extraordinarily pleasant reading. Mr. Stoddard keeps a large pair of scissors by his side. He has industriously gone through the files of immense numbers of European newspapers. These he arranged territorially, and anyone who wants, for debating purposes, a kind of campaign-book of public opinion will find his book useful. But it is quite without critical value.

Of very different calibre is Prince Bülow's volume. A new edition of a book published first some five years ago, it is, I imagine, among the half-dozen most significant productions of the work. It is admirably translated, and the new material is bracketed so that it can be distinguished from the old. Written as it is by one who, with the single exception of the German Emperor, is more responsible than any other man for the present catastrophe, it is little less than a public duty for everyone who wishes adequately to understand the present situation to read it.

It is a realistic book. Prince Bülow does not becloud his thought with fine phrases or pious aspirations. He is perfectly clear as to what he wants, and his frank belief in the rectitude of his demands is refreshing. He is convinced that Germany is the natural leader of the world. Culturally, industrially, socially, she is far in advance of any other nation. It is then fitting that the political situation should give expression to her aptitude for leadership. He does not doubt that the object of world politics is power, and he explains how that power is to be attained. England stood in the way of German domination, and while his building of the German navy was not intended as a threat against England, it was intended that henceforth Germany should have no reason to fear the control of her actions on sea or land by the superiority of any other nation. He regards himself as the successor of Bismarck, and it is the same policy of *Weltmacht* that he claims to have pursued. His whole conception of international relations is based upon the terrible chimera of the balance of power, and he obviously considers concerted European action of any kind a fantastic dream. He is entirely uninterested in effort after European organization, so that neither the Hague conferences nor proposals for international disarmament even make an appearance in his pages. He simply conceived that foreign policy could be summed up in the desire of Germany to grow strong, and the desire of England to prevent her from being strong. In his view, the fatal mistake of English statesmen was not to strike against Germany before she had become too dangerous for attack to be lightly undertaken. Of the irreconcilability of France he was convinced; for the friendship of Russia he cared little. The Triple Alliance—he felt sure of Italy—made him feel that the domination of Germany could be secured before the other powers realized that it had in fact been achieved. If there seems something sinister in this conception of a frank mercantilism in foreign affairs, he will merely shrug his shoulders and argue that it is the way of the world. He builds the life of the state around its army, and he is clear that its activity and organization must not be subject to political influence. Indeed, he feels the more certain of that because, in his view, the one deficiency in the German character is the lack of a political instinct. That, of course, leads him to insist that the thoroughgoing parliamentarism of England or France or America is unsuited to German conditions. He dislikes the tendency in Germany to create a multiform and complex group-life,—which we are coming more and more to recognize as, in fact, the condition of liberty,—and he urges that some modification is essential to German needs. He deprecates the party system on the ground that it subordinates national interests to separatist interests—a foreigner can hardly read this criticism of German parties without amazement—and he insists that it breeds a dangerous opposition to government. He believes that the real object of domestic policy is simply tranquillity and the best means those which most easily secure that end. He has the Bismarckian hatred of the Social Democrats and the Bismarckian suspicion of the Catholic Centre. He does not doubt that the moral centre of the German nation is built round the Hohenzollern dynasty, and he insists that upon it the successful future of Germany depends.

Such was the attitude of Prince Bülow when his book was first published in 1913. The tragedy of this new edition is the fact that not even the terrible experience of the last three years has led him to modify a single conclusion. Rather, on the contrary, does it seem to have fortified his outlook. He believes, of course, in the invincibility of Germany. But what is remarkable in his added reflections is the absence of any of the bitterness which distinguishes, for example, the writings of Professor von Meyer or Count von Reventlow. He looks at the war with the cold detachment of an observer who watches a predetermined, logical process. He has no room for moral considerations of any kind. Causes and results he does not even express in the language of a democratic community. The only point for his consideration is whether Germany will emerge stronger or weaker from the war. What she has done has been justified in his view by the conviction that it was either in her hands or in that of some other power that the key to world control had to lie. He is of course convinced that it would be better for Germany to secure domination.

It is difficult not to be convinced in our turn that only the shock of complete defeat can change so amazing an attitude. When Mr. Wilson insisted that the world must be made safe for democracy, the ideal which underlay his words was in fact the precise antithesis of this grim and sinister materialism. Whatever may have been our failure in this crisis, the splendor of ideals has been made clear to us. We have seen very definitely that the old terms of international existence have become obsolete. Prince Bülow's book is the last defiant challenge of an order that can be tolerated no longer. We have done with the civilization of dynasties and commercial oligarchy. We must attach the instruments of power to new purposes that have richer promise. It is, indeed, a long and difficult task. But it is exactly therein that we find its splendor.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Renaissance in Spain

SPANISH ARCHITECTURE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Arthur Bryne and Mildred Stapley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $7.50.)

In obedience to that good law by which civilized life is periodically cleansed of its accumulated corruptions, we are to-day in presence of tidal changes the nature and effects of which are difficult to understand. To our amazement we find not only that the Nineteenth Century has become infinitely distant, but that a past more remote has become suddenly and thrillingly near.

The sense of this is particularly present in reading such a book as "Spanish Architecture in the Sixteenth Century," for it is concerned with the last great epochal reversal of consciousness before the one now under way. For the Renaissance was a reaction from Mediævalism to those humanistic and scientific engrossments and enthusiasms which have persisted even up to the present time.

The Renaissance, "that first transcendent springtide of the modern world," came later in Spain than in Italy, where the mildness was first felt. Enrique de Egas, the earliest practitioner of the new architectural art—the *obra del romano,* as the Spanish began by calling it—was spelling out a word here and a word there in the new vernacular, at a time when Peruzzi and Bramante, men of the Golden Noon, were producing finished masterpieces in an already transformed Milan, Siena, Rome, and Florence.

Egas, unlike Brunelleschi, the great precursor, was a Gothic architect, not alone by training and experience but in the very complexion of his mind. He did not aim, as did Brunelleschi, to revolutionize structure by reverting to that of the Romans, but only to introduce a new note, borrowed from Lombard craftsmen, into ornament. This lesser ambition proved a happy thing for Spain. It meant that her great inherited tradition remained unbroken: she put on, not a shackle, but a bracelet wondrously chased.

Spanish architecture is free, in the main, from certain vices resultant from the zeal of the convert and from the pedantry of too great knowledge, such as the fretting up of noble walls with meaningless pilasters, and the interposition between a column and an arch of an isolated entablature. Moreover, the Moorish influence, with its gift of color and romance, lends a note which makes the architecture of the Renaissance in Spain totally different from its manifestation in other times and places, worthy of the sympathetic and serious treatment it has received at the hands of these authors, in this truly admirable work.

Spanish Renaissance architecture—until, under Philip II and his architect, Juan de Herrera, it relapsed into that pedantry which lay like a dead hand on all Europe—was clearly differentiated from that of any other country, possessing characteristics well marked and therefore easily described. Its most obvious and admirable merit consisted in a constant observance of that polarity which always ought to exist between the wall and its penetrations and termination—doors, windows, cornice, and the like. That is, the wall was treated *as* a wall; its weight, mass, and extent of surface were duly respected. String courses marked, as they should, the major internal horizontal divisions, and the eye was duly prepared for the inevitable end by high arcades surmounted by sumptuous cornices. Entrances were accented and given due importance by frontispieces delightfully free and rich. Windows were similarly framed in ornament and further embellished by balconies and iron grilles of superb design and craftsmanship. But the crowning glory of these buildings is seen in their *patios,* or interior arcaded courts. It is doubtful if this feature has ever elsewhere received more logical and inspired treatment by architects. Compared with the best of them Bramante's famous Cancelleria court seems stiff and monotonous, and the Moorish court of the Alhambra looks sugary and thin. They are usually in two stages, an upper and a lower, exhibiting a well-marked difference of proportion, the upper sometimes doubly divided, with an intermediate column over the centre of the lower arch. The mouldings of the architraves of the arches were often delicately interlaced, and where a lintel replaced the arch it was supported by fancifully shaped consoles projecting between the column's necking and abacus. The

stairways leading off these courts were almost always noble in proportion, of easy slope, the balustrade ornamented with almost Gothic luxuriance and freedom. Another fine and characteristic feature is seen in the wooden ceilings, of geometrical design, richly carved and highly colored, showing the persistence of Moorish influence.

Taken all together, it may be said that Spanish Renaissance architecture, particularly in its first phase, is a style as distinctive and distinguished as that of Italy or France, and eloquent, like them, of the time, the race, the place in which it budded, bloomed, and faded into this "winter of our discontent."

The authors of "Spanish Architecture in the Sixteenth Century" have performed their work well—so well that the book must take an honored place in every architectural library with any pretense to completeness. Not only does the volume contain more than two hundred illustrations, but many of these are carefully measured drawings, the value of which, to an architect, is greater than any photograph, however good. The text is historical as regards the style, biographical as regards its most famous practitioners, and critical in the discussion of the more famous buildings. It is written in an authoritative, interesting way, from full knowledge and deep love of the subject. The authors, the publisher, and the public to which the book makes its appeal (a public unfortunately small) are alike to be congratulated.

The worst service a reviewer can perform is to make his review so exhaustive as to deceive the interested reader into the belief that it relieves him of the necessity of buying and reading the book. Fortunately the imposed limits of this review make such a thing impossible. Let me rather, in the little remaining space at my disposal, sound a warning to the young designer seduced by the beauty of the Sixteenth Century Spanish Architecture into an attempt to play "the sedulous ape." If he is content to copy the style without understanding the social, political, and psychological forces which gave it birth, he will fail unutterably: if he copies it with a full understanding of all these things, he will still fail; for that betrays in him a graver ignorance —an ignorance of the social, political, and psychological forces which move us now. It is for him not to copy, but to *create*. A book like this book is a stimulant to the creative faculty. Let him nerve himself to the production of a different but not inferior beauty, one consistent with modern life, modern conditions, and modern building methods. CLAUDE BRAGDON.

An Exacerbated Ego

RETROGRESSION. By William Watson. (John Lane Co.; $1.25.)
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. Edited, with an Introduction, by J. C. Squire. (Doubleday, Page & Co.; $2.)
WHITE FOUNTAINS: Odes and Lyrics. By Edward J. O'Brien. (Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.)
OXFORD POETRY, 1916. (Longmans, Green, & Co.; 36 cts.)
OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS. By Arthur Chapman. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.25.)
TRICKS OF THE TRADE. B. J. C. Squire. (Martin Secker; 2s. 6.)

Few things in the perplexing poetry of to-day are clearer to the unprejudiced reader than its usual fineness and delicacy of technique—unless, indeed, its occasional and sporadic, nearly always deliberate, badness. The tiniest poeticule in the remotest environs of Parnassus can warble forth a stave that would not have shamed Herrick or Campion. In spite of the fact that verse-making in English has grown steadily more difficult from the time of Chaucer to our own, in spite of our recent rejection of specialized poetic diction and all the easy-going poetic licenses and padding expletives of earlier days, we are actually writing better verse, *qua* verse, it would seem, than any but the best men in their best moments wrote a century ago.

The situation is precisely that of which Tennyson illogically and ungratefully complained—"Most can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." Much of the deliberate badness of contemporary versifying is due to the feeling—a well-known sign of over-cultivation—that refinement has been carried to its ultimate limits. A case in point is that of Mr. W. W. Gibson, who began his career by writing long narrative poems in the most "precious" and exigent stanza structures and who later turned to—what one sees. Without implying that *vers libre* is in any sense bad versification, it may be pointed out that its vogue is partly due to the same sort of poetic atavism.

These considerations, whatever truth or falsity they may contain, are far more charitable to current tendencies than those which Mr. Watson presents in his recent volume of criticism in verse, "Retrogression." A perfectionist in verse of the direct Tennysonian lineage, he attacks with all his powers of epigram this contemporary delight in the intentionally crude and crabbed. For example, in the poem "Nature's Way," which is a more compact versified *vade mecum* of classicism that Boileau's or Roscommon's, he makes a direct drive at the school of the "barbaric yawp." "Faultily faultless may be ill," he says, but "Carefully careless is worse still." He correctly traces the "loose-lipped

lingo of the street," which he finds characteristic of present-day poetry, to a pretended worship of "Art's uncorrupted mother, Nature." Somehow Mr. Watson manages to make this sort of thing at once thrilling as attack, trenchant as criticism, and beautiful as poetry.

With this poem and much else in his book that is sound in thought and brilliant in phrase, Mr. Watson will find more sympathizers than he may realize or even desire—for he seems to enjoy thinking of himself as a sort of "lonely antagonist of destiny," a last survivor of the giants before the flood. It is a pity that this mood of haughty isolation has grown so strong in his work of late, and a misfortune that he has not been content to go on writing such noble things as the "Hymn to the Sea" and "To the Unknown God," but has become more and more feverishly concerned, it would seem, with his own reputation. The man who has successfully challenged Keats in "Ode to Autumn" and Arnold in "Wordsworth's Grave" and Milton himself in "Lachrymæ Musarum," might well afford to let alone all really ignorant or merely spiteful criticism of his work. That he has been unable to do so is lamentable evidence that this sole or at least supreme living representative of the classic mode in English poetry has fallen into the deepest and darkest of romantic pitfalls—egoism. It is just because one feels so deeply the truth of what he says about himself and his work that one wishes another pen than his had traced the painful lines entitled "Confidence."

> When criticasters of a day
> Seem to have sneered me quite away;
> When with a pontiff's frown
> Some dabbler puts me down;
>
> When up from out the nursery start
> Sages to teach me mine own art—
> Guides in that field my share
> Ploughed long before they were;
>
> When guests of fashion brief as vain
> Sow wide a tasteless taste inane;
> When Folly, night and morn,
> Scatters on me her scorn;
>
> When they who could bestow, refuse
> With deathless spite the admitted dues;
> When slanderous lips aver
> I am the slanderer;
>
> Then, draining mine appointed cup,
> In patience do I gird me up,
> Knowing that Time, one day,
> All his arrears will pay.

There is some danger that the poetry of Flecker, like that of his friend Brooke, may be rated higher for a time than it deserves. Considering the inevitability of the recoil, there is no kindness to the poet's memory in helping on this sentimental tendency. He should be judged, as he would have wished, by what he actually accomplished. He left a fairly large amount of work for a man who died at thirty, and most of this was carefully revised before his death. Except for those distinctly marked as early, few of his poems are clearly experimental or immature. Everywhere in them one sees an alert and manly mind moving easily and habitually upon high levels. His achievement in verse is consistently high, but no single poem stands out as specially memorable. One catches many a glint and glimmer of the full moon of poesy, but these are nowhere gathered into a single broad beam. His best things are not in the best places but seem of the texture rather than of the design.

In passing from the poems of Flecker to those of Mr. O'Brien, we move from the Hellenic dawn—albeit a modern Hellas, a Hellas of the Parnassians—into that Celtic Twilight wherein no Saxon mind can long know North from South or the right hand from the left. Vague shapes, which we can easily imagine beautiful because they are so dimly seen, move toward us through the floating vapor of this poetry and recede into it again, with muffled words and unintelligible gestures. I must disregard the two long odes which take up more than half the book. The second of these is a mystic poem of serene beauty and deep significance. The first is more like Whitman's "Children of Adam" than anything else in American poetry which I have read, and it is marred by the same lack of humor, judgment, self-criticism. The poet has not tried to imagine how his successive *aves* to the various portions of his anatomy would sound to an impartial listener. He has forgotten that even poetic composition contains some social element. He has not considered the possibility that poetry may be even *over*heard. While a careful and sympathetic reader will certainly find a high intention in this first ode, he will almost certainly be sorry that it was written in such a complete social vacuum — a feature sufficiently signalized by the fact that the poet while composing it, as in the case of other poems in the book, was presumably nude.

Perhaps John Keats would have admitted that half-heard melodies are sweetest. The melodies in the second part of Mr. O'Brien's book are half-heard. He gives us little more than snatches of lovely themes, and these we elaborate to our own liking. Frequently the result is a quintessential poetry from which all dross of special meaning is purged away.

Mr. O'Brien is a lover of pouring light. He cares little for sharply defined form or for color —witness his overuse of "white" and "gold." His poems abound in delicate fancy and his words have "elvish music in the weave." No more rarified and ethereal poetry is to be found than he has given us in the small group of lyrics at the end of his book. If, to the fine Celtic qualities already so clear in his verse, he could but

add humor, restraint, poise, clarity—why then he would cease to be an Irish poet, and that is a thing not to be thought of. Yet, if he could only follow up the frequently thrilling and wonderful first stanzas of his better lyrics,—such, for example, as that of "Magic,"—he would have taken a long step away from the vague, nympholeptic longing which makes so much of his work merely obscure toward the always desirable qualities of structure, form, design.

As illustration of some of the things I have said about Mr. O'Brien's work, I shall quote "Off Chatham Bars" rather than "The Whisper of Earth," which I prefer, but which has been more frequently reprinted.

Light, and the cry of the wild dove flying
Over the pathless sunset home,
Out of the mist of sighing waters
Into the silent dying foam.

Nightfall slowly hushing to stillness,
Murmur of shingle slipping down,
Throbbing pulse of the passionate spirit
Brooding over the sleeping town.

The veins of the world are flooding inward,
Earth-flame curls in the running blood,
And flesh, an island in chartless oceans,
Scourged by the lash of the flying scud.

Flowers in stars of adoration,
Chaunting loud to the singing tide,
Wind and moon and waters obeying,
Bridegroom flaming unto the Bride.

It must have taken courage to put together the little anthology of Oxford poetry for 1916. Many voices from that "nest of singing birds" have been stilled of late—some of which we had heard, and there is a sober hush over all this poetry which one does not find it hard to account for. The collection is small, extending to only sixty pages, but it is very good throughout and has nothing to fear on the score of beauty or maturity from comparison with any anthology that has been or may be made of contemporary poetry in English. Among the names that one hopes to meet again are those of A. L. Huxley, of Balliol, whose powerful though crabbed "Mole" reminds one a little of Fulke Greville, and Sherard Vines, whose strangely beautiful "Song of the Elm" reminds one of nothing else in the world. But there is power and beauty on nearly every page. One cannot help wondering whether any American university, or, to make the comparison fairer, any group of American universities, could do as well. The recent anthology of American college verse would seem to indicate a negative answer.

The sort of "western verse" one finds in Arthur Chapman's volume has been familiar since the days of Bret Harte. It was carried to its highest level—which, after all, was rather low—by Eugene Field many years ago. Mr. Chapman phrases the old facile philosophy of "God's Out-of-Doors" in a manner not very novel or very attractive in itself. The title poem is said by the publishers to be "perhaps the best-known bit of verse in America. It hangs framed in the office of the Secretary of the Interior at Washington. It has been quoted in Congress, and printed as campaign material for at least two governors." After this recommendation, one is hardly surprised to discover that it is merely an inept and sentimental phrasing of the braggadocio of the far West.

In Mr. Squire's "Tricks of the Trade" we have one of the most diverting books of parody in recent years. Its range is wide—from Pope to Davies—and almost as many styles of parodic writing are exhibited as there are styles parodied. In the first half are ten imitations of the work of contemporary writers, mostly poets. In the second are ten duplex parodies which keep two balls in the air at once in a bewildering but often brilliant fashion. These burlesques are frequently criticism of no mean order. The best of them, and one which deserves to live, like the "Rehearsal," long after the object of its attack is forgotten, is the one entitled "If Gray Had Had to Write His Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River Instead of that of Stoke Poges." I can quote from it only a few stanzas.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The whippoorwill salutes the rising moon,
And wanly glimmer in her gentle ray,
The sinuous windings of the turbid Spoon.

Here where the flattering and mendacious swarm
Of lying epitaphs their secrets keep,
At last incapable of further harm,
The lewd forefathers of the village sleep.

For them no more the whetstone's cheerful noise,
No more the sun upon his daily course
Shall watch them savouring the genial joys
Of murder, bigamy, arson, and divorce.

Here they all lie; and, as the hour is late,
O stranger, o'er their tombstones cease to stoop,
But bow thine ear to me and contemplate
The unexpurgated annals of the group. . .

Full many a vice is born to thrive unseen,
Full many a crime the world does not discuss,
Full many a pervert lives to reach a green
Replete old age, and so it was with us.

Doubtless in this neglected spot is laid
Some village Nero who has missed his due,
Some Bluebeard who dissected many a maid,
And all for naught, since no one ever knew.

Some poor bucolic Borgia here may rest
Whose poisons sent whole families to their doom,
Some hayseed Herod who, within his breast,
Concealed the sites of many an infant's tomb.

Types that the Muse of Masefield might have stirred,
Or waked to ecstasy Gaboriau,
Each in his narrow cell at last interred,
All, all are sleeping peacefully below.

ODELL SHEPARD.

The Swinburne Legend

THE LIFE OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan Co.; $3.50.)

It is probably wise for poets to die young. They are saved the ignominy of becoming fat and stolid, deaf and silent, self-centred and impolite. Their biographers escape the trouble of disinterring the good they did as well as of burying the immortal evil that lives after them. Young poets are personified romance; all their deeds wear the enchanting garments lent by distance and legend. Byron, despite the aching hearts dangling on his watch chain, will always be the idol of Youth; Shelley's unquenchable idealism not only covers his few sins but actually explains the affair with Harriet; Keats's ashes rest in a Grecian urn, and already from the present chaos emerge the radiantly godlike figures of Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger. Each has his legend and no amount of scholarship can dim its radiance.

Swinburne, too, had his legend, based, for lack of a biography, almost entirely upon his poetry. To his youthful worshippers, beyond the sacred pale of London literary circles, the author of "Dolores" and "Faustine" and "Laus Veneris" was the most frankly sensual of all English poets, pagan, unorthodox, and unconventional; a bit given to emphasizing the raptures and roses of vice rather than the languors and lilies of virtue. In spite of Buchanan's accusation of more than spiritual plagiarism from Baudelaire, in his articles labelling the Pre-Raphaelites "The Fleshly School," Swinburne could not have lived a model Mid-Victorian existence, said the youngsters. To his older, and perhaps wiser admirers, the author of "The Hymn of Man" and "The Garden of Proserpine" was the poet of satiety and heresy, not pointing his moral, 'tis true, but adorning his tale most seductively. The greybeards could hardly argue that he had depended entirely upon vicarious experience for the genuine feeling of worldweariness in the latter and the blasphemies shouted from the former. But to both, old and young, the man was dangerously synonymous with the poet. It was even mouthed about, especially at the time of Watts-Dunton's death, that Swinburne's muse was not wholly independent of stimulants somewhat more worldly than the nectar and ambrosia of Olympus; and that only when the fires of youth had cooled and been most effectively banked by this very Watts-Dunton did babies' feet and sea shells assume their famous fascination. There was no unimpeachable authority for all this gossip, nor for the insistent hypothesis that the author of "Hermaphroditus" was not so angelic as his Pre-Raphaelite brothers had painted him. At any rate, it all kept Swinburne's legend alive, and his life tantalizingly interesting.

Now comes Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne," pathetically attempting at one and the same time to invalidate our legend, or the profane legend evolved from the poetry, and to establish what to us is a new legend, the sacred legend of those who knew and loved Swinburne the man. It is no strain on one's mind or heart to appreciate Mr. Gosse's difficult position. He must serve God and Mammon. He was and is of those who wish Swinburne were the "young Apollo" he looked, "if only the weak mouth and the receding chin could be ignored." And yet, as biographer, he feels he must serve Truth, this time unhappily, it seems, on the side of the profane legend. For despite all his honorable efforts, Swinburne, "our sad bad glad mad brother" peeps through, elfin and human.

The sacred legend it was that made it possible for Lafcadio Hearn, in his Tokyo University lectures, about 1902, to say: "Swinburne is altogether an incomparably stronger character than Shelley. He kept his radicalism for his poetry, and never in any manner outraged the conventions of society in such matters as might relate to his private life. . . Shelley, for example, is a very chaste poet,—there is not one improper line in the whole of his poetry; but his life was decidedly unfortunate. *Exactly the reverse* happens in the case of Swinburne, who has written thousands of immoral lines." (The italics are mine!) And the contented and reassured reviewer of this present volume, in the London "Times," puts on the finishing touch: "To treat Swinburne in an official manner would be like breaking a bird of Paradise on the wheel; and never for a moment has Mr. Gosse attempted to do so. There is a Swinburne legend *which would have been killed* [again the italics are mine] by an official biography, but Mr. Gosse authenticates it for us; he convinces us that our most delightful dreams about the poet were true, and that the truth is even better than the dreams." Wherein we see the Mid-Victorian still stalking abroad in our land.

Mr. Gosse's volume is chronological and anecdotal, there is hardly a page that is not enriched by some delightful incident or jest concerning Swinburne's time and associates. The famous controversies are all recorded; Algernon's childish recantation of his early admiration for Arnold, Whitman, and Whistler, is regretfully admitted and in the two latter cases successfully shifted to Watts-Dunton's shoulders; and his notorious worship of Hugo, Landor, and Mazzini is faithfully described and explained. There is, however, little or no criticism of the poems and no attempt to supply what many readers

would have expected and wished for, a psychological analysis or at least commentary on the poet's personality, such as might be used for a more complete understanding of his work. He skips and twitches, red-headed, through the pages, alternately raging mad and angelically quiet. But he does not live again.

The reason for this, I think, will be found in Mr. Gosse's determination to maintain the conspiracy of silence, at which he is only half successful. It is, for example, rather deadly to be assured that Swinburne was "largely intellectual in his rebellious attitude to society" and that "his attitude of complacency with even what might be called British prejudice" went so far as to deserve the term "Jingo patriotism." And interest or curiosity is goaded into irritation by the Muse of History "drawing a veil" whenever the biographer feels that the sacred legend is in danger. From Eton to Putney one comes upon these shiftings. At Eton "Swinburne had increasing trouble with Joynes [his tutor] of a rebellious kind and in consequence of some representations he did not return to Eton." "Rebellious" is an innocent word, specific enough, but "representations" sounds strangely euphemistical. One wonders.

At Oxford "On one occasion when Dr. Acland was so kind as to read a paper on sewage (!) there was a scene over which the Muse of History must draw a veil"; "Swinburne's conduct became turbulent and unseemly, he was looked upon as 'dangerous' "; "his extravagances were the cause of much annoyance to the authorities"; and he himself said: "My Oxonian career culminated in total and scandalous failure." But as to what his conduct or extravagances even might have been one is left with hardly a hint. With his departure from Oxford and arrival in London the veil becomes an asbestos curtain, retaining, however, the fatal peep-hole.

> Once the poet completely vanished . . . but on this occasion and on others of a more or less distressing kind the prodigal was found and restored to his lodgings . . . but Swinburne fell into the hands of other and later associates whose company was not always of advantage to him. . . He seemed unable to resist succumbing to the most debilitating irregularities. . . Unfortunately, during the summer of 1870, in circumstances which were widely related at the time, he had a difference with the Committee of the Arts Club and he was asked to resign; . . . for from this time forth the discrepancy between his behavior in London and in the country became more remarkable than ever. It is not necessary to dwell on much that was distressing and even alarming, in his town habits. . . In the early summer of 1871 his extravagances reduced him to such a state of health that his father carried him off to Holmwood.

When he meets Oscar Wilde and records him as a "harmless young nobody" Mr. Gosse remarks: "Of Swinburne's life at the time little can be recorded, and less that is agreeable," and the London record closes with the report that the "Months of August and September 1879 were the most deplorable in his whole career."

These admissions, vague though they are and scattered through the volume, unfortunately leave the sacred legend a little porous. No morbid curiosity is needed, and were it needed Mr. Gosse himself excites it, to warrant the suspicion that Swinburne knew enough of wine, women, and song to supply him with at least part of the local color so lavishly and accurately used in his first "Poems and Ballads." One reads "Laus Veneris" and "Dolores" with quickened interest if with no more intimate knowledge. The feeling that Mr. Gosse has consciously eliminated many details that seemed to violate the sacred legend is further justified by one or two items which might otherwise have passed unnoticed. On page 319, in the first Appendix, in a letter from Lord Redesdale one reads: "his hair was red, violent, aggressive red it was, unmistakable, unpoetical carrots"! On page 12 Mr. Gosse quotes the letter as reading: "red, violent, aggressive red it was, unmistakable red, like burnished copper"!! Now the sacred legend has it that Swinburne's hair was an "aureole"; obviously aureoles are not made from unpoetical carrots. That was a *faux pas* on the part of Lord Redesdale.

In a characteristic letter from George Moore, in Appendix III, one also finds an incident, and several lively comments on Swinburne and his work, which one instantly recognizes as not worthy of a place in the body of the book. Mr. Gosse quotes Mr. E. V. Lucas's "guarded and ironic sketch" in "The New Statesman" of March 25, 1916, and remarks that it "deserves close attention"; but he seems himself to have read it somewhat hastily, for he neglects, in a very witty and amusing description of a visit to "The Pines," this vivid and perhaps all too human picture of Swinburne:

> This, my first sight of Swinburne, I am not likely to forget, since various other preconceptions instantly crumbled away. For one thing, though he was as short as I had supposed, his body was by no means the inconsiderable affair that, from many testimonies, one had thought it. On the contrary, it was marked by solidity, and below the waist-line was not less ethereal than that of many a trencherman. . . His face, too, which was highly colored, bore further signs that materialistic interests were not outside his scheme of life . . . his whole person was informed by prandial intentions. It had neither vivacity nor spiritual suggestion. . . What added the ultimate touch of unexpectedness was the fact that in his hand was a bottle of either beer or stout—I forget which. Grasping this firmly in front of him the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" advanced to his chair at the dining table. . . From the careful way in which he poured the fluid from his cherished

bottle, I gathered that that was his allowance and must be husbanded.

And there will be few readers indeed who will finish this whole volume, and find, without surprise, that with the exception of one brief and unfortunate affair there is not one mention made nor hint given of love having entered Algernon Charles Swinburne's life!

Mr. Gosse's work speaks from the atmosphere of intimacy, and in that position one can sympathetically understand the instinctive "reticence, tact and diplomacy" for which the English reviewers are so heartily praising him. But as an "authentication" of the sacred legend the volume is not wholly successful. For, in spite of biographer and reviewers, Swinburne wrote and was unashamed of that unique volume, the first series of "Poems and Ballads."

B. I. KINNE.

The Zemstvo

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA. By Paul Vinogradov. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.)

Americans were unprepared for, and surprised by, the Russian Revolution of last March. Then they were skeptical as to its success, for they imagined that disorganization must follow the overthrow of an autocratic government that had held a monopoly of the administration of the vast country for many generations. How could the peasants get along without their Little Father? Who would run the country now? The Duma had selected a Provisional Government from among its own members. The soldiers and workmen of Petrograd had organized a Council of Delegates to control and assist the new administration. But what would happen in the rest of the country?

Unfortunately the reports we have received of the progress of the Revolution have been confined for the most part to Petrograd and the surrounding districts. Moreover, the news from other parts of the country has touched particularly on those elements working for disruption which inevitably came to the surface at such a moment. But the predicted "breakdown" has not actually come. The Russian leaders themselves constantly spoke of impending disaster; they were speaking, however, to their own people in an effort to secure greater unity and to discredit irresponsible agitators. But their statements seemed to justify the gloomiest apprehensions.

Very quickly, however, and with remarkably little serious friction, the readjustment from autocratic rule to popular government took place. Within three months the food problem, which was the immediate cause of the Revolution but which was a question of distribution and not of actual supply, had become less acute. Within three months one heard that the army had been well equipped and that a Russian offensive was to be expected. The political crises that naturally accompanied the Revolution were safely weathered and a coalition cabinet was formed that united politically all classes. Only the workmen of factories in and around Petrograd were slow to fall into line, but Petrograd has always been the centre of intrigues.

Americans wondered how the readjustment had been accomplished, for they had heard little of the ancient self-governing institutions of Russia, which have been concealed by the bureaucracy with its police and Cossack methods of governing. Americans knew little of the village system of Russia, by which the peasants, even in the times of serfdom, enjoyed a considerable measure of self-government. We were only vaguely aware of the existence of Zemstvos—Russia's elected local councils, which had been gradually taking over the functions of government. When the Revolution was announced from Petrograd, the Municipal Councils in all the large cities arrested, and then assumed the functions of, the local bureaucrats. As a matter of fact those functions had been little more than that of maintaining order, the local government bodies having already assumed government functions several months before the actual Revolution. In the country districts the provincial councils formally announced what had been a fact for some time—that they were the local authorities. By a simple order from the new Premier the five hundred Zemstvo presidents, the elected governors, replaced the "police" governors and their subordinates. In the villages the peasants simply drove out the police and assumed responsibility for public order, acting through their village assemblies and their elders. Within three months the peasantry of Russia was assembled in a representative Congress, regularly elected through the already existing peasant self-governing bodies.

Last summer I had occasion to show to an American visiting and studying Russia something of the work of "self-governing" Russia. We went out to the rural districts, using the well-paved Zemstvo roads, visiting Zemstvo schools, inspecting model farms established by the Zemstvo of the district, and noting particularly the hospitals equipped and conducted by the Zemstvo. We stepped into a coöperative store organized by the peasants on their own initiative, with some slight encouragement from the Zemstvo. The idea of coöperation is very strong among the peasants; for many years a communal system of land tenure was the prevailing tradition among the peasants of Great

Russia. After he had seen rural Russia and Zemstvo Russia, my friend was more ready to believe that another Russia would soon emerge. Until that trip he had known only bureaucratic Russia and the official Russia of Petrograd.

The Revolution of last March was the work of Zemstvo Russia, supported by Municipal Russia and by the soldiers, workmen, and peasants. The soldiers were organized in their regiments. The peasants could act and speak through their village assemblies and also through the Zemstvo, on which they have their elected representatives. The workmen of Russia had suffered most under the arbitrary, bureaucratic police régime, and they had not been able to train themselves in local self-government. Consequently they have been slower to realize the responsibilities involved in the Revolution. The Zemstvo is the most vital of the self-government bodies of Russia. It was not by accident that the man selected to head the new government was Prince Lvov, the elected leader of Zemstvo Russia, the President of the "All-Russian Union of Zemstvos."

In his short but excellent account of "Self-Government in Russia" Professor Vinogradov, writing before the Revolution, prophesies that "Russia is emerging from the background of Europe through self-government." Had we more generally known the facts given in this book, we should have understood how the Revolution came about and why it was so orderly and effective. The last phrase of the author has particular force just now. After summarizing what Russia has accomplished in the field of local self-government, he says: "No one will have the right to speak contemptuously henceforth of the lack of initiative or the inability of the Russians to manage corporate affairs."

SAMUEL N. HARPER.

The Immanence of Dostoevsky

THE ETERNAL HUSBAND. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)

It is impossible not to think of Dostoevsky as a living author when his books come regularly, as they are coming, to the American public every few months. Our grandfathers sixty years ago are said to have lived their imaginative lives in anticipation of the next instalment of Dickens or Thackeray. I can feel somewhat of the same excitement in this Dostoevsky stream, though I cannot pretend that the great Russian will ever become a popular American classic. Yet in the progress from Dickens to Dostoevsky there is a symbol of the widening and deepening of the American imagination. We are adrift on a far wider sea than our forefathers. We are far more adventurous in personal relations, far more aware of the bewildering variousness of human nature. If you have once warmed to Dostoevsky, you can never go back to the older classic fiction on which we were brought up. The lack of nuance, the hideous normality, of its people begins to depress you. When once you have a sense of the illusion of "character," when once you have felt the sinister, irrational turn of human thoughts, and the subtle interplay of impression and desire, and the crude impingement of circumstance, you find yourself—unless you keep conscious watch—feeling a shade of contempt for the Scott and Balzac and Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope who were the authoritative showmen of life for our middle-class relatives. You relegate such fiction to the level of "movie" art, with its clean, pigeonholed categories of the emotions, and its "registering" of a few simple moods.

You will, of course, be wrong in any such contempt, because these novelists show a bewildering variety of types and a deep intuition of the major movements of the soul. Dickens teems with irrational creatures, with unconventional levels of life. But you can scarcely contradict me when I say that neither Dickens nor his readers ever forgot that these human patterns were queer. His appeal lies exactly in the joyful irrelevance with which we take all these lapses from the norm, in the pitiful tears which we can shed for human beings done so obviously as they should not be done by. In reading these familiar novelists we never lose our moral landmarks. No matter how great the deviations a character shows, we are always conscious—or could be conscious if we liked—of the exact amount of that deviation. The charm of that nineteenth-century fiction, as in the work of belated Victorians like Mr. Chesterton, lay in that duality between the sane and the insane, the virtuous and the villainous, the sober and the mischievous, the responsible and the irresponsible. There was no falsification in this. These novelists were writing for an epoch that really had stable "character," standards, morals, that consistently saw the world in a duality of body and spirit. They were a reflection of a class that really had reticences, altruisms, and religious codes.

Dostoevsky appeals to us to-day because we are trying to close up that dualism. And our appreciation of him and the other modern Russians is a mark of how far we have actually gone. It is still common to call this fiction unhealthy, morbid, unwholesome. All that is meant by this is that the sudden shock of a democratic, unified, intensely feeling and living outlook is so severe to the mind that thinks in the old dual terms as to be almost revolting. What becomes more

and more apparent to the readers of Dostoevsky, however, is his superb modern healthiness. He is healthy because he is not afraid of life as it is actually lived, in its unsatisfactoriness and its aspiration and its queer blindnesses. He is healthy because he has no sense of any dividing line between the normal and the abnormal, or even between the sane and the insane. I call this healthy because it is so particularly salutary for our American imagination to be jolted out of its stiltedness and preconceived notions of human psychology. I admit that the shock is somewhat rough and rude. "The Idiot," which I have read only once, remains in my mind as a stream of fairly incomprehensible people and unintelligible emotional changes. Yet I feel that when I read it again I shall understand it. For Dostoevsky has a strange, intimate power which breaks in your neat walls and shows you how much more subtle and inconsequent your flowing life is than even your introspection had thought. But for all his subtlety he is the reverse of anything morbidly introspective. He is introspection turned inside out. For self-analysis is only torturing and unhealthy when you are conscious of an I which analyzes a Me. But suppose you can merge the I and the Me so that you get the full warm unity of emotional life without losing any of the detail of the understanding analysis of the soul.

This astounding mergence Dostoevsky actually seems to achieve. This is what gives him the intimate power which distinguishes every story of his from anything else you ever read. Again he contrasts with the classical novelists. For they are quite palpably outside their subjects. You are never unaware of the author as telling the story. He has always the air of the showman, unrolling his drama before your eyes. His characters may be infinitely warm and human, but the writer himself is somehow not in them. "Wuthering Heights" is the only story I think of that has something of this fierce, absorbed intensity of Dostoevsky's. In the great Russian you lose all sense of the showman. The writer is himself the story; he is inextricably in it. In stories like "The Double" or "A Gentle Spirit," in this volume, immanence could go no further. The story seems to tell itself. Its strange, breathless intimacy of mood follows faithfully every turn and quirk of thought and feeling. Its *tempo* is just of that inner life we know, with its ceaseless boring into the anxious future and its trails of the unresolved past. These stories follow just that fluctuating line of our conscious life with its depressions and satisfactions, its striving always for a sense of control, its uneasiness. In Dostoevsky's novels it is not only the author that is immanent. The reader also is absorbed. After reading "Crime and Punishment" you are yourself the murderer. For days the odor of guilt follows you around. The extravaganza of "The Double" pursues you like a vivid dream of your own.

All of Dostoevsky's qualities are in this latest volume, "The Eternal Husband." But so concentrated are they that the Dostoevsky novice would better begin with that poignant, but less extravagant, story, "The Insulted and Injured," or that epic of frustrated aspiration, "The Brothers Karamazov." The first story in this new volume is about a man who is eternally doomed to be a cuckold, and is told by one of the dead wife's lovers. The poor husband has neither the strength of revenge nor the stolidity of adjustment, and pursues a frantic course between them. He is so much a victim that his utter debasement takes on a pathetic irony which is the more vivid for the impersonal, reliant scorn of the narrating lover. Mr. William Lyon Phelps is said to find humor in the book, but it is only the mirthless humor of irony that is all through Dostoevsky's work.

The second story, "The Double," is an amazing record of the feverish rush of a mind on the borderline of insanity. Yet it is so human in its subtle tracing of the weary mind trying to catch up with a world which ever grows too much for it, that we take it not as a pathological incident but as a deep poem of the human spirit. This is somehow ourselves in our uncomfortable collisions with the world. We understand anew that sanity is merely a matter of keeping our vagaries hidden. The third story, "A Gentle Spirit," tells of a sinister marriage and the destruction of a girl's soul by a man, not through malice but through sheer ineptness. The analysis is amazing,—the husband's clutching justification of his attitude, which he knows is wrong, the fatal conflict between his habit-will and his generous inclinations.

Such stories, however fantastic the problems of the soul, get deeply into us. We cannot ignore them, we cannot take them irresponsibly. We cannot read them for amusement, or even in detachment, as we can our classics. We forget our categories, our standards, our notions of human nature. All we feel is that we are tracing the current of life itself. Dostoevsky is so much in his stories that we get no sense of his attitude toward his characters or of his criticism of life. Yet the after-impression is one of rich kindness, born of suffering and imperfection, and of a truly religious reverence for all living experience. Man as a being with his feet in the mud and his gaze turned toward the stars, yet always indissolubly one in feet and eyes and heart and brain! If we are strong enough to hear him, this is the decisive force we need on our American creative outlook.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Casual Comment

The Commencements of 1917 have taken on a tone of their own. Previous Junes have brought forth conventional essays and orations about the "struggle" and the "conflict" from students, and perfunctory expressions of good will and good hope from presidents, principals, and headmasters. This season our youths have been taking their degrees and diplomas in khaki or other significant uniform; and the observations and admonitions of their instructors have exhibited both the actuality of the familiar struggle and the scant lapse of time between the departure from the academic atmosphere and the entrance into conflict in real and literal earnest. Elder men have set forth the gratitude due the country for opportunities and privileges enjoyed, and younger men have soberly acknowledged the obligation and have promptly set about to discharge it. Education, whatever its previous shortcomings in regard to a coördination of the nation's energies and aspirations and to a revival of the ancient pieties and immemorial decorums, has advanced greatly toward the goal during the month just ending.

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A new idea in book-selling comes from a department-store is Des Moines, which, in order to render its staff of salesmen more alert and better informed, has prepared for their study a list of two-hundred-and-odd questions relating to their stock in particular and to the literary situation in general. A dozen of these items, taken decimally, will serve to indicate what the Perfect Salesman should know:

Name three famous cartoonists, and state what works of each of these we have in stock.

What was Booth Tarkington's last book?

How does Hugo differ from Balzac and Dumas? Name an important book by each.

What have you in stock for a child three years old? For a child twelve years old?

How many books in the Elsie Series?

Name three books in stock for children about five years old, costing from $1.50 to $2.50.

What is blank verse?

Is James Whitcomb Riley still living? What did he write?

Has Lord Dunsany a forthcoming book?

What is the latest edition of Holt's "Care and Feeding of Children"?

Have you a medical dictionary? Is it recent? Authentic?

Have you a book of instruction for waitresses?

And so on, down to items 226 and 227, which are: "Can you make five suggestions for the betterment of the department in general?" and, "Tell what they are and how they will improve our service or increase business." Says the ingenious manager of the book department and author of this new "booksellers' school": "Although we have been using these questions only about a month, I have noticed not only an increased alertness on the part of the clerks, but also a desire to know more about the publications they are selling or hope to sell in the future." Book-buying in Des Moines ought to be a real pleasure.

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The effect of the War on the reading of books receives a side-lighting from an article by an English publisher which recently appeared in the "Publisher's Weekly." The writer is of course young, or he would have remained silent; and of course successful, or no pæan would have ensued. He seems to have been successful because he took a sound line and stuck close to it. He waived aside the notion that for a time people would not read. How, in fact, could a non-reading civilized world be, in any circumstances, conceived? *L'appétit vient en mangeant.* The mental stomach, distended by the long habit of reading, cannot but continue to call for the sustenance of the printed sheet. It may call for sustenance different in nature, but not less in amount. Our publisher chose his books with an eye to current conditions; the usual demand would be modified in character by the experiences through which England was passing. He printed larger editions, advertised more widely, pushed along his "travellers" more vigorously, and won out. Reading is the modern refuge and the modern dissipation; and, with so many of the more elaborate and more expensive forms of indulgence curtailed or suppressed, it is likely, under intelligent guidance, fully to hold its own.

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New competition for the novelist, already harassed and hardpressed, is threatened. Time was when he had to struggle only against his contemporaries, native and foreign, against the classics established in previous centuries, and against the creators of recently expired copyrights with their concomitants of library "sets" manufactured and vended as mere merchandise. The dead were dead, and—save for a too abundant reproduction of their words—were silent. There was a time when, if the brains were out . . . But that condition no longer obtains. Even the dead seem to have regained the creative plane and to show a disposition toward active competition with the living. For example, here comes "Patience Worth." Once she was content with writing bits of verse and of homily. But now, according to announcement, she is bringing out a novel—one of 300,000 words. Like her other work, it comes to our mundane circles viâ

the ouija board—all its vast expressiveness having been laboriously spelled out by the Mrs. Curran who has acted on previous occasions. The ghostly romancer has chosen for her period the early years of our era, and for her title, "A Sorry Tale": her protagonist is the impenitent thief of the Crucifixion. It is said also that a second novel, "A Merry Tale," descriptive of life in "Patience's" own period, the seventeenth century, has progressed already beyond 20,000 words. But, after all, is the novelty, however great, complete? Does it come unique and virginal? There was Coleridge, who "did not write 'Kubla Khan,'" but only "wrote it down." Yet "Alph, the sacred river," however mysterious its course, never "ran" to 300,000 words.

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A SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON is drawn by Mr. John Cotton Dana in his latest report of the Newark, N. J., Public Library. That library, with its nine branches and its many departments of activity and usefulness, costs its community $150,000 a year. With this income it puts into circulation more than a million books, receives and, if desired, ministers to more than a million visitors, and provides facilities for the same number of readers in its reference department; also it buys nearly 30,000 new books in the same annual period, receives 1,200 periodicals, maintains a clipping bureau and a large picture collection, houses the Newark Museum, sends out more than three hundred class-room libraries, answers seven thousand telephone calls for information, gives instruction in the use of its facilities, and does much else of a useful nature besides—and all, be it noted again, on $150,000 a year. The public schools, which offer service to a much smaller portion of the community call for an annual expenditure of more than three million dollars, even though the parochial and other non-public schools of the city care for eighteen thousand pupils at no expense to the municipality. A striking comparison, or contrast, might also have been drawn between the modest annual sum spent on the library and that required to maintain the police force and the municipal courts. Not long ago a city alderman in a western state where strikes had been prevalent urged that the customary library appropriation be used for additional police service, on the ground that abstention from reading would be preferable to a reign of crime. Curiously enough, a newspaper of a neighboring city (where strike riots had actually occurred) was at the same time urging an increase in the library appropriation because "books are better than policemen under such conditions." It is safe to say that the public library is in no danger of apoplexy from too generous feeding at the public crib.

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LIGHT FROM THE EAST, and light on the East,—such is the double promise conveyed by the announcement of the founding of an English weekly review in Shanghai. The new publication will be known as "Millard's Review," and will be edited and published by Thomas F. Millard, known for years as a war correspondent of American newspapers and magazines, and more recently as editor of the "China Press" and author of books dealing with questions between the Far East and the United States. The East promises—or threatens—to loom still bigger within the next few years, and any aid explaining the Orient to the Occident and tending to bring about better relations between the two cannot but be welcome.

COMMUNICATIONS

WYATT EATON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Will anyone having a reproduction of the pen and ink portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson by Wyatt Eaton be good enough to communicate with Mrs. Eaton? Address, 450 Fifth Avenue, New York, care of Mr. William Macbeth.

June 22, 1917. CHARLOTTE EATON.

DISCOVERING THE PRESENT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

An unexpected result of this flood of war is our willing confinement to the present. Before August, 1914 we had a genial interest in the books and men of the past; for many of us their appeal was so stirring that they constituted our true spiritual life. The present had indeed its legitimate place in our hearts. Shaw, Wells, Chesterton could not fail to fascinate us, and Brieux, France, Bergson, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, d'Annunzio from abroad proved for us the immortal vitality of literature. In art futurism shouted rebellion against the primacy of beauty. In science improvement followed improvement in the tools and *matériel* of civilization. Political history had its perennial interest. We read eagerly of Lloyd George and the lords, of French conservatism hoping much from President Poincaré, of blustering Prussian officers abusing cobblers in Alsace who could not forget *la France,* of the scholar-president of the greatest republic and his zeal for democracy, of wretched Mexico sunken in feuds.

This present was ours and we were glad to be alive in it; but it was not the capital fact in our lives. The present was simply a half-century which

we beheld in the flesh. Our hearts and minds dwelt in the past and drew their nourishment from its great names and achievements. The French revolutionists and their forerunners who fought for Reason, the urban literature of the *grand siècle,* the poetic civilization of the Middle Ages, the human Italians of the Renaissance, the deeps we sounded with Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Kant, Goethe, the heavenly beauty that Greek, Latin, Saxon, and Arab had put upon earth, the whole treasure of England, mother of our culture—these, and much else of the past, were our favored interests. We meant to be the contemporaries of all humanity, and to choose the time as well as the place of our residence among men.

But the present has become hypnotically, magnetically insistent, and the past has gone clean out of our minds. It has become a memory, put away from everyday thinking, like early happenings in our lives still possessing some influence but not often the object of our attention. We shall never again live and think as we did before August, 1914; our interests have veered too far from where they were. Who will read the old books again without this war's ideas for the guide of his reaction? Who will write again, who will cherish and practise culture without the apostasy of Germany in mind? The present has conquered us all. Whatever we do and think of moment during this generation will come from this tremendous battle for Right. The world is born again, and we are the first who shall speak and act in the new age to be! It is a rare privilege thus to live in the youth of a period, and to be something more than its late-born commentators.

George A. Underwood.

Smith College, June 20, 1917.

Mr. Dreiser and "Celestina."

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

May I ask for space in your columns to thank Mr. Louis How for so courteously calling my attention (in The Dial of May 31) to the old Spanish dramatic novel "Celestina," which he thinks offers a parallel to Mr. Dreiser's device of shifting the scene from speech to speech in his plays. In a review of Mr. Dreiser's plays I had rashly remarked that, so far as I knew, this device was new even in closet drama. In the face of Solomon and his successors (among whom Mr. How will surely forgive me for ranking him) it is always highly indiscreet to say that anything is new. When I made the remark, I was not thinking of mediæval drama, in which various places were represented simultaneously on the stage; I was thinking of modern drama, of which Mr. Dreiser's plays are very interesting examples. If Mr. How wished to attack my *obiter dictum* on the ground that mediæval dramatists seem to use something like Mr. Dreiser's device, he might have found much better examples than "Celestina." For, in the first place, it is perhaps worth noting that the classification of "Celestina" is doubtful. The balance of authority, so far as I can discover, seems to favor classifying it as a novel rather than as a play. Thus Fitzmaurice Kelly ("A History of Spanish Literature," New York, 1902, p. 125) says: "This remarkable book . . . has been classed as a play, or as a novel in dialogue. . . Its influence is most marked on the novel." Martin Hume ("Spanish Influence on English Literature," London, 1905) discusses "Celestina" in his chapter on the novel, and says (p. 249), "It was, to all intents and purposes, a novel in dramatic form." Professor Ward ("History of English Dramatic Literature," I, 232) calls it "a dramatic novel of intrigue and character." Mr. How need have gone no further than the English miracle plays to find examples of the kind of apparent shifting of scene from speech to spech which he refers to in "Celestina." And these examples would have served his purpose better, because they occur in undoubted acting plays.

But neither "Celestina" nor any other mediæval drama, so far as I know, really offers a fair parallel to Mr. Dreiser's kaleidoscopic scene shifts. The mediæval stage made use of what is now called "multiple setting," that is (I quote Professor Thorndike's "Shakespeare's Theatre," p. 11), "in general the medieval performance . . . represented different places at the same time by means of properties, and used the neutral unpropertied space to represent all other places." It is only from our modern point of view that the scene seems to shift from speech to speech as we read these plays; really the several scenes were all represented simultaneously by the "multiple setting." The contemporary reader of a piece like "Celestina" would read with this "multiple setting" stage in mind, and what seem to us shifts of scene would mean to him merely changes from one "station" on the stage to another, such as he had often witnessed in acted drama. He would have all the scenes before his mind's eye all the time, so that no mental readjustment would be necessary when the action or dialogue moved to a different "station." The reader of closet drama to-day reads with our "single setting" stage in mind; and each shift of scene will involve for him a mental readjustment. When Mr. Dreiser takes him in successive speeches from Mrs. Delavan's kitchen to her front yard, and then to the cab of a locomotive a hundred miles away, he is likely to be confused and wearied by the rapid imaginative readjustments necessary; at the very least, his attention will be distracted from the action and main business of the play. And this, I still believe, is a source of fatal weakness.

Finally, I cannot refrain from remarking that in his anxiety properly to castigate my ignorance, Mr. How extravagantly overestimates the literary value of "Celestina." Historically, of course, its importance is very great, and intrinsically its merit is considerable; but to call it, as Mr. How does, "one of the few most alive of the supreme works of art Europe has produced" is to give it equal rank with the Iliad, the Divine Comedy, and Hamlet. I am sorry to have been the unwitting occasion of anyone's making so serious a critical blunder.

Homer E. Woodbridge.

Colorado Springs, June 18, 1917.

Briefs on New Books

Pictures of War Work in England. By Joseph Pennell. Lippincott; $1.50.

Mr. Pennell may always be counted upon to lay his finger upon the significant aspects of whatever he chooses as subject for his pencil. Where most artists have the "seeing eye" only for the decorative, Mr. Pennell's sense of selection is of a different order; with him beauty and human activity are interdependent, and of recent years he has never given us an impression of beauty as the artist in him sees it, without also giving us a very powerful comment on life as the caustic-witted philosopher in him sees it. In the present volume of drawings he has laid his finger upon the one outstanding feature of the present war—its industrial ramifications. Looking over these drawings, all of which have that feeling of "sociological beauty" which characterizes his work, one becomes conscious of the absence of human beings. These are drawings of machines, of factories, of furnaces, and wherever human beings appear, they are grimy dregs scattered like coal dust—entirely without significance. That is his interpretation of the present war—a battle of the mechanical Genii which have been evolved by human ingenuity, now become our masters—and destroyers. This interpretation is borne out by the brusque words commenting upon each drawing. There is much in this volume which it would be well for every American to ponder.

An Uncensored Diary. By Ernesta Drinker Bullitt. Doubleday, Page; $1.25.

Journal of Small Things. By Helen MacKay. Duffield; $1.35.

Two diaries of the war recently published, both by women, suggest many ideas concerning the art of the diarist, particularly the attitude of the writer toward his record. The first of these diaries, "An Uncensored Diary," is intended to be no more than an objective account of incidents, persons, and impressions, written with a definite public in mind. As a piece of journalistic record it is interesting. The second diary, Helen Mackay's "Journal of Small Things," possesses the subtle charm of the diary in its highest form. Something of the intimate mood inspiring this record is expressed in the opening lines: "I have so strange a feeling, a sense of its being the end of things. The end of—I don't know what. I want to make note of things, not of the great things that are happening, but of the little things. I want to feel especially all the little everyday dear accustomed things, to take hold of the moods of them, and gather up their memories, to be put away and kept, and turned back to always afterward." It is easy to see, and remember, the big things; it is not until it is too late that we realize that the small details, the seemingly unessential, were the significant and precious things of bygone days. In these pages one follows the changes since 1914—the first spectral rumors that penetrated the old chateau, the futile attempts to discredit the reports, the clinging to the old, secure serenity of peace, the bewildered abandonment of all that was familiar, the calm acceptance of the unrealities of war, the unconscious adjustments. This is the record of a spiritual development, and it is by far the most impressive, the most poignant which this reviewer has yet found in the mass of war literature. It is a volume to be read and reread, and always to be kept near at hand.

Inside the German Empire. By Herbert Bayard Swope. Century; $2.

No reader of this excellent book will be surprised to know that it has been given the $1000 Pulitzer Prize for the best piece of reporting done during the year. Mr. Swope is more than a good reporter. He has performed a statesmanlike service in putting before American readers a fair-minded analysis of the attitude of the German people toward the outside world in this momentous time. Especially interesting just now is Mr. Swope's description of the feeling toward peace. He is quite sure that the German people want peace. He believes that they are tired of war and ready to forego some of their earlier hopes. He does not think, however, that any important class in Germany would accept peace on ignominious terms; and he therefore concludes that few believe it will soon come. For instance, the Germans to a man are determined to oppose the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Regarding Belgium there is a divided opinion, but Mr. Swope believes that the majority of enlightened Germans favors the reëstablishment of the neighbor kingdom.

In this connection, it is a little surprising to find Mr. Swope declaring that Germans do not underestimate the danger of their position, that they realize that if the war is carried to the end, they must lose. Their main hope, he says, lies in two possibilities—first, in the defection of Russia, and second, in the liberalizing of the German Empire. The first is the more pleasing prospect to Germans. (This was before the Russian Revolution.) They have an interesting theory that Russia may be drawn away from the Entente, and with Japan, who is supposed to hate America, join Germany against the coming Anglo-American alliance. Mr. Swope himself, however, seems more interested in the liberal movement already under way among thinking Germans. The main objection to its potency as a peace factor, he thinks, is the belief among Germans that it would appear to be forced upon them by a victorious enemy. They are therefore careful to state that the change is to come after the war. Mr. Swope feels safe in saying, however, that the movement for a responsible popular government may gain ascendency before peace arrives.

One is tempted to quote freely from such a book. It is better, however, to recommend it heartily to the reader. It covers much more ground than this review has touched, and it gives Americans a view of the German people, which in vision, lack of bias, and kindly feeling could hardly be surpassed.

BEETHOVEN. By Romain Rolland. Translated by A. Eaglefield Hull. Holt; $1.50.

When M. Rolland writes of music or musicians, one expects a treat; and with Beethoven as a subject to inspire, one expects a great treat. After arousing such anticipations, the present volume is rather a disappointment; of its 244 pages only 54 are given to M. Rolland's sketch of the composer's life. As a character study it is far from satisfying, containing nothing new in fact or interpretation. The rest of the book seems like too evident an attempt to fill up space, good as part of the material is. The most interesting section is an analysis of Beethoven's symphonies, sonatas, and string quartets, the work of Dr. Hull. The chief value of the book is as an introduction to the study of Beethoven, and in this respect the copy of his will, a selection of his letters, a bibliography, and the complete list of his compositions are useful.

GREATER ITALY. By William Kay Wallace. Scribner; $2.50.

Events of a decade preceding the world war pointed to Italy as the European nation whose ambition ran most frankly in the direction of territorial expansion; and it was primarily to gain territory that the kingdom, after long wavering, broke with its allies and entered the present conflict. In his "Greater Italy" Mr. Wallace traces the Italian expansionist movement from its mid-century beginnings to the year 1917, and in doing so he describes the forces working to produce the original unification of the country and sketches the whole sweep of Italian political history since the rise of Cavour. The Italy which the world best knows is the Italy of intellect, of art, of religion, of literature, of romance. Mr. Wallace portrays the Italy of politics, of diplomacy, of war, of realism. His task has been attempted before, with much success by King and Okey and by Underwood. But the developments of the past two years afford excellent opportunity to paint the picture afresh and on a larger canvas. For Italy's part in the present struggle, the author finds peculiar historical justification. The Italians, in his opinion, are the people who "blazed the trail of national, racial unity, and set the world thinking along the lines of nationality"; and the European war "is a struggle for the preservation of this principle." Italy's own immediate object is to gain for herself the Trentino, Trieste, and every remaining part of *Italia irredenta,* so that she may attain a fulness of national and racial unity which the events of 1859-66 denied her. This is not materialism or sordid aggrandizement. It is not merely square miles of land, larger resources, more material for armies, and more taxpayers that the kingdom is fighting for; she is fighting for the right of the large Italian populations on her borders to become again a part of their own people, and for equivalent rights for Poles and Serbs and every broken and divided people of Europe. Mr. Wallace has spent some time with the troops on the various Italian fronts, and he describes in lucid and restrained manner the difficulties and triumphs of the operations against the Austrians. His book is well written, although there is an occasional inexact statement. It would be truer, for example, to say of the papal *Non Expedit* that Pius X made provision for occasional suspension of the decree rather than that he "withdrew it."

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER. By Mayer C. Goldman. Putnam; $1.

One of the many points at which we have awakened to the inadequacy of our historic institutions reveals itself in the growing consciousness of the need for reform of our criminal laws. Their roots lie far back in mediæval history, and there has been too little overhauling of them in recent times to meet the growing needs of our complex social, economic, and political life. One of the more promising attacks upon the problem of criminal procedure within the last few years has been the growing demand for a public defender, whose duties would be complementary to those of the public prosecutor. That the old system of leaving the defendant to depend wholly upon paid or assigned counsel is unfair to those with limited means is made quite clear by Mr. Goldman. Equally well does he make his point that, contrary to the opinion of some enthusiasts, the public prosecutor is not in a position to perform adequately the functions of attorney for the prosecution and for the defence. Besides the benefits which should accrue to the defendant from the services of the public defender, there are also some conspicuous civic advantages. Mr. Goldman calls attention especially to the fact that chicanery and manufactured defences will be decreased. Unfair discrimination would be eliminated through having the state officially concerned in the defence; there would be less likelihood of cases dragging out indefinitely on technicalities. At the same time investigation of evidence should be facilitated, trial expenses decreased, the *morale* of the courts improved, and popular respect for our machinery of justice increased. Mr. Goldman writes his book as a partisan of the movement. In fact, this monograph came out of his practical labors on committees and in other publicity efforts on behalf of the movement. A valuable feature of the book is an appendix giving the chronology of the movement in this country and setting forth the most important facts regarding its present employment.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND NAPOLEON. By Charles Downer Hazen. Holt; $2.50.

In this volume Professor Hazen has brought together, "for the convenience of those who may wish to review this memorable and instructive period," the chapters dealing with it in his "Modern European History," a book recently prepared for use in college classes. For general readers whose interest in history has been stimulated by the Great War, no period of the past is better worth attention. The revolutionary and Napoleonic wars not only offer many striking analogies with the present conflict, but they furnish the necessary starting point, unless one is prepared to begin with the Roman Empire, for any historical explanation of the present situation. From 1793 to 1815,

France was almost constantly at war with one or more of the European states. When invaded, France professed to be fighting for independence; when success carried her arms abroad, she often announced herself the predestined bearer of a superior civilization to backward peoples. The allied monarchies of Europe, on the other hand, conceiving themselves defending the cause of law and order and the rights of nations, small and great, professed their intentions to continue the struggle until they had obtained adequate guarantees for the future, until they had destroyed, not France or the French people indeed, but the intolerable menace of the French revolutionary spirit. For Americans, this conflict derives an added significance from the fact that for twenty years the United States, endeavoring at once to maintain her neutrality and to protect her rights, suffered every humiliation, resorted to every measure short of war, and at last, in 1812, waged with England the war sometimes called the second war of independence.

If the period presents many analogies with the present, the differences were also striking. The United States was then a weak and divided nation just entering upon the great experiment in democracy. The civilization which France was endeavoring alternately to defend and to impose on Europe was inspired, in theory if not always in practice, by the democratic ideals of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; while the Allied Powers proved in the end to be the champions of dynasties rather than of nations and of autocracy rather than of law. The political history of Europe in the nineteenth century issues directly from that great conflict, and centres in the irreconcilable opposition between liberalism and reaction. Suffering many reverses, the forces of liberalism and democracy triumphed in the main; so that to-day France, still faithful to her ancient faith, stands forth the heroic champion of established ideas; and the better part of Europe, joined at last by the United States, has rallied about her for the suppression of Prussianism, the last stronghold of reaction and the forces of unreason.

The great conflict of a century ago, so similar in some respects, yet so different in others, from the present conflict, Professor Hazen has portrayed with admirable skill. It may be that he has not fully appreciated the emotional and religious spirit of eighteenth century thought, that ideal of civic virtue, the ideal precisely of *Fraternité,* which inspired in part at least the anti-Christian movement of 1793. It may be that more space might well have been given to the constructive work of the Revolution and of Napoleon, although these have by no means been ignored. But on the whole the period is presented in excellent perspective; the great facts stand out clearly and in proper relation. And the story is told in a way that carries the reader along with unflagging interest, in a style distinguished by clarity, movement, and a certain individual quality. You feel that the book was written by somebody.

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

A very rare Charles Dickens item was sold recently by Scott & O'Shaughnessy at the Collectors' Club, 30 East 42nd Street, New York. It was the "Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, once Mayor of Mudfog, and Oliver Twist, or The Parish Boy's Progress, By Boz," sexto decimo, original pink wrappers, uncut, as issued, New York, published by C. Lohman, 1837. It is not generally known that the "Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble" was reprinted in separate form in New York shortly after its appearance in "Bentley's Miscellany," the pamphlet containing also the first two chapters of "Oliver Twist," as they appeared in the February number of the "Miscellany." Both "Mr. Tulrumble" and the two chapters of "Oliver Twist" appeared later as the initial articles of a two volume "Collection of Tales and Sketches from Bentley's Miscellany and The Library of Fiction," published by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard in Philadelphia. This is one of the earliest of Dickens's publications in America. The publisher introduces his author to the American public with the following interesting comment on the back wrapper: "There is much genuine humor and much real fun in the productions of Boz. If they keep up to their present level they will, in conclusion, assume a high place in the ranks of comic literature." The item was knocked down to George D. Smith for $160.

At the same sale Gabriel Weis paid $346 for "The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette," London, 1822-28, illustrated with a large number of finely colored and plain plates by Alken, Cruikshank, Landseer, Herring, Egerton, and other artists, including Cruikshank's colored engraving of "The Prize Fight at Five Courts." "Notions," with thirty-six full-page colored plates by Alken, oblong folio, London, 1831-33, was bought on order for $145. "Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton," by C. J. Apperley, with eighteen colored plates by Alken and Rawlins, London, 1835, went to E. P. Dutton & Co., for $100. It is the second edition containing six more plates than the first edition. "The Life of a Sportsman," by Apperley, London, 1842, first edition, with thirty-six colored plates by Alken, was knocked down to James F. Drake for $225. "Analysis of the Hunting Field," by R. S. Surtees, first edition, London, 1846, with colored title, six colored plates and forty-three cuts, all by Alken, was bought on order for $145. First editions of the "Three Tours of Doctor Syntax," London, 1812-20, by William Combe, with colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson, also were bought on order for $132.50. The three volumes are in binding by Riviere. "The Life of Napoleon," by William Combe, London, 1815, with thirty brilliantly colored engravings by George Cruikshank, first edition, went to Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, for $172.50. Inserted was a letter of the author to Prince Hoare, reading in part as follows:

No excuse of any kind or sort or in any form or shape will be taken. You must be here on Monday evening at seven. I am in a very peremptory moment and you will disobey at your peril. The Marquis de Negro will be with us, and exclusive of the pleasure, which his almost miraculous exhibition will give you, I am very anxious that some English gentleman of classical authority like yourself, and with your perfect knowledge of the Italian language, should hear, judge and report of him.

The rare original edition of William Mudford's "Historical Account of the Campaign in the Netherlands in 1815," printed in London in 1817 and in binding by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, was obtained by Gabriel Weis for $133. It is embellished with twenty-seven colored plates descriptive of the country between Brussels and Charleroi from drawings made on the spot by James Rouse. It includes three plates, one of the Battle of Waterloo by George Cruikshank, plans of the battle, and a map showing the march of the allied armies to Paris, with a colored emblematic title-page by Cruikshank. Mr. Garth paid $200 for "Somebody's Luggage," fifty-four leaves, extracted from "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," with manuscript corrections, deletions, and additions in Charles Dickens's handwriting. This was the copy which was sent to the United States and from which the American edition of "Somebody's Luggage" was printed.

The first issue of the first edition of Pierce Egan's "Life in London," 1821, in binding by Bedford, was knocked down to Gabriel Weis for $190. It has thirty-six colored plates designed and etched by Isaac R. and George Cruikshank, numerous woodcuts by the same artists, and pages of engraved music. A special feature of the volume is the inclusion of all the original wrappers and advertisements, this copy being bound from the original parts. A first edition of the same author's "Real Life in London," two volumes, entirely uncut, 1821-22, went to T. J. Gannon for $155. It has thirty-three colored plates by Alken, Rowlandson, Dighton, Brooke, and others. It contains the two extra plates, "Catching a Charley Napping" and "St. George's Day," which are generally wanting, also the leaf, "A Word to the Wise," advertising the forthcoming "Real Life in Ireland." Mr. Weis paid $380 for Egan's "Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry and Logic," first edition, London, 1830, in binding by Bedford. It has thirty-six colored plates by Robert Cruikshank and numerous designs on wood by him.

The original manuscript in French of a portion of Napoleon Bonaparte's own memoirs, dictated to General Gaspard Gourgaud at St. Helena, eleven pages folio, was bought by Mr. Weis for $160. It describes Napoleon's arrival in France from Egypt, and the inauguration of the "Consuls Provisoires," Napoleon's first move toward an absolute dictatorship. This manuscript was presented by General Gourgaud to his friend, John Jackson, of Hamburg, Germany, at whose death it passed to his brother James Jackson. Three topographical field maps, delineating in detail the northern part of France and a portion of Belgium, actually used by Napoleon on his last campaign and at the Battle of Waterloo, went to G. S. Hellman for $110. Mr. Weis gave $175 for "The Eventful Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Late Emperor of the French," four volumes, London, 1828. This is a rare issue of W. H. Ireland's book, in which he disguises his identity under the pseudonym of "Baron Karlo Excellmanns." It varies widely from the issue usually met with, having an entirely different set of plates and changes in the text. Charles Scribner's Sons paid $310 for Ireland's "Napoleon," with twenty-four colored plates by George Cruikshank, and the rare Cumberland vignette titles, four volumes, London, 1823-28, in binding by Walters.

First editions of William Combe's "English Dance of Death" and "Dance of Life," with colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson, were bought by Mr. Weis for $140. James F. Drake paid $116 for "Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age," Philadelphia, printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, 1744, in binding by Stikeman. It is the earliest issue. The translation was made by Judge James Logan of Philadelphia, though the introductory note is by Franklin himself. Typographically this work is generally considered Franklin's masterpiece.

Henry E. Huntington, George D. Smith, James F. Drake, Lathrop C. Harper, and other rare-book collectors are interested in the sale at Sotheby's beginning July 11, of the sixth portion of the famous library of the late Henry Huth. It takes in items under the letters N to P and will be the thirty-fourth to thirty-ninth day's sale of this valuable collection. Among the items is "Nychodemus Gospell," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in London in 1511, the second known edition. No other copy appears in auction records. The "Office of the Virgin Mary," printed on vellum, Lugdunum, 1499, is rare, only three copies being known. "Opera Nova," printed at Venice about 1520, is a veritable block book, the whole of the text being engraved on wood. It is the only known work of the kind printed in Italy, and it is remarkable that it should have appeared at so late a date. It is an imitation of the "Biblia Panperum." "The honorable, pleasant and rare conceited Historie of Palmendos," translated from the French by Anthony Munday, London, 1589, is the first edition. It is dedicated to Sir Francis Drake in twelve Latin verses. The only other known copy was that in Heber's catalogue and it was damaged. The present is a fine copy in binding by Bedford.

J. Partridge's "Opus Reformatum, or a Treatise of Astrology," 1693, is the copy mentioned by Lowndes as bound by Roger Payne. Inside the cover is his curious bill for the work, amounting to sixteen shillings, for washing, sizing, mending, and binding. Extremely rare is "A Treatyse called Pervula" printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde about 1509. The woodcut of a master and scholars is on the title. "Peniteas Cito," printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1510, appears to be quite undescribed by bibliographers. "De Opere Varie," of Francesco de Petrarca, is a manuscript of the fifteenth century of Italian execution, written on 190 leaves of vellum with numerous painted and illuminated initials. "I Trionfi," by Petrarch, is

a manuscript on vellum of the end of the fifteenth century, with six miniatures by an artist of the Florentine school. "A Petite Pallace of Pettie his pleasure," London, about 1576, is very rare. It is a collection of twelve novels by George Pettie. The only other copies of this impression known are in the British Museum, formerly Jolley's, and in the Bodleian among Malone's books. William Petty's "Hiberniae Delineatio," 1685, is a fine specimen of English binding of the seventeenth century, probably by S. Mearne.

"Lo innamoramento et la morte di Piramo et Tisbe," printed in Florence in the fifteenth century, is in binding by Bauzonnet-Trautz and comes from the Yemeniz collection. "Pontificale" (missal) is a richly illuminated manuscript on vellum of Franco-Flemish execution in the fifteenth century. It is written in large Gothic letters on 156 leaves. "Portalano" is a manuscript on vellum of the sixteenth century, consisting of ten beautifully executed illuminated maps, comprising the world as then known. Another "Portalano" is an illuminated manuscript on twenty double sheets of vellum, forming an atlas of the whole world as known at the end of the sixteenth century or beginning of the seventeenth. It includes the discoveries in America. It came from the library of the archbishop of Toledo. The arms of Portugal and Spain are emblazoned on each map. "Preces Piae" is a manuscript on vellum of the early sixteenth century of French or Flemish execution. "Psalterium Davidis" is a manuscript on vellum of German execution of the fourteenth century.

Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue, Norman Foerster is associate professor of English at the University of North Carolina.

Claude Bragdon is a Buffalo architect. He is the author of "Projective Ornament" and many pamphlets and magazine articles on architectural subjects.

Odell Shepard is a lecturer on poetry at Harvard. A collection of his poems, "A Lonely Flute," was recently issued by Houghton Mifflin.

B. I. Kinne is an instructor in Romance Languages at the University of Wisconsin.

Samuel N. Harper, of the Department of Russian Language and Institutions at the University of Chicago, is a son of the late President Harper. He is returning to Russia to make a first-hand study of present conditions.

Following the former custom of The Dial, there will be but one issue during the month of July, that of July 19th.

"Aircraft and Submarines," by Willis J. Abbot, is announced for early publication by Putnam's.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce that Edith Wharton's new novel "Summer" will be published June 29. The story concerns a village librarian who longs for romance and finds it.

Stuart Walker has added Padraic Colum's play "Mogu the Wanderer" to the Portmanteau repertory for autumn production. The play was one of the Spring publications of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish shortly the second edition of "The Fundamentals of Naval Service," by Commander Yates Sterling, U. S. N. Major Lincoln C. Andrews's "Fundamentals of Military Service" will appear in the fifth edition about the same time.

A new publishing house, the Liberty Publishing Association, 110 West 40th Street, N. Y., announces its first publication "Sainte Séductre," by Exile X, a story of Belgian deportation camps with an introduction discussing at length the German National Ego.

July publications of Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. will include: "The Living Present," by Gertrude Atherton; "The Advanced Montessori Method," by Maria Montessori, Two Volumes, Vol. I., "Spontaneous Activity in Education"; Vol. 2, "The Montessori Elementary Material."

William Watson, whose volume of poems "The Man Who Saw and Other Poems Arising Out of the War" was recently published by Lane, was made a knight by King George in his annual birthday honor list.

Alfred Knopf announces that the first volume of the "Journal" of Leo Tolstoy to appear in English will be published at an early date. It will cover the four years from 1895 to 1899.

Mr. F. S. Hoppin, of Duffield & Co., has sailed for France where he will be associated with Red Cross work.

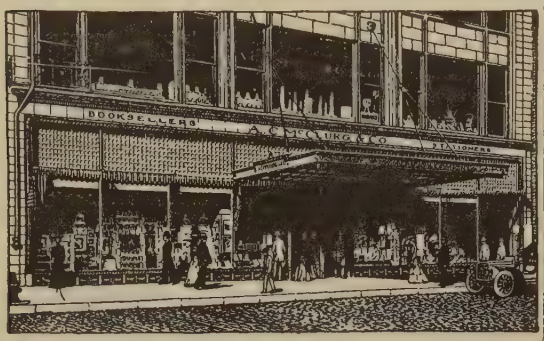
Those who have enjoyed Ian Hay's sparkling humor—and penetrating good sense—will look forward to a new book entitled "The Oppressed English," which Houghton Mifflin will publish July 2. This volume concerns Home Rule in Ireland as viewed by a Scot.

Mr. Huebsch reports that James Joyce's two books, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Dubliners," have gone into a second printing. The first edition of "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" is already commanding a premium among collectors because of the unusual fact that the Irish writer's book appeared first in America and subsequently in London.

William S. Culbertson, the biographer of "Alexander Hamilton" (Yale University Press), has been appointed by President Wilson a member of the Tariff Commission to investigate tariff relations, commercial treaties, etc., between the United States and foreign countries.

"Inside the British Isles," by Arthur Gleason (Century), has been placed on the list of books purchased for crew's libraries in the United States Navy.

Miss Evelyn Dewey, co-author with her father, Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, of "Schools of Tomorrow," is preparing a book which will be published next fall by E. P. Dutton & Co., in which she will describe in detail the work and the achievements of a woman teacher who, through



"I visited with a natural rapture the largest bookstore in the world."

See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

It is recognized throughout the country that we earned this reputation because we have on hand at all times a more complete assortment of the books of all publishers than can be found on the shelves of any other book-dealer in the entire United States. It is of interest and importance to all bookbuyers to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be procured from us with the least possible delay. We invite you to visit our store when in Chicago, to avail yourself of the opportunity of looking over the books in which you are most interested, or to call upon us at any time to look after your book wants.

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Chicago

the medium of the district school, has regenerated a down-at-the-heel countryside and made it into an alert and thriving community.

The Columbia University Trustees announced at the Commencement exercises the awards of the Pulitzer Prizes in Journalism and Literature. The prize of $2000 for the best book of the year on the history of the United States was awarded to J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, for "With Americans of Past and Present Days" (Scribner). The prize of $1000 for the best example of a reporter's work during the year was awarded to Herbert Bayard Swope, of the New York "World," for his articles recently collected and published by the Century Co. under the title "Inside the German Empire." The prize of $1000 for the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish service was awarded to Laura E. Richards and Maude Howe Elliott, daughters of Julia Ward Howe, for the biography of their mother, "Julia Ward Howe" (Houghton Mifflin). The prize of $500 for the best editorial article written during the year was awarded to Frank H. Simonds, of the New York "Tribune," for an editorial written on the first anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania.

It is proposed to observe the centenary of Jane Austen's death, which falls on July 18th this year, by the erection of a tablet on Chawton Cottage, near Alton, Hants, recording the fact that the authoress lived there from 1809 to 1817, and that it was from this house all her works were sent out into the world. The tablet will be executed by Mr. Evelyn Simmons after a design by Miss E. G. Hill, which comprises decorations taken from objects connected with her life. The committee having the memorial fund in charge consists of: The Earl of Iddesleigh, Lord Latymer, Sir Frederic Pollock, Bt., Sir Robert Hudson, Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll, The Dean of Norwich, Clarence Graff, W. D. Howells, W. J. Locke, and C. K. Shorter. It is suggested that those wishing to contribute send subscriptions of one dollar to Miss Constance Hill, author of "Jane Austen and Her Friends," at Grove Cottage, Frognal, Hampstead, London N. W. 3, or to John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W. 1, or to Mr. Jefferson Jones, John Lane Co., 116 West 32nd Street, New York.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. announce for early publication the following volumes: "The First Violations of International Law by Germany," by Louis Renault, translated by Frank Carr; "English Farming, Past and Present," by Rowland E. Prothero, M. P., President of the Board of Agriculture; "Woman's Effort," by A. E. Metcalfe, with an introduction by Laurence Housman and seven cartoons from "Punch"; "The Work of St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis, Against the Donarists," translated by the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips; "Ordered Liberty or an Englishman's Belief in His Church," by A. S. Duncan-Jones; "Peace and War," by the Rev. Paul B. Bull.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce the publication on June 30 of a volume by Edmund H. Reeman entitled "Do We Need a New Idea of God?"

List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 106 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

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Russian Literature: The Quest for Life's Meaning

From the early years of the nineteenth century, Russian literature has been an instrument barometric in its responsiveness to the political and social conditions of the country. It came to close grips with the facts of life. The writers of Russia's "golden age": Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and the lesser men who wrote before the eighties of the last century, were not idle singers in a dreamy Nirvana. Theirs was a robust consciousness, an awakened social conscience that laid heavy responsibilities and exacting duties upon them. They had to advance the frontiers of civilization, to deal telling blows for the freedom of man, to arouse and strengthen the powers of the spirit for the stern battle against the hordes of darkness. Truth, Freedom, Humanity, Beauty were the altars they erected for the worship of men. They had not sallied forth on a light and joyous adventure. Clear-eyed, sober, in a mood of tremendous earnestness, they set out on their great voyage of discovery. The adventure took them to the farthest reaches of the illimitable plain of life, and they wandered on, impelled by a great spiritual yearning and unrest. There could be no boundaries, for an ever-elusive ideal broke the spell of momentary revelations of reality, and beckoned them on to far horizons and distant goals, forever unattainable. Vicarious salvations, provisional salving of the conscience could not content these uncompromising spirits who, with hands outstretched for a great faith and with hearts eager for the purgation of the salient truths of life, were embarked on the search for final meanings. With rare intuition they knew that the light to illuminate the way could come only from the comprehension of the nature of man,—not man disguised by romantic pretension or ascetic renunciation,—but man as he really is, in his true self and his naked essence. They revolted against accidentals and limitations, under the inspiration of a passion for the ideal—for moral perfection, intellectual clarity, spiritual freedom. But they never sought to codify life, to reduce it to dialectical schemes. The feeling of wonder and reverence for reality was too deep to make them merely thinkers; they were, first of all, artists bent upon the recreation of life.

With the death of Dostoevsky and Turgenev, and with Tolstoy's tragic renunciation of art, the period of intense literary effort came to an end. Almost synchronously, an event occurred in the political life of the nation which exercised a profound influence upon literature: Alexander II was assassinated. "Gentlemen, rise, the Government is coming back," said a noted publicist, Katkov, and the prophecy ushered in a time of dark reaction when the intellectual energies of the nation were increasingly absorbed in the bitter struggle for political freedom. The outlook for literature was as bleak as a sudden autumn day near the end of an exuberant summer. In Russian literature the period of the eighties is one of grey, unrelieved hopelessness. The time seemed like a great, fallow field strewn with dead hopes. The trust in the people, the ardent wish to awaken them from stagnation had proved a dream and a failure. It is Chekhov who best reflects the sombre mood of the time. All its grey monotony is in his stories,—the wistful longings and the nervelessness of the *intelligentsia,* and their depressing sense of the emptiness and the insipidity of things; the stale, tinsel culture of the towns, and the hushed, dreary vacuity of provincial life. It is under the spell of this spirit in Chekhov that Leon Shestov, the well-known critic, calls him "the creator from the void." Chekhov's works form one long poem—the poem of rainy weather. And yet, though Chekhov never attempts to solve life's riddles, with what wondrous reverence and finesse does he

present the bare facts of life! With a rare power of lifting the threadbare and the commonplace to the high plane of art, Chekhov pays homage to life in the very deference of his artistic reticence.

For a time the relentless quest for the meaning of life halted, while art underwent a chilling bath in anti-æsthetic theories. New tendencies were abroad. An alien ideology was being assimilated by the eager intellectuals of Russia—Western ideas and theorizings: positivist, socialistic, communistic. The *intelligentsia* swore allegiance to the doctrines of Marxian socialism and economic determinism, and fervently discussed hectic problems of Freedom and Necessity. Art was held in the leash of social values. It was not set free until man felt the impulse to a new liberty, the striving upward toward the ultimate perfection of the individual, toward the release of instincts and the liberation of self. Dostoevsky had listened, terrified, to the first rumblings of the great revolt against all that he held sacred. To him the revolutionary movement in Russia appeared to be inspired by men who, in seeking God, were denying Christ. But the first assertion of the rights of the individual filled him with a great dread. He feared that the new force, rising in Diabolonian protest from an abyss of accumulated wrath and vengeance, would hurl down everything traditional, and, like Savva in Andreyev's play, would wish to wreck the solid structure of the Past. His mind pictured to itself the tremendous menace of individuality: all bonds rent asunder, all things holy cut down, a thirst for blood and destruction, deep cynicism and boundless disbelief. And in the terrified imagining of all this evil, he sought to stem the tide by throwing broadcast into life texts from the Scriptures and bits of Slavophile formulas, like a priest sprinkling holy water over a sinning multitude. He called upon man to draw within himself, to develop spiritual power and attain inner mastery.

But the new yearning for the power and the glory of the liberated individual was not to be denied. Too long had the intellectuals of Russia been like "living corpses," will-less, rudderless men, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." They now began to worship action, force, personality, that compelling strength of character which projects ideas and thoughts into the outer reality of deeds. Gorky uttered the hope of an awakened age when he said, "All of a man's life may be consumed in the doing of one deed, but that deed must be beautiful, splendid, free!" Here is a stern summoning to battle, a buoyant, robust challenge to life in the very call to spend life's gathered forces in heroic service. For a brief space the morbid spirit of self-flagellation vanished, and the world was conceived as a vast battlefield, sometimes as a clash between the fit and the unfit, between the classes of society, sometimes as a tragic encounter of the individual with the elemental forces of nature, and again as a conflict between the powers of good and evil in man and in the outer universe. And what of the new superman who, in the first ecstasy of his incarnation, had appeared so invincible? Gorky, reawakened to a social consciousness, soon tempers the first proud assertion of individuality, and wishes to bind the new-born superman in the firm rivets of human duties. And the strong men of Andreyev, at the very moment of their sternest defiance of the unknown, are overcome by the feeling of their real weakness; they become solitary, terrified creatures whirled about in a maelstrom of grim and mysterious forces.

The new ideas served but to bring back the thirst for the quest of life's meaning. In a great creation called "The Book of Life," the Russian sculptor Biegass represents a huge, passionless figure with its enormous fists pressed against the Book of Life, wherein is inscribed all that man wishes to know. The knowledge would make man great and happy, but the expressionless face of the monster shows that the hands will never be lifted and that man will forever remain ignorant of what the book contains. One thinks of the modern writers of Russia as men struggling to wrest the monster's hands from the Book of Life, now in a passion of high resolve, now in the dread intensity of terror before death. Always the agonizing weight of the perplexity of life's

problems. Some seek release in thoughts of an eternal death that blots out everything; a few put their faith in an eternal life beyond death. But for the most part, these restless spirits have a deep-rooted instinct for life and a keen zest in the perception of reality. Together with a rapturous, lyrical impulse to organize the outer world after the ideal pattern of Beauty, they have the stern obligation to scan crude reality, bitter, misshapen, deformed. The outcome is a tragic clash between emotions of joy and horror in the presence of the actual—a clash that finds its catharsis in irony, now mordant, now tender and mellow.

Before the outbreak of the present war, the Russian writers, conventionally called the "modernists," had no fixed body of critical doctrine. Their ideas were in a state of suspension, still uncrystallized. Strongly opposed to critical dogmas, their only artistic tenet was that art is concerned, not with morality, but with beauty; its appeal is to the imagination. They asserted the intrinsic value of literature, and acclaimed its liberation from ethical and moral chains. Having thrown open the windows of Russia to all the intellectual currents of Europe, they eagerly responded to the new art movements of the West. They set out to explore the possibilities of their language and ushered in a poetic revival. The new poems are rich, tense, and adventurous in spirit and form. The poets revelled in sounds and verbal conjurings, and created hitherto unsuspected harmonies and combinations. The abstract became alive with a strange beauty, and in the dim hinterlands of instinct, in the borderlands of the emotions, the explorers came upon fresh beauties, fleeting, mystic, ethereal. Reality acquired a new elusiveness that could be expressed only in hints, subtle half-tones, and shadowy evocations. The enthusiastic singers formed groups for the discussion of questions of style, metre, rhythm; manifestoes and magazines were issued embodying the new principles and practice; and in the artistic unrest, literary schools were generated—symbolists, vorticists, acmeists, futurists.

It was all a fiery revolt in the name of art. For a brief time, in the months preceding the Revolution of 1905, the new writers were plunged again into the troubled stream of political and social conflicts. The gospel of the folk returned and the social conscience was stirred to renewed activity. It was in response to the spirit of the revolutionary turmoil that a literary magazine, "Novy Put" (The New Way), founded in 1903 by Madame Merezhovsky, was rechristened, toward the close of 1904, "Voprosy Zhizni" (Questions of Life). The "accursed problems" came to the forefront once more, and the modernists, in a mood of heroic renunciation, welcomed the onrush of social forces that bade fair to destroy the altars of art they had so recently erected. Drunk with the new wine of approaching fulfilment, men like Artsybashev acclaimed once more the divine rights of human personality. And the sanctities of convention became stale and paltry at the moment of the ruthless assertion of individual freedom. But the high hopes aroused by the revolutionary ferment were soon blighted by the return of bureaucratic tyranny, and men were again thrown back upon themselves, to seek liberty in the unreal realm of hidden thoughts and dreams and aspirations.

This repeated baffling of man's desires for himself and for others heightened the tragic note in the new literature. In spite of the quest for novel forms, the frequent overemphasis and exaggerations, the crudities of style, and the large admixture of the baser metal of naturalism, the modern literature of Russia is not a mere pursuit of the novel and the exotic in theme and manner. It is a literature born of heavy hearts, of a consciousness of sin and bitterness, and a dread obsession of evil. But with all the prevailing gloom and depression, it does not fail to give an affirmation of life. The modern writers, Andreyev, Kuprin, Sologub, Remizov, Bunin, and the rest, are still embarked on the quest for truth; theirs is still the undying resolve to know life's meaning. They are the spiritual heirs of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Like the former, they explore the dark corners of the human soul and trespass in forbidden realms of the

subjective and the psychologic. And they have Tolstoy's keen perception of reality, and something of his dauntless spirit in the pursuit of the ultimate.

In what manner will the annealing forces of war shape the literature of Russia? Unfortunately, not enough of the work written under the stress of moving events has reached this country to form the bases of sure judgments. But the war stories in the Russian magazines, Artsybashev's play, "War," the sketches and tales of Alexis N. Tolstoy, Veressayev, and Chirikov, and especially Andreyev's "The Burden of War," give promise of a great sobering and spiritual regeneration. Perhaps the severe discipline of war will bring to an end the excesses of pre-bellum "decadence": facile pessimism, unrestrained symbolism, shoddy individualism, and erotic and neurotic extravagance. The war has brought new revelations, transformed reality, and made possible the realization of the dream of a century. Russia's mighty autocracy has fallen. How the sudden exhilaration of this event will be reflected in literature we can only surmise. Perhaps the best energies of Russia will be increasingly absorbed in guiding the tremendous social readjustments of the future. But already it is possible to discern, in their transitional stages, the forces that will bring to Russian literature a saner, richer realism and a surer faith in the spiritual and moral instincts of man. The effort to solve the great problems that face the country will help to determine the course of the new literature. But it is the release of colossal industrial forces—the economic awakening—that will lift the dark cloud from the spirit of Russian literature. Russia is now passing through the first stages of this awakening. Towns have sprung up, especially in Siberia, around the yawning mouths of mine-pits. More and more the new writers of Russia describe, in the manner of our own Bret Harte, the stir of life amid fresh and epic beginnings. A Russian poet, Alexander Blok, has sung of the rise from "the dim underground" of his country's "new Messiah,—the black coal, bridegroom and king":

'Tis the groan of the coal and the marshes,
And the groan of the oar, near and far;
For I see o'er the boundless steppe rising
Lo! Another America's star.

The imagination of true artists will ever be aroused by the contemplation of new realities, the release of fresh energies. With the cheerful sense of fulfilment, there is for Russian literature the promise of a healthier, saner perception, and a more restrained and balanced expression, of reality. The writers of Russia do not have to go afar for teaching or discipline. Their own literary traditions are by no means sterile or exhausted. Faithful to the great masters, the moderns will scan eagerly all phases of human activity and all manifestations of human emotion, dedicated to the high task by their soul's need for truth. They have known a tragic insufficiency, the savor of sin, and the taste of death, and it will not be easy for them to forget.

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

The Poetry of Ralph Hodgson

Readers of THE DIAL are familiar with the view, put forward by Mr. Conrad Aiken, that the present-day generation of English poets is superior, at least as regards distinction of workmanship, to the foremost of the Americans. With this view most careful readers of poetry will probably find themselves in agreement. The faults of American poetry at the present day are the obvious faults of a nation which has not yet hammered out for itself a literary tradition, which indeed has not yet created out of its stuff and substance documents numerous enough to give weight and direction to any tradition. If we should set ourselves the task of trying to read the most important works of the poets whose names appear in any fairly exhaustive survey of English poetry (such as, for example, Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody"), we should soon find a single lifetime insufficient. But it is comparatively easy to read through the work of all the American poets who have in any way distinguished themselves.

The question that requires to be asked —and it is a question that affects England

as well as America—is, what relation does the present-day poetry of England bear to the stream of English tradition and culture? Are the English poets of the present day producing anything worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the achievements of Blake, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne,—to go no further than the nineteenth century? Can these poets in any sense be said to measure up to the past, or to carry English poetry one step further? This question is vitally important to the future of our poetry, which requires a strong English tradition to guide and balance it. And it is equally important to England, in view of the great regeneration of the English race which this war is bringing about.

Among the younger English poets, one of the most recently discussed is Mr. Ralph Hodgson. Since he has just brought out in a small volume the fruits of his Muse—fruits somewhat difficult to obtain hitherto, since they appeared under the irritating guise of half a dozen or so pamphlets called "chap-books" or "broadsides"—and since Mr. Hodgson is a typical example of one tendency in present-day English poetry, we may take him as a convenient starting-point. We do so without disrespect to his elders. Youth must be served, and Mr. Hodgson is yet young.

Of the poems contained in this volume, the ones which have hitherto found most favor are "Time, You Old Gipsy Man," "Eve," "The Song of Honour," and "The Bull." Of these the first two may be bracketed together because of their close similarity in metre and technique. "Eve" is the better. Here are its opening stanzas:

> Eve, with her basket, was
> Deep in the bells and grass,
> Wading in bells and grass
> Up to her knees,
> Picking a dish of sweet
> Berries and plums to eat,
> Down in the bells and grass
> Under the trees.
>
> Mute as a mouse in a
> Corner the cobra lay,
> Curled round a bough of the
> Cinnamon tall. . .
> Now to get even and
> Humble proud heaven and
> Now was the moment or
> Never at all.

This is a very pretty picture—a miniature, doubtless, but still a pretty picture. It is when we come to compare it with certain works of the past that its derivative nature becomes manifest. The tone is of the artificial pastoral with which Herrick has made us familiar. But Herrick is, after all, a minor poet; and there is nothing here to match "Bid me to live and I will live thy Protestant to be," or "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee." The metre and rhyme scheme recall Milliken's "Groves of Blarney"—

> There's statues gracing
> This noble place in,
> All heathen gods and
> Nymphs so fair,
> Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
> And Nicodemus,
> All standing naked
> In the open air!

In short, there is nothing of Mr. Hodgson himself in these two stanzas but the "cinnamon tall" and that, too, is purely literary. Later on, Mr. Hodgson speaks of a "cinnamon bee." Apparently, he likes the sound of this word.

"The Song of Honour" is a direct transcription of Christopher Smart's "Song to David." A single stanza of this poem set beside the work of the older poet, will bring this out, and also perhaps show why the latter is preferable.

> I heard the universal choir,
> The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
> With universal song,
> Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
> Her million times ten million throats
> Exalt Him loud and long,
> And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
> From every part and every place
> Within the shining of His face,
> The universal throng.

That is Hodgson.

> He sang of God—the mighty source
> Of all things—the stupendous force
> On which all strength depends;
> From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
> All period, power, and enterprise
> Commences, reigns, and ends.
>
> Tell them, I am, Jehovah said
> To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
> And, smitten to the heart,
> At once above, beneath, around,
> All Nature, without voice or sound,
> Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

This is Smart, writing in 1757!

With "The Bull" we come upon the influence that pervades so much of Mr. Hodgson's work, as well as the work of so many of the poets of the present day in England. Need it be said that I am referring to William Blake? Here is a stanza of "The Bull":

> When the lion left his lair
> And roared his beauty through the hills,
> And the vultures picked their quills
> And flew into the middle air,
> Then this prince no more to reign
> Came to life and lived again.

This comes direct from Blake's "Tiger" with its lines,

> When the stars threw down their spears
> And watered heaven with their tears;

and in the coloring of the poem there is more than a hint of Thomas Gordon Hake, that remarkable symbolist whose three fine poems, "The Birth of Venus," "The Snake-Charmer," and "Old Souls," should be, and are not, in every anthology of English poetry.

In the shorter lyrics, the ghost of Blake stalks rampant. "Stupidity Street," "The Bells of Heaven," and "The Birdcatcher" all come from "a robin redbreast in a cage puts heaven in a rage." And it may be said of all the others that they either derive from Blake direct, or from Blake diluted with Herrick. Poetry, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows; and it would be amusing to show how Mr. Hodgson has grafted upon the sturdy oak of the man who wrote that "improvement makes straight roads, but crooked roads without improvement are the roads of genius," the graceful, trailing vine of "get up sweet slug-a-bed and see the dew bespangling herb and tree." But I will spare the reader.

One more piece deserves to be noted. "The Royal Mails" is simply a poem of Wordsworth born out of time. Everybody knows that letters are no longer carried by courier in England, and that the highways are no longer infested with thieves. But here we have the tale of a courier robbed by highwaymen, told in the same ballad metre as "The Complaint of the Forsaken Indian Woman," or "The Thorn." Let anyone who wishes compare these poems with Mr. Hodgson's.

If the reader has followed me this far, he may now ask what I am seeking to prove by these parallels. Am I seeking to impugn Mr. Hodgson's honesty, or am I merely displaying the extent of my own reading? I can only answer that I believe Mr. Hodgson to be a conscientious, painstaking writer who believes he is following the true path; and that I am not a scholar by profession. My aim lies elsewhere.

In every art, as in every nation that is healthy, the principle of life and growth must manifest itself. Thus in Greek literature we get, first of all, the development of the epic; then follows the development of the lyric; and finally, the combination of the two in a new art-form, the drama. And it is equally possible to take up English literature and to show how it has grown and altered. Thus in the case of the drama, we get first disconnected scenes from the Bible: the Mystery plays; then ethical sermons presented by typified abstractions: the Moralities; then, under the influence of the Renaissance, the drama becomes secular and passes through the phases of interlude and farce to chronicle plays, heroic tragedy, comedy, domestic tragedy, etc., to conclude in tragic-comedies of romantic adventure—out of which again comes the art-form of the English novel.

But on the other hand, we know that when a literature ceases to grow, and merely repeats itself, that literature is dead. It no longer draws its nourishment out of life, but only out of libraries. It may indeed for a time continue to display a sophisticated and faded charm, but it is spiritually moribund and mentally incapable of reacting to altering conditions. For such a literature, there is no hope, unless the influence of some great crisis comes to brace and restore it.

Perhaps the war is providing that influence. In view of the flood of heroic energy let loose by the war, Mr. Hodgson's poetry is merely a well-bred anachronism.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

The Mind of England at War

ENGLAND AND THE WAR. By André Chevrillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.60.)

M. Chevrillon has not entered upon the difficult task he has undertaken in this volume without important qualifications. His studies of Sidney Smith and of Ruskin have shown him to be, for almost twenty years, an acute and sympathetic observer of English life. If he lacks the monumental knowledge and superb insight which makes of M. Halévy the greatest living student of modern England, his book yet reveals a mastery of his subject which is sufficiently rare to be stimulating and helpful. What he has attempted is a psychological study of the English mind in the first eighteen months of war. It is an impressionist picture he has striven to paint, which, ignoring detail and circumstance, shall yet concentrate attention upon the fundamental aspects of his problem. The result is in many ways remarkably successful. I would hazard the guess that M. Chevrillon belongs far too closely by temperament and opinion to the Kipling-Lloyd George school of intense action-at-all-costs to appreciate the exact nuance of men like Sir John Simon and Mr. George Lansbury. His sympathy is too clearly with the present English government to make it possible for him to judge of dissent from its attitude with impartiality. But when allowance for the human fact of conviction is made this is the best interim study of the English attitude the war has so far produced.

When the history of the war can be written in something like an adequate perspective, there will be few more fascinating chapters than that which records the change in the attitude of England toward its character. It is impossible to doubt that in the first months of the war there were few, even among the experts, who at all appreciated its probable magnitude. The extent of German preparation was totally unexpected. The greatness of German ambition was barely realized. A dull sense, indeed, existed that Germany was not friendly; but on the whole, there were few who understood how profound was her enmity. England went to war because Belgium was invaded, and it is as certain as things can be certain in the tortuous labyrinth of diplomacy that had the neutrality of Belgium been respected, Sir Edward Grey would not have secured the willing adhesion of most Englishmen to the attitude of which he was protagonist. It was only fitfully that a deeper sense of perspective became possible. England parts slowly with her traditional institutions; and it took her statesmen long to realize that much of the old machinery could not be adapted to such new and gigantic purposes.

And when one realizes the magnitude of the change, it is impossible not to excuse the delay. The war has taken a ninth of the whole population of England into the fighting line; she had never before raised an army of more than a quarter of a million men. Her industrial system had been based on the theory that the interests of capital and labor are incompatible; what she was to learn was that somehow from a dual disharmony a synthesis of interests must be evolved. Her politics, as Mr. Balfour once said, rested on the assumption that life is an organized quarrel; now she had to govern without the aid of parliamentary criticism. And she had no time for adjustment. She could only learn by actual experience that high explosives and not shrapnel were the right kind of ammunition. She could only learn by serious losses that the submarine was a far more potent weapon than any of her experts—except Sir Percy Scott—had been willing to admit. She had to control a vast mechanism of credit upon which her allies were in complete dependence. She had to maintain in as full degree as possible the ordinary operations of business enterprise. New problems arose at every moment—the relations of skilled to unskilled workers, the position of women in industry, the rebellion in Ireland. Grave fissures were apparent in the political system. Administrators of every sort and kind had to be discovered and trained; an army had to be constructed from clerks and teachers, cricketers and engineers. If England reacted slowly to so novel a situation the fact is surely pardonable. She had not the experience of 1870 to look back upon as a vivid memory. She had no invader upon her own soil. As a nation, she had always been uninterested in foreign politics, and the realignment of her ideas required an immense intellectual effort. She found it difficult to understand that she was combating a nation which had consciously willed the dominion of the world. She herself had strayed into empire; and it is a matter of record that only since the time of Froude and Mr. Chamberlain has she awakened to its immense and beneficent possibilities. It was little less than a revelation to most Englishmen that Germany should look upon them as lustful of power, as determined to prevent her attainment of a manifest destiny. What would have happened if Germany had acted with the honesty that

civilization demands, it is, of course, impossible to say. But the treatment of Belgium, the pride in cruelty, in injustice, in treachery by which every step in the German campaign was distinguished, resulted in the stiffening of her purpose. Slowly and painfully, she came into line. She organized herself for the single purpose of defeating the German aims. She did it without hate, or pride, or ambition. It was the same call of duty to the ideal of freedom which in the sixteenth century had led her to smash the proud and insolent imperialism of Spain and in the nineteenth the crude ambitions of Bonaparte. That service was her historic mission and she would not fail in her accomplishment.

It is the analysis of this realization that M. Chevrillon has undertaken in his book. For him, the culminating point in the process he describes is the abandonment of the voluntary principle and its replacement by a conscript army. That step he regards as the pledge by Great Britain of all her resources to the struggle in hand. It is, for him, nothing so much as a national conversion. It is the completion of her full and intimate acquaintance with the extent and depth of the German menace. When England learned what was implied by the German philosophy of war, she was at first disinclined to admit that something tantamount to the abandonment of what civilization had with such difficulty achieved could be attempted by a whole nation; but the rape of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania drove her unwillingly to that conviction. On the whole I do not think M. Chevrillon's interpretation of the process is much out of perspective. Where he is less happy is in his treatment of the dissident strands of opinion, which are far more complex than he seems to imagine. Things, for example, like Mr. Lansbury's urgent protest against the union of labor with the government are certainly not based on any disbelief in the rightness of the British cause, but on a doubt whether a capitalist state can in fact be the parent of that final democracy of which Mr. Lloyd George has constituted himself the apostle. He sees the industrial problems of the war less in terms of the achievement in munitions which M. Chevrillon so loudly applauds than in the immense profits in transportation and kindred industries, which even the excess-profits tax has failed really adequately to touch. He is distressed at the growing strength of bureaucracy, as evidenced in the too often thoughtless treatment of the dependents of soldiers and sailors. Now it is probable that Mr. Lansbury is a little prone to attribute to conscious ill-will, what is, as a fact, no more than unconscious stupidity. But it is important to realize that his general distrust of the state is the result of forty intimate and full years of political experience and not in the least related to the abstract principles of a jejune *laissez-faire* to which M. Chevrillon is anxious to ascribe it. The criticism of trade-unionism is, similarly, based on a complete misunderstanding of its nature. If he had been in England during the years between 1910 and the outbreak of war, his observation of the industrial position must have convinced him that its interpretation of the struggle in terms of class was by no means the intellectual chimera he imagines. He would have seen that what the war must industrially mean to many of the workers is the completion of an assault upon the very foundations of their strategic structure. Their suspicions, in that aspect, may not have been verified; but so cautious an observer as Mr. Sidney Webb has recently pointed out how impossible it is for the agreement between labor and the British government to be fulfilled. Mr. Lloyd George's promise of a restoration of trade-union conditions has become simply impossible. It is obvious that this will lead to serious difficulty at the close of war, and that the state will be the main weapon in the hands of capitalists to prevent that difficulty from assuming a form popularly called threatening. It is in the light of problems such as these that M. Chevrillon should have analyzed the motives and fears of labor.

What one cannot help hoping is that he will turn from this brilliant journalism to a more permanent and profound study. He will trust, then, not to the guidance and confidence of Mr. Kipling but to acquaintance with parts of England too rarely known to the external observer. In social experiment he will realize that the future of England lies far more probably with effort like that of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and Mr. George Lansbury in the East End of London, than with that of the more blazoned circles of the West. He will come to understand that the political thought which is going to count in the years that lie ahead is that of Dr. Figgis and Mr. Delisle Burns, of Graham Wallas and Mr. Bertrand Russell. He will see that the things to examine are experiments like that of guild socialism, of the organization of such unskilled workers as the dockers of London. It will be a new England that will meet his eyes; but upon the basis of a victory in this war, it will be the England that is going to count.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

A Protean Muse

LOLLINGDON DOWNS. By John Masefield. (Macmillan Co.; $1.25.)
IDEAL PASSION. By George Woodberry. (Printed for the Woodberry Society.)
WAR FLAMES. By John Curtis Underwood. (Macmillan Co.; $1.35.)
LIFE SINGS A SONG. By Samuel Hoffenstein. (Wilmarth Publishing Co.; $1.)

The hasty critic who a year and a half ago, when "Good Friday" was published, lamented that book as final proof of the decline of Mr. Masefield, meets something of a poser in Mr. Masefield's newest volume, "Lollingdon Downs." Mr. Masefield is of that type of creative artist which is most distressing to the critic with a mania for classifying: he will not remain classified; he is forever in a process of evolution. This is indeed the highest compliment that could be paid him. It is not every poet who is capable of growth and change of a creative sort. With most poets the only marked modifications from book to book are technical. They adumbrate in one book what they achieve in the next. They mark out their province, they develop it, they exploit it, and at last they exhaust it. Consistency, emotional as well as intellectual, rides them as heavily as the Old Man of the Sea. They are the one-strain poets, of whom we become accustomed to expect always the same sort of tune. From a psychological viewpoint this is significant. It means that these poets have early in their poetic career achieved what is for them a satisfactory abstraction, or algebra, of experience. They have formed crystalline convictions which will henceforth be hard, clear, and insoluble. In so far as we value their viewpoint, or have experienced it, we enjoy their work and give it a place in the gamut of our perceptions. But they have ceased to interest us as individuals, because they inform us obliquely that for them the problems have all been solved and there is no longer any flux in values.

More interesting, therefore, is the poet who, if he does not always progress intellectually (a hard thing to determine on any absolute grounds), at any rate changes; he provides us with a personal drama as well as a literary. Mr. Masefield is of this sort. If we look back on his career as poet, we see a perspective of ceaseless change. His first mood, in "Songs and Ballads," was unreflectingly, colorfully lyric: he was preoccupied with sensuous beauty, and with its transience, in the romantic tradition. In the group of novels which followed, we see a steady shifting of the attention away from the merely romantic, or decorative, and toward the real and human. The romantic attitude is not eliminated, to be sure; one feels here as later in the four long narrative poems which gave Mr. Masefield his greatest success, that though the material is often rudely naturalistic, it is still being used to an essentially romantic end. It is the romance of the realistic, of the crude and violent; it is romantic because it is always seen against a background of permanence and beauty. This use of the realistic element, the vigor of the commonplace, reached its height in "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street," and "Dauber." In "The Daffodil Fields," which followed, one perceives the next change,—a distinct relenting of the naturalistic mood, a softening of both material and technique nearly to the point of sentimentalism. The hunger for hardness and virility having been satisfied in a brief and magnificent debauch, Mr. Masefield returned to his more natural taste for the sensuous and lyric. The poetic plays which followed were further developments of this. In spirit they are closely akin to the three later poetic narratives: the motive force, the emotional compulsion, is an almost obsessive feeling for the tragic futility of man's endeavor in the face of an outrageous and apparently unreasoning fate. At this everlasting door, Mr. Masefield says in effect, we beat in vain. One perceives in Mr. Masefield, as he says this, an almost pathetic bewilderment that it should be so,—but a bewilderment which has not yet reached the intensity of interrogation or rebellion. This point was finally reached in the sonnet series which composed the greater part of "Good Friday." In these one gets a blind and troubled searching for spiritual comfort, a cry for some sort of assurance that beauty is more than a merely transient and relative thing. The tone at its best is tragic, at its worst querulous. The oracle is dumb, however, and Mr. Masefield implies, though he does not state (and in spite, too, of his passionate adherence to Beauty), that the silence is negative.

In short Mr. Masefield's evolution as a poet has been cyclic—it has revolved through many changes, but always about one centre. This centre, which has been at times obscured, and of which Mr. Masefield himself, like most poets, has been perhaps partially unconscious up to the present, is essentially romantic: it is clearly in the tradition of that romanticism which consists in a pagan love of beauty, on the one hand, and a

profound despair at its impermanence and relativity, on the other. The sonnets in "Good Friday" showed us that Mr. Masefield had become partly aware that this particular emotional well was the feeding spring of his whole nature: it was his first attempt to dip directly from the source. Now, in "Lollingdon Downs," he has completed this process. The echo of personal complaint which hung over the former work is practically eliminated. Mr. Masefield has seen himself in a detached way, as he might see a reflection; the tone has become one of calm and resignation; like Meredith he has managed a certain degree of objectivism and can accord without undue desolation when Meredith exclaims

> Ah what a dusty answer gets the soul
> When hot for certainties in this our life!

This volume has a singular and intriguing unity, a unity broken up by interludes and by a succession of changes in the angle of approach, and in time and place. The effect is that of a several-voiced music. It is panoramic, rich in perspective,—passing all the way from lyric and reflective sonnets to terse poetic dialogues and narrative lyric almost ugly in its bareness. It would be idle to pretend that Mr. Masefield is a philosopher. He is not intellectual except in the sense that he is tortured by an intellectual issue; he is neither subtle nor profound. But he feels this issue intensely, and even more than usual he strikes music and beauty from it. On the technical side he has few superiors in power to write richly, richly not merely from the imaginative point of view, but also from the melodic. He modulates vowels with great skill; he knows how to temper sensuousness with vigor. Best of all, he is preëminently Anglo-Saxon in his speech.

To pass from Mr. Masefield to Mr. Woodberry is to pass from the emotional plane to the intellectual. In "Ideal Passion," a sonnet series celebrating the beauty of super-physical love,—one might almost say supernatural,—the atmosphere is of so rarefied an azure as to be almost unbreathable. As Mr. Woodberry truly says of himself,

> No beast within my flesh his lair doth keep,

and, on the whole, we cannot help wondering whether it would not be better if a beast did—or, at any rate, if Mr. Woodberry could perceive him. Mr. Woodberry is an aristocrat, however, and succeeds in ignoring him to the end. The result is that these sonnets concern themselves with a world strangely archaic and unreal, an anachronistic world, oddly so in this time of dust and glare. This is the Petrarchan and Dantesque tradition, even to small details: the beloved is referred to as My Lady, the landscape is that of Perugino, the language is quaintly and prettily old-fashioned. The modernist will be impatient with these things; he will be offended at every turn by Mr. Woodberry's metrical severities with words, by the frequency of such adjectives as "skyey," "rebukeful," "stretchèd," by such a dreadful tyranny as compels "religion" and "tradition" to rhyme as four-syllabled words with "done" and "upon," or the shameless use of inversion.

> Thee rather in myself than heaven's vast light
> Flooding the daybreak, better I discern—

This is an extreme instance of the sort of inversion Mr. Woodberry is prone to use, and often, as in this instance, it sounds more like a literal translation from the Latin than like English. It is hard to ignore such faults. In consequence one cannot give a serene attention to Mr. Woodberry's development of ideas, a development which is persuasively lucid and sometimes, in a cerebral fashion, beautiful. It is even at its best, however, a cold and remote sort of beauty; one soon gets tired of so chill a sanctity, and Mr. Woodberry is not so perfect an artist but that often, even in the most quiet precincts, the reader suddenly and with a start remembers how long a journey he has come from reality. One cannot forever contemplate the sky, and even the most steadfast contemplation of it will not eliminate the earth.

In this respect, as in others, Mr. Underwood is at the opposite extreme from Mr. Woodberry. "War Flames" is solid stuff, solidly human, vigorously kinæsthetic: one feels Mr. Underwood stretching and thrusting with a rude pleasure among the massed humanities of the world. Here are crowds of people, armies in motion, shops, cloisters, hospitals, corners of battlefields, streets, trains, personal anecdotes, effects in historical perspective, all massed in one book and arranged, a little artificially, according to nationality. The defects are, as with most contemporary work in realism, artistic defects. Mr. Underwood has aimed at creating an overwhelming panorama of war; but instead of achieving this, he ends, by sheer tireless weight of creative energy, in overwhelming the reader physically rather than emotionally. Once he has set his machinery in motion, it grinds along with a logical momentum almost frightful in its persistence. One feels that this book is being manufactured by rule and schedule. There is no variety; one method pre-

vails throughout: a slow, cumulative prose, monotonous, dogged, inexhaustible. In the end, one must break the continuity. By turning the pages backward and forward and reading a bit here and there, one is often repaid by finding vivid description, narrative episodes direct and powerful. It is, of course, prose, rising now and again to a sort of ordered recitative. It fails of being clearly poetic, as so much grandsired by Whitman fails, through being prodigally wasteful and unselective, through relying on weight rather than on power. It is a little disappointing to reflect, in this connection, that it is the French rather than ourselves who have known how to appreciate what was valuable in Whitman, how to ignore what was weak. The principle of freedom, the necessity of inventing form for one's self,—this is what Whitman has taught many modern French poets, and these poets have gone beyond Whitman in subtle and beautiful adaptations of rhythm to idea. In America, however, we are prone to mistake Whitman's practice for his principle, and his practice was, in the main, unsuccessful because inartistic: Whitman lacked sense of form almost as much as he lacked the gift of melodic line. It is precisely these defects which most American followers of Whitman imitate, apparently in the belief that Whitman wrote in this way because it was better than any other, and not, as is more reasonably to be considered the case, because he was incapable of writing otherwise. Mr. Underwood is one more adherent to this lost cause and, like many others, provides, when all is said and done, a mass of rich poetic material still in the ore. Such work is valuable for its influence on the poetic consciousness of the age rather than for itself. It is the material for new poetic coinage. At the same time it would be unfair to Mr. Underwood not to admit that he has written a vivid and suggestive book, even if it is not entirely successful as poetry.

Mr. Samuel Hoffenstein's first book, "Life Sings a Song," has the engaging quality of youth. Bad and good are here mixed indiscriminately, and if the bad outweighs the good, there is yet much that is, in a curiously unwarrantable way, very pleasant. Mr. Hoffenstein has a Mozartean touch in melody; he is lyric and sensuous; but he still lives in a world of mirage and illusion and can hardly be said to have seen either himself or the world very clearly. There is a good deal too much of the vasty deep, the sweet, the dim, dreams that fade, moonlight, angels, and roundelays—the work is perhaps one-third Hoffenstein and two-thirds poetic stock. At his occasional best, however, Mr. Hoffenstein succeeds surprisingly well in revivifying material which would have seemed rather hopelessly dead. The title poem, for example, is a quite delightful specimen of this sort; and "The Dreamer," "Querella," "A Prescience of Immortality" are also good. There is a precision in these which is elsewhere lacking. In the main, like most young poets, Mr. Hoffenstein is so carried away by the pathos of literary creation (a subtle intoxicant) that he forgets to stop. Mr. Hoffenstein will probably write better, to paraphrase one of his titles, "when all his dreams are cold." This may seem a desolate outlook, but it is really only Wordsworth's doctrine of "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The poet must quarry not in his present, but in his past; Mr. Hoffenstein is still quarrying for the most part in the sweet confusion of his present.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Struggle for South American Trade

BRITISH EXPLOITS IN SOUTH AMERICA: A History of British Activities in Exploration, Military Adventure, Diplomacy, Science, and Trade in Latin-America. By W. H. Koebel. (Century; $4.)

Mr. W. H. Koebel—who, notwithstanding his German-sounding name, is a thoroughgoing Englishman—has added to the fast-growing literature of Latin American affairs half a dozen acceptable volumes. Further, he has served as editor-in-chief of the "Encyclopædia of South America." He speaks with authority on all matters pertaining to the contact of Europeans with Latin American resources, governments, and peoples.

His "British Exploits in South America" covers a period of more than three hundred years. It opens with a picturesque account of the old English navigators and buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main, and goes on to describe successively the work of the English and Irish Jesuits in the Spanish colonies, the British voyages of exploration in the eighteenth century, the development of British Guiana and the Falkland Islands, the exploits of the British in Brazil, the part taken by Englishmen in the wars of independence, the early relations of the English with the new republics, and the deeds of innumerable adventurous British travellers, traders, naturalists, and soldiers of fortune. The author gives

evidence of an easy command of rich resources of memoirs, diaries, correspondence, and old books of travel and history; he has a keen sense of character; and his chapters make interesting reading.

Three aspects of British operations in South America, especially since the early nineteenth century, are emphasized. The first is the large part played by capital. Within two decades, two or three hundred million pounds passed from Lombard Street to the newly founded Latin American states, and the stream has never ceased to flow. British investments south of Panama are to-day not far from seven hundred millions, insuring a substantial, though beneficent, financial dominion. The second feature is the exceptional ease with which the Englishman adapted himself to his surroundings and took root in South American countries.

> It is the fashion to accuse the Englishman abroad of the unsocial crime of keeping himself to himself. This, I think, must apply in a far lesser degree to South America than to any other part of the world. There is no doubt that the average Englishman in South America entertains an affection for that continent and its inhabitants deeper than the inevitable regard with which the successful man contemplates the source of his wealth. Intermarriage has been frequent: common interests in sports, games, pastoral and agricultural occupations have led to an intimate understanding.

A third fact is that almost all of the British achievements in South America have been the work of free lances. This was true in the romantic days of Elizabeth, "when on the one hand the Queen gave Drake god-speed and scarfs embroidered with well-wishes, and on the other hand condoled with Philip of Spain on the deeds of her irrepressible sailors." It was true of the British activities which had so much to do with stimulating and guiding the nineteenth century movement for independence. It was true, in the main, of British financial and commercial expansion in the South American world after 1820.

The portion of Mr. Koebel's book which will chiefly interest students of international politics is a final chapter entitled "Today and Tomorrow in South America." The chapter is devoted mainly to a discussion of the commercial situation and outlook. It is pointed out that during recent decades, notwithstanding the sentimental advantages which the British have enjoyed in Latin America over every nationality save the Latins, British trade as compared with the trade of the rest of the world has decreased; and the author urges a number of expedients to check the decline, chiefly the reorganization of the legations at the American capitals so as to include a much larger number of carefully selected commercial attachés.

The lost ground has gone mainly to Germany and the United States. The German position in South America is analyzed at some length. There is no such easy *rapprochement* between the Germans and the Latin Americans as between the British and the Latin Americans. "An inherent and unquenchable antagonism exists between the arrogance of the Prussian and the easy democracy of the South American." None the less, by artful and dauntless enterprise, the German has absorbed a large proportion of the Latin American trade, has planted colonies on Latin American soil, and by 1914 had begun to direct the course of affairs in more than one Latin American state. Everything has been carefully planned and directed by public authorities, nothing left to chance. The war has upset the German calculations and roused the Latin American peoples to a new degree of anti-German feeling. The author feels, therefore, that now is the time to overcome the disadvantages which Great Britain has suffered, and to prepare against the probable revival of German "predatory trade" after the restoration of peace.

American competition is viewed very differently.

> To forsake the topic of the German trade hostilities for that of the North American competition is to experience the sensations of one emerging from an entangled forest path on to an open high-road. Yet this affords no reasons for regarding it lightly. The North American competition with which we have to contend is straightforward, of a fairly simple order, but very powerful. It relies for its success largely on a sheer weight of dollars. It enjoys forming a trust and buying up the control of an entire trade. . . . In its industrial enterprise, moreover, it has set itself a very high standard—if not quite so lofty an ideal of political morality—at Panama. The North American has already given ample proof that he means business—very big business—in the South. But, seeing that no question of imperial aggression is concerned, there would seem no reason why his ventures and those of the British should not thrive side by side.

The main handicap, Mr. Koebel feels, upon American enterprise in South America is unfamiliarity with South American languages, customs, and institutions. The newcomer from the United States, he very properly says, finds it difficult to realize how many races teem, and how many rivers run, between New York and Buenos Aires. He recognizes, however, that the Pan-American Union and other agencies are doing much to remedy this defect; and it is probable that the obstacles are disappearing more rapidly than he realizes. FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

The Vitality of Thoreau

THE LIFE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. By Frank B. Sanborn. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $4.)

This book is the offering of Thoreau's authorized publishers in this centenary year, and is announced somewhat tautologically as "final and definitive." If this is true, Thoreau's name must be added to the list of men whose lives can never be written. Fond of paradox and hyperbole himself, he seems to have been the cause of paradox and hyperbole in others. Emerson's "Memoir" and Channing's rambling "Life" abound in striking and epigrammatic statements which whet rather than gratify our curiosity regarding the man whom they would portray, and which, like most epigrams, are not always literally true. Salt's biography and Sanborn's earlier volume in the "American Men of Letters Series" record the facts of Thoreau's career, and many critics and essayists have had their say regarding his life and personality. The present volume makes some valuable contributions to our knowledge. But after all, we are never certain that we fully understand Thoreau. It is not so much that he seems a mystic, incapable of comprehension, but rather that we feel uncertain as to data and their significance, doubtful whether our informants have interpreted word and act and gesture as we might have interpreted them.

It was fitting that Frank B. Sanborn should write this book on this occasion, and it is fortunate that he lived to read almost the final proofs, though not to see it from the press. He was the last surviving intimate of Thoreau and of Thoreau's group at Concord, and Thoreau was perhaps the man for whom he had the greatest admiration. Mr. Traubel reports Whitman as saying: "I asked Sanborn . . . who of all men of Concord was most likely to last into the future. Sanborn took his time in replying. I thought he was going to say Emerson, but he didn't. He said Thoreau. I was surprised—looked at him—asked 'Is that your deliberate judgment?' and he said very emphatically, 'Yes!' " One may conjecture that Sanborn never changed his mind. His latest work is a combination of biography, interpretation, and personal tribute. The unexpected lapses into the first person, and the autobiographic references which might seem blemishes in another book only add to its attractiveness. It has, however, grave limitations. Like the author's earlier and briefer treatment of the same subject, it is by no means a book for the seeker after ordinary biographical information. While it gives a bewildering amount of family history, and a fairly minute account of some parts of Thoreau's life, its omissions are surprising. For example, one searches in vain for the date of the residence at Walden, or any details regarding that experience. It seems to begin on one plan and end on another, and is wofully unsystematic.

Lowell wrote of Thoreau in 1865: "We think greater compression would have done more for his fame. A feeling of sameness comes over us as we read so much." At that time six volumes of Thoreau's writings had appeared, including his "Letters." One wonders what Lowell would say to-day, when admirers and publishers have insisted that every scrap of manuscript that he left should be given to the public. The excuse for a great part of this publication is plain. Thoreau left journals and commonplace books filled with material, much of which he would surely have prepared for the press had he lived. This was too good to be lost, yet no one could say just what selections and revisions he would have made. Excerpts by an editor, like the volumes published with the titles of the seasons, were bound to be unsatisfactory. The publication of the complete journals, though it overwhelmed the reader with a mass of material uneven in quality and filled with endless repetition of similar details, had the justification that it enabled him to make his own selections and do his own editing. There seems to be less reason for printing the college essays and the notebook of the trip to Minnesota in 1861 which are made a conspicuous part of the present volume. The notebook contains the jottings kept by an overtaxed traveller in the late stages of a fatal disease, and is of little value for content or form. The college essays, though interesting as examples of Harvard themes of eighty years ago, seem less significant than the biographer deems them. They show Thoreau to have been an apt pupil, and his progress may well have been a source of pride to his instructor, Professor Channing; but they throw little light on the development of his finished style. Sanborn makes much of their paradoxical statements; but love of paradox is not an uncommon trait in college students, and it is undergraduate paradox that we find here, rather than the individual and whimsical sort that appears in Walden. Nowhere are there hints of the perfect diction and

the flowing sentences that linger in our minds when we meet them in the later essays and journals, and that somehow move us like reaches of still and shaded waters. Moreover, the publishers tell us that Sanborn, in dealing with writings which Thoreau did not himself prepare for publication, "used the privilege of an editor who is thoroughly familiar with his author's subjects and habits of thought to rearrange paragraphs, to omit here, to make slight interpolations there, and otherwise to treat the rough and unpolished sentences of the Journals, letters, etc., much as it may be supposed the author himself would have treated them had he prepared them for the press." If he has taken liberties like these with the essays and the notebooks, he has destroyed even the slight value they might have had as documents.

But if the new biography fails to reveal the secrets of personality as we might wish, it still reminds us how vital and important a figure Thoreau is in American literature a hundred years after his birth. The view of his contemporaries, that he was a mere understudy and imitator of Emerson, has disappeared so completely that it is hardly mentioned to be denied. He was a man of somewhat eccentric character, driven by his Yankee humor and his innate independence to mystify a gossipy New England village and the wider circle of his readers by accentuating the appearance of eccentricity. The slight recognition that his works received did not encourage publication in his lifetime, and his career was early cut short; so that he is known by writings in which he is sometimes guilty of trying to pique attention, and by a mass of posthumously published material which is surely not in the form that he would have given it. That such work of such a man should continue for over half a century to give an increasing sense of its importance is proof of qualities that may well be lasting.

Thoreau has a double hold—a fascination for those who love Nature not as a fad or a pleasant-day diversion but in all her aspects, and an interest for those who respond to his unsystematic but fairly intelligible philosophy of life. A book like his "Week" might be separated into two works—a delightful chronicle of a journey, and a set of moralizing essays. A passage of description and a passage of moralizing is the formula, and often there is no close relation between the particular moral idea and the particular scene by the river-bank with which it is associated. Stevenson might have attained somewhat the same effect if he had interlarded "Travels with a Donkey" at random with pages from "Virginibus Puerisque." The most devout admirers of the author enjoy both elements equally; but there are many who are moved chiefly by his sympathetic comment on the homely things of Nature, and by the less striking and erratic of the passages in which he preaches the "simple life." To these last, at least, Sanborn will appeal less strongly than some earlier commentators. A feature of the book too important to be ignored is the illustrations, mostly reproductions of old family pictures, which to those who can interpret them are far better than pages of letterpress in giving an idea of the Thoreaus and their kin.

William B. Cairns.

Federalists and Republicans

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. IV. The Federalists and Republicans. (Macmillan Co.; $2.50.)

Professor Channing goes resolutely forward with his great undertaking, a history of the United States to the end of the nineteenth century, in spite of wars and distractions that might deter a less devoted historian. The present volume treats the period from 1789 to 1815. The third volume presented the story of the Revolution and the reaction to 1789; while the two preceding instalments were devoted to the two centuries of colonial history. At this rate we shall have a new history of the country in eight volumes, although the proportions of the subjects to be treated must necessarily make it difficult to say how much space should be given to them.

A new history of the United States after this fashion is a formidable undertaking and Mr. Channing makes it plain that he is fully aware of the fact. The materials are abundant, too abundant for any but the most industrious; the variety of social groups to be described is great; and the conflicting interests are manifold. Thus far the author has apparently devoted fifteen years to his task and has brought out four volumes of some six hundred pages each. To complete his task fifteen more years must be devoted to research. Thirty years to a work which must of necessity be antiquated before it is finished! That is the problem and the recompense of the historian; for all the larger histories of our country which have appeared in the last two

decades were out of date before they were completed.

Nor is this to be lamented. Each generation must have its history anew, and that history must have some bearing on the present, much as some scholars deprecate that demand of the public. It is not so only with history proper; it is so with biography. There are less than a dozen biographies in the whole field of American history that can be said to stand on permanent foundations. Of Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Lincoln, and the rest we have only the frameworks of biographies, not reproductions of the men as they lived and wrestled with men and conditions. There is room, then, for all that Mr. Channing can bring out, even if his work must of necessity be submitted to a generation that runs so fast that it cannot read.

In the volume before us Professor Channing treats with sympathy both Hamilton and Jefferson, opposite as they were to each other. He still adheres to the view that Hamilton's financial measures composed a magnificent system, perhaps underestimating the fact that union itself made the system necessary and that the tariff, with which Madison had much to do, was the underpinning of the whole financial structure. While Hamilton was doubtless a great figure, it must not be forgotten that the social forces already organized would have made even a smaller man great. But I must hasten to say that Mr. Channing is no panegyrist either of Hamilton or of Washington himself.

He is not afraid of the facts and the facts are duly brought out. The Secretary of the Treasury is shown to have been the centre of a considerable number of petty intrigues of speculators and narrow-minded partisans, whose purpose was to exploit their opportunities and the country. Hamilton's many bouts with John Adams, his efforts to control Washington or to exploit his reputation as against the President's in 1798, are given all due publicity. But it may be doubted whether Professor Channing has read President Wilson's statement that Hamilton was a great man, but not a great American.

Of the arch radical, Jefferson, Channing has even more to say than of Hamilton; but it may be doubted whether he knows what a "root and branch" reformer the Third President was when a leader in Virginia. At least, such knowledge does not appear in this volume. Henry Adams thinks Jefferson would rather have seen the world go up in smoke than that America should become only another Europe, a place where poor men are exploited for the benefit of their more fortunate fellows. Channing has not been impressed by that view. He has not pointed out that Jefferson was so hated by true gentlemen of Virginia that prayers were piously said for his demise. While slaveholders associated with the Jefferson party, they did it with fear and trembling, much as "malefactors of great wealth" hold on to the coat tails of Woodrow Wilson. Their only alternative was the downright enemy, John Adams, or the star-gazing Virginian. They took the Virginian, hoping either to control or to confound him. While this is not said in criticism of Channing, it is suggested that at least one feature of the story has been slurred.

Of the Alien and Sedition laws the author offers just and adequate treatment. He makes it plain that they were a sort of party platform, as indeed were the resolutions of the Hartford convention. The essential weakness of the constitution in those early days is made sufficiently plain; but it is not made quite so plain that, in vital matters, the rights of the states were deemed by able and patriotic leaders always paramount to the rights and interests of the Federal Government. Any close reading of Jefferson, Madison, Josiah Quincy, or George Cabot reveals the fact that the Union was a union of convenience, which, to be sure, all regarded as of great importance for the building of an American nation, but which few regarded as commanding the absolute allegiance of men. If the principles of the Federalists are to prevail, then Jefferson would rather have the Union disrupted; if the country is to embrace all the Mississippi valley and thus make of New England only a province, then Quincy or Cabot would prefer separation from the Virginia dynasty and its "vile dalliance" with slavery.

This is not made so plain in Channing that the wayfaring man may see and understand; and attention needs to be called to the subject, because failure to grip these facts may lead to unhistorical treatment of later and more controverted epochs.

The history of the war of 1812 is correctly set forth, at least so far as the facts go. It was no war for sailors' rights, successfully waged against the greatest naval power in the world. It was a war such as a democracy must of necessity wage, one of blunders, of personal disgraces, and brilliant individual exploits. It produced the piddling Henry Dearborn and it brought to

light the heroic Andrew Jackson. It saw the ignominious fall of Washington and the distressing incidents which accompanied the fall. It also saw the valiant defence of Balitmore by citizen soldiers. Professor Channing deserves the credit due the honest historian for telling the truth about the militia, which was neither all poltroon nor all heroic. In the light of recent so-called military history, one might have been tempted to accept what is in the air and solemnly pronounce verdicts of condemnation upon men whose lives and conduct were as honorable as any of those who died at Bunker Hill or Gettysburg. The facts of the war are correctly if briefly set forth. They are not conducive to a sense of national superiority; they do not place us below the other peoples in the world who have sought to govern themselves.

Of the causes of the war the present volume gives an equally truthful and straightforward account. It was the westerner who first cried out for a declaration of hostilities, and it was the West that supplied the greatest number of soldiers and the best fighting men. The South was next in interest; in part because there was a bitter popular feeling in that region against England on account of the atrocities of the revolutionary struggle. Still, as we are plainly told, these were not the decisive influences. The conquest of Canada and Florida was a leading motive for the war; it was natural that this should be so, for the best way to rid the country of the Indians, who were always ready for a foray into the settlements, was to attack their allies. The Indians naturally looked to England or Spain for arms and for markets for their peltries. This made war upon England for Canada natural; it made war upon England for Florida natural, because England was the ally of Spain against Napoleon. Hence America became an enemy of England and a supporter of Napoleon at a time when the fortunes of the world seemed to be in the balance and when Americans were not admirers of the French emperor. It was a fateful step to take; but the conditions in North America decreed it.

Perhaps Professor Channing will not complain if I say that his making of Clay, Calhoun, Grundy, and R. M. Johnson southerners is inconsistent with the rest of his story of the war. Although these men were born in the South, they were as far from John Randolph and Charles Pinckney in ideal and purpose as Jefferson was foreign to Rufus King. It was as a westerner that Clay sang his song of "Canada, Canada" in Congress till John Randolph's political stomach was turned. It was as a westerner that Calhoun thundered nationalism at the East and even talked of the treason of New England. The West and South had been allies since the adoption of the constitution; but the official spokesmen of the alliance in 1810-11,—Madison, Gallatin, and the rest,—seeking always to get on without war and without alienating the East had got out of touch with common men of the West and the southern up-country. Clay and Calhoun and, for that matter, Porter of New York, undertook to wake them up and restore them to their political base.

Thus when Monroe went into Madison's cabinet, it was in obedience to a popular demand from West and South and with the purpose of changing the base of the administration, as any one may see who reads the letters of John Taylor of Caroline, the good angel of Monroe's career, who brought the wayward Virginian back to his former friendly relation to the President. The publication of the Henry letters, at a cost of the exorbitant sum of fifty thousand dollars, was due warning that the Administration had changed its mind. Then came Clay and Calhoun and Grundy and Porter and drove the war machine into action. Some have said that they exacted a declaration of war from timid Madison as a condition of his reëlection to the presidency in 1812. Channing denies this stoutly and with good documentary support. Madison had, indeed, seen the writing on the wall. Still, one may doubt very much whether the President could have interpreted the writing but for his hard-pressing western friends.

The following quotation, pages 15-16, from this volume may bring the author some embarrassment: "Whether alcohol quickened or dimmed their [Madison, Jefferson, and King] intellects would probably best be left for decision to others. What effect it produced on their bodily health is also an interesting inquiry and one upon which conclusion would be quite as difficult. King died at the age of seventy-two, Jefferson at eighty-three and Madison at eighty-five, after years of service unsurpassed each in his way." If the American Liquor Dealers Association does not jump at this proof of the good effects of partaking of the "good things" of life, it will be because its press agents do not look to the pages of grave and sober historians for support of their cause.

Professor Channing's work is a little difficult to appraise justly. It is substantial, informing, and useful; one could not well afford to leave it off one's shelves. Yet there is little, if anything, new in it. Perhaps this is as it should be in such a work. Nor are there new interpretations or evidences of very keen insight. The meaning of Federalism in its later years is overlooked. And the election of the Republicans in 1800 is treated just as one might treat the success of the Democrats in the later decades of the nineteenth century—that is, as a mere change of parties. The shift of John Quincy Adams from Federalism to Republicanism in 1807, while a personal matter in some respects, was a significant thing, so significant that many people called it the "great apostasy." Since Henry Adams, in all his nine volumes, did not find space to set this matter straight, it might have been made clear in Channing. A larger and even momentous thing, the purchase of Louisiana, is treated as an episode: the significance of Louisiana is not made clear, its bearing on slavery and the slave trade, on the development of the Union itself is not dwelt upon.

Nor is the reason for the break between Jefferson and his southern supporters in 1807 made evident to the reader. The reason for the author's not seeing this is that he regards Jefferson simply as a party leader and a shrewd statesman, not as a social reformer bent on leaving his country "in the way of becoming democratic." The slave trade was prohibited by Federal law in 1807, but Professor Channing does not show that the law was as futile as the more recent Sherman anti-trust law and that African slaves continued to be sold in southern towns till 1861. This is not to say that the facts are not well set forth, only the meaning of the facts is not brought out. The struggle over the law against the slave trade and the substantial nullification of that law in the provisions for its execution are evidences of things not so well noted as one should expect from so great a scholar as our author is known to be.

Still, we should not quarrel with those who serve us and the public in general so well as Professor Channing does. If his work fails to show, as one might wish, the evolution of society in America, the meaning of events, and the influences of ideas, it is a useful reference work, an ever-ready friend in time of need, which all who are interested in American history should hasten to buy.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

The Dramatist of Psycho-Analysis

COMEDIES OF WORDS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Pierre Loving. (Stewart & Kidd; $1.50.)

A translation of Schnitzler's *einakters* has a more than timely interest. For fifteen years he has been one of the most-followed teachers to a large school of playwrights who have been supplying the intimate playhouses of Europe with realistic short pieces, and recently his influence has been extended to the young American dramatists whose one-act plays are being presented in our own Little Theatres.

In this volume are collected interesting examples of his recent work, the three plays published two years ago with "Literature" (1901) and "His Helpmate" (1898). It is a pity that the excellent translations should have a most unsatisfactory introduction. Schnitzler is not so well known in America that an intelligent, detailed study of his one-act plays is unnecessary, but all that is given the inquiring reader is an elaborately worded jumble of praise and uncertain conclusions. Mr. Loving's translations of the plays themselves, however, are capital. At times he is unnecessarily free (as when he translates *ist nun einmal zu verachten,* "isn't to be ground down with the heel of one's foot"), and he makes a few careless mistakes (*kassiererin,* a woman cashier, becomes a "coffee-dispenser"); but his English is so finely idiomatic and he reproduces the spirit of the original so well that we can forgive these little slips and even overlook his introduction.

The first thing to strike the reader of these plays is that the plot of every one has a sexual basis. Taken alone each situation is perfectly possible; taken as a collection they are unnatural. I mention this obvious fact because it can be used advantageously in examining the individual plays. Each character, when singled out, is a living individual; but the characters of any play—with the possible exception of the trio in "The Festival of Bacchus"—are an unreal group of human exceptions. They are all aberrant, and in spite of the highly realistic style, we feel certain that such erotic persons never found themselves together in such a situation. We miss "the average man."

To comprehend this characteristic of his work we must remember that Schnitzler is a practising physician, a specialist in psychology, a student of Freud. He is so keenly interested in patholog-

ical psychology that the normal human being does not interest him at all. Believing that the sexual instinct is the most powerful impulse man has, he naturally finds it the most available dramatic theme. In his study of his characters, however, there is no morbid curiosity, but a scientific spirit of investigation, and this impersonal point of view broadens and raises up all his work. In the hands of most European playwrights his farce of moral hypocrisy, "Literature," with its shrewd hits at the proverbial artistic temperament, would be nothing more than a naughty joke; but he makes it an ironical satire. His imitators are often Peeping Toms: Schnitzler is always the examining physician. Nor must we forget that he is a Viennese, deftly clever and gaily cynical, glorying in the worldly wisdom of that most sophisticated of capitals. No modern playwright owes more to his environment and training than does Arthur Schnitzler.

Praise has been lavished upon Schnitzler's adroit dramatic craftsmanship, but the artistry of his one-act plays rests upon firmer foundations than a clever choice of words, an impressively naturalistic manner, and a mastery of technique. The finest effects in his dialogue are due to his uncanny skill in following the quick turns and sudden jumps that the mind makes during conversation. His people are "always coming out with the most unexpected things," and often they think ahead over two or three speeches that a less discerning dramatist would laboriously record. The scenes between the two runaways in "The Festival of Bacchus" and between Margaret and her old lover in "Literature" are full of examples of these qualities, qualities that give Schnitzler's dialogue vivid naturalness and brilliancy. His fine dialogue is even surpassed by his technical skill, and yet in some of his short plays there is an obviousness in exposition that is quite unexpected. His technical forte is the light handling of the new and unexpected twists to the action, and one can never be certain how the shortest scene will end. In that study of disillusionment, "His Helpmate," Professor Pilgram buries his wife knowing that she has been unfaithful to him; and he welcomes her lover, prepared to sympathize with a loss keener than his own, only to discover that the lover is already engaged to another woman. He orders him out, denouncing him as the faithless betrayer of his wife, only to learn that she had known of the engagement and accepted it as a matter of course. In "The Hour of Recognition," Dr. Eckold has for fifteen years *known* of his wife's affair with a man whom she had loved too well to have any affair with. Sophie, in "The Big Scene," decides to leave her husband because he hushes up too skilfully a scandal that she wanted to avoid. Out of such ironical material does Schnitzler make his best technical device. With him, however, these turns in the action are not theatrical tricks, nor is he intentionally cruel to his characters.

Before he is stylist, before he is technician, Schnitzler is a specialist in psychology. His specialist's point of view is at once his strength and his weakness.

WILLIAMS HAYNES.

The Spanking of Transcendentalist Egotism

EGOTISM IN GERMAN PHILOSOPHY. By George Santayana. (J. M. Dent & Sons; $1.)

Egotism, says Mr. Santayana, is "subjectivity in thought and wilfulness in morals." It regards life as a continuous soliloquy, a rhapsody of discourse; it is marked by a craving for adventure, an incapacity to learn, a dependence on magic. It refuses to pass beyond the relativity of the human mind: for it nothing exists but itself. It is for that reason idealistic, but not concerned with ideals, and progress is for it nothing but "the vital joy of transition." Obviously such a way of thinking cannot be sincere; in one or another it must acknowledge and defer to the realities it denies. It has, hence, an inner duplicity, and all its terms are ambiguous.

The effect of such a way of thinking on the German people is to restore them to a primitive and pathetic heathenism, and to inure them to a ludicrous arrogance. They are by nature "simple, honest, kindly, easily pleased. There is no latent irony of disbelief in their souls. The pleasures of sense, plain and copious, they enjoy hugely, long labor does not exasperate them, science fills them with satisfaction, music entrances them. There ought to be no happier or more innocent nation in this world. Unfortunately, their very goodness and simplicity render them helpless; they are what they are dragooned to be. There is no social or intellectual disease to which, in spots, they do not succumb, as to an epidemic: their philosophy is an example of this."

And their philosophy is a work having genius precisely because it pierces back through civilization and history, through all the accumulated

wisdom of tradition and experience to the blind, primitive instinct, impulse, and imagination which are the aboriginal animal stuff of all human life. This it glorifies and exalts and in this glorification and exaltation its heathenism consists. For to be heathen is to be without "authoritative wisdom," to be without a book or chart of life, to remain untaught of experience. Heathenism is a "religion of will, the faith which life has in itself because it is life, and in its aims because it is pursuing them." The animals are heathen: German philosophy and Germanism are heathen. From Luther to Schopenhauer and from Goethe to Nietzsche they are heathen. Their essence is animal egotism turned into a dogma, hypostatized as a mission. In substance, the doctrine of the German mission is Protestant theology rationalized. Individuals give way in it to institutions and nations: so the German people are declared by Fichte and Hegel to be the chosen people of Providence. Supernatural personages give way to hypostatized social facts; Biblical piety is secularized and consecrates social and patriotic zeal. God becomes vital energy; freedom, personality; immortality, social progress. Everything goes by two names: one its "real," or transcendental, the other its relative manifestation. Consequence: "the transcendental theory of a world merely imagined by the ego, and the will that deems itself absolute, are certainly desperate delusions; but not more desperate or deluded than many another system that millions have been brought to accept. The thing bears all the marks of a new religion. The fact that the established religions of Germany are still forms of Christianity may obscure the explicit and heathen character of the new faith; it passes for a somewhat faded speculation, or for the creed of a few extremists, when in reality it dominates the judgment and conduct of the nation. No religious tyranny could be more complete. It has its prophets in the great philosophers and historians of the last century; its high priests and Pharisees in the government and the professors; its faithful flock in the disciplined mass of the nation; its heretics in the socialists; its dupes in the Catholics and the liberals, to both of whom the national creed, if they understood it, would be an abomination; it has its martyrs now by the million, and its victims among unbelievers are even more numerous, for its victims, in some degree, are all men."

The passages just transcribed and the other passages cited hardly do justice to the brilliancy, the incisiveness, and the cruelty of this remarkable book. Surveying as it does in a few pages the whole growth of historic German thought, it cannot help, in spite of the evident rightness of its central theses, working injustice by omissions and dogmatic assertions, such as are surprising from a writer usually so just and urbane as Mr. Santayana. The work is really too sketchy and too abstract and its tone too biting and passionate to carry the conviction that is due the truths it expresses. These qualities make the truths seem even less than half-truths and the book partisan. It should be supplemented with John Dewey's "German Philosophy and the War." The two together will give a fairly adequate idea of the influence of philosophic thinking on the motives and institutions of men.

H. M. Kallen.

Rediscovery and Romance

Limehouse Nights: Tales of Chinatown. By Thomas Burke. (London: Grant Richards; 6s.)
Nights in Town: A London Autobiography. By Thomas Burke. (London: Allen & Unwin; 7s.)

The two substantial books of tales and sketches of London which Mr. Thomas Burke has collected and published since the war began are of a stuff which the world may find outmoded in the unhappy years to come. They are books which might have become only items in the "new literature" of the century's second decade had the revolution of war not prevented, for Mr. Burke is not only one of those who rediscovered romance; he is also of those who taste to the full the romance of their own rediscovery.

Some fifteen tales of Limehouse, the Chinese quarter of London in "the thunderous shadows of the great Dock," and some twenty sketches of London complete Mr. Burke's present contribution. To write about Chinatown is a reporter's holiday; to write about London, giving yourself no limitations but that of the mystic city itself, and to write with love and care and beauty, is a hard and bitter labor, no matter what talents you may have. Mr. Burke's passing repute comes from the tales of terror which the libraries were compelled to bar from their shelves; but to those who have some respect for the English tongue and for whom Walter Pater has not lived in vain, Mr. Burke will always possess an attraction because he has written well

his slight sketches of London life. In both of these books one hears the cry of a great joy. At the age of ten the author was taken with the flaring beauty of a fried-fish shop, throwing a warm light and a glamour over the dusky pavement of a London slum; and since then he has been passing from discovery to discovery, rejoicing that these things, these common and tawdry things, are still in existence for him to discover again. He knows well that they were revealed long since, but he makes fresh starts and everything is new and beautiful to him.

Because everything is strange to him, Mr. Burke never quite succeeds in his tales of Chinatown. He writes of Limehouse as Pierre Loti writes of Annam and of Iceland, with the heart of a wanderer who will not be consoled for his separation from home. Lust and wildness, cruelty, perversion and madness, things unclean to the white man's heart, make up the themes of his stories. He has continually to drive his plots with little daggers of exaggeration because he is always impressed with the uncommonness of the people of whom he writes. Will it be the story of a burglar's wife who tries to betray her husband to the police so that she may be free to love his accomplice, or the story of a girl who loses caste by going with a Chinaman in order to pay her mother's funeral expenses? The reality of his events does not satisfy the author; he must try to be convincing by a turn of the plot, so that we get the ten-cent magazine type of sudden and perverse *dénouement.* It is not the husband but the lover who is killed by the police; the girl gets her revenge by a neat trick, revealed in the last line of the story.

These "Limehouse Nights" appeared in three of the most interesting periodicals of England: "The English Review," "Colour," and "The New Witness," and I can hardly imagine the editor of any one of them insisting that Mr. Burke get more punch or pep into his work. I am afraid he is really to blame for his shortcomings.

He is certainly to be credited with his good things, because he seems a writer with no derivations. Ambrose Bierce might have written some of these tales, but you cannot trace Burke to Bierce, because you are in the presence of a singularly powerful inspiration with which literary affinities have very little to do. Mr. Arthur Machen, the unknown master of the artistic tale of terror, probably returns Mr. Burke's evident admiration. One suggests these names to convey a bit more clearly the quality of Mr. Burke's stories; that is all.

Strange and terrible stories, one hesitates to retell them, not because it would be unjust, for these are good stories and the outline of a good tale will always bear repetition. But they are about things we are none of us too anxious to name, and which Mr. Burke makes tolerable only by the flooding beauty of his telling and the human kindness of his spirit. He knows at least that one must not call down the gods of terror without praying softly to the gods of pity. I take one tale, an artist's story of those famous Sidney Street murders in which the world was once absorbed, those murderers for whose capture the soldiery of England was called out, against whom a street became a barricade and a funeral pyre. Mr. Burke calls it "Beryl, the Croucher and the Rest of England." He starts you with the Croucher, a slugging prize-fighter, and Beryl, the girl whom he buys in a fit of drunkenness. He tells you how the Croucher's father broke in upon their assignation with the news that he had killed a man, and how the Croucher, putting lust aside, makes a barricade in the procurer's room and fights to the end. But what an end when, days later, he rushes from the burning room into Beryl's arms. "There was talk, curious talk, the talk of a woman of thirty to the man of her life, monstrous to hear from a child to a boy of nineteen. There were embraces, garrulous silences, kisses, fears and tremblings. In those moments the Croucher awoke to a sense of the bigness of things. He became enveloped in something . . . a kind of . . well the situation and, oh, everything. The murder, the siege, all London waiting for him, and that sort of thing. It gave him a new emotion; he felt proud and clean all through. He felt, in his own phrase, like as though he was going to find something he had been hunting for years and forgotten. One would like to know more, perhaps, for it might help us to live, and teach us something of pity . . ."

There are other stories, some too terrible for thought, some cheaply startling, one, at least, lovely and lyrical. Yet if Mr. Burke had written only these stories justice could only say of

him that he wrote stories which, in the eyes of English critics, were as good as the stories they imported from America. Our reputation for short-story telling is as marked here as our reputation for telling tall stories. Mr. Burke's authority comes not from the rediscovery of Chinatown; that lay waiting for his step. It comes from the rediscovery of London.

"It is the Call not only of London, but of Beauty, of Life. Beauty calls in many voices; but to me and to six million others she calls in the voice of Cockaigne, and it shall go hard with any man who hears the Call and does not answer." So Mr. Burke pronounces Cockney. Because it is the call of beauty he can never be a slummer; because it is the call of life he can never be a reformer. Here, in a book which traverses the fastnesses of conventionality in Bayswater, the open streets of hospitality, the commons of sudden friendship, and the mews and alleys of equally sudden violence, Mr. Burke discloses himself. He writes of his early life, the disasters of a Fleet Street apprenticeship, and one understands why he has no harsh words for the beastly and the low. He has too often partaken of their bread and salt. But his precious purity of vision lies in his abnormal ability to write with love and friendship of those whom our novelists are pointedly ignoring, or only dragging forward into shame and ridicule. I mean the real middle classes—those whom Dante rejected and whom Dickens folded to his heart; those who make neither great affirmations nor heroic rejections, but live in placid gentleness, Philistine but not tyrannical, with the good heart and a mind kept in its proper place. He will take his fling at Kensington, "touched with the temper of last night's soda-water" because "there are no girls and no women; they are all young ladies." The gilded haunts of virtue cannot appeal to him. But he will go to Clapham, where mothers keep watchful eyes on daughters, and to a whist-drive at Surbiton and call these happy nights.

The wanderings take him to the Scandinavian quarter and to the Ghetto, to the black Isle of Dogs with its workers, and to Hoxton where gangs of bashers were wont to play with the police. Round the halls or to the promenade concerts, into Soho with its restaurants from France and Italy. But wherever he is, the Cockney remains, rejoicing in his great domain. The Cockney for whom "Tipperary" was false in one thing: "Good-by Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square." Little did the Cockney care about these show-places of London; he had his little shrine elsewhere, in Seven Sisters Road, in Marylebone, in Walthamstow or Wormwood Scrubs, far beyond the sound of the bells which make him a Cockney in all accuracy, but part of London none the less. Wilde wrote once of a great man's "shrill cockney cry of delight in discovering Italy," and rightly, because there were wonders more fair in London town. To these wonders the new Cockney comes, crying softly and in a likable voice. He has discovered that his home is a place of strange enchantments; he is always finding his way to Paradise by way of Clapham Green.

The Cockney remains in Mr. Burke. Else he might have become a super-guidebook, in the manner of E. V. Lucas. The Cockney demands population; take Mr. Burke away from human beings and he is lost; he will write you all manner of lovely things about the luminous streets, but it will not last. His ear will hear an organ grinding out "Let's all go down the Strand" and you cannot keep him from beating time. Then he will go down the Strand and swear softly at the despoilers of its Sunday joys.

He writes about everything that is human and he is satisfied with humanity as subject-matter. I am sure that he has been called a stark realist, but since realist has come to mean one who hates humanity enough to lie about it, the name will not pass. Mr. Burke is, I fear, out of class, because the category for him was just being elaborated when the war broke out. He would be with those who have passed through the gray days of pessimism and hatred and even through the soppy days of pity for everything human and divine. He would have been a cheerful companion for the writers who are looking with clear eyes on the world they have discovered for themselves and who know that the essence of romance is that all things are new. We saw the faint beginnings of this romance in such a book as "Carnival," and I fear we have seen its end. Our novelists may love the world after the war; but it is questionable whether the world will have time to return the affection for many years. Possibly Mr. Burke's books, at once vigorous and wanton, may be respected afterward; one fears only that they will be found a little purposeless, a little lacking in social direction. It is that lack, of course, which makes them so attractive. For, it may be mentioned, these are wonderfully good things to read.

GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES.

Briefs on New Books

The Ruhleben Prison Camp. By Israel Cohen. Dodd, Mead; $2.50.

Mr. Cohen's book is a substantial and interesting contribution to the already vast literature of the present war. It is an absorbing story of life in a great concentration camp in which more than 4000 British civilians were interned by the German government soon after the outbreak of the war. The author is an English Jew, who was a newspaper correspondent in Germany at the beginning of the war. Arrested for no other reason than that he was an alien enemy, he was imprisoned three different times in the city jail of Berlin and finally interned in the concentration camp for civilians at Ruhleben, where he was confined for nineteen months.

His story is a recital of hardships, of brutality, and of despair almost without parallel in the history of modern warfare. The prison camp was a race-course near Berlin, the stalls and lofts of which were converted into barracks into which the prisoners were huddled and jammed like animals. Without the most ordinary comforts, insufficiently fed and warmed, without adequate bathing facilities, without proper medical attendance, denied all newspapers except a cheap Berlin sheet, forbidden to see their wives and children for the first seventeen months after the opening of the camp, limited in their postal privileges to the writing of one short letter each week, subjected to the most rigorous military discipline, severely punished for trifling infractions of the prison regulations, their physical suffering and mental torture was indescribable. The privilege of engaging in sports having been tardily wrung from the camp authorities upon payment of 2400 marks per year for the use of the inner half of the race-course, the prisoners found a means of relieving in some measure the deadly monotony of their daily life. Societies of various kinds, literary, artistic, social, professional, and athletic, were formed; educational classes were organized; concerts, plays, and lectures were staged and a variety of similar expedients adopted to distract their minds from constant brooding. The whole story is told dispassionately and with a charm of manner and power of description that make the recital one of the most vivid and fascinating chapters yet written in the history of the great war.

Germany in Defeat. By Count Charles de Souza. Dutton; $2.

The author of these convenient volumes has succeeded in doing an admirable thing. A soldier himself, and interested in the larger strategic aspects of the war, he has written a book which will be read with pleasure by the non-military man. He has performed a much-needed service to the general reader by bringing order out of the chaos left in most minds by the daily press. Though he deals with campaigns and victories, and the mistakes of commanders, he has a clear vision of the relative importance of events, and brings before the reader the great stage of war in its true setting.

Count de Souza is, however, a thorough partisan, and his book will not be agreeable reading for adherents of Germany. As his title indicates, he believes that Germany has been fighting a losing cause since the Marne. He looks upon all her subsequent acts as those of a fighter who has been put upon the defensive. As in the earlier volumes, he pictures Marshal Joffre as the outstanding military figure of the war—the true master of grand strategy. He makes clear to the reader that Germany was not set to capture Paris or Warsaw, but to crush the French and Russian armies, neither of which results she was able to attain. He therefore minimizes the importance of the great Russian campaign of 1915, and argues that in the fundamental sense it was a failure for Germany, or at most a barren victory. He keeps forever in mind the essential fact that delay is fatal to the German cause, and that her whole strategic plan was based upon an early and overwhelming success.

Count de Souza is a special pleader, but no follower of the Entente will fail to be thrilled by his argument. In closing the present volume with a description of the Battle of Verdun, he again sets in the foreground the great figure of the patient Joffre, strategic genius, conserver of his men, unshakable believer in that nibbling policy by which, in the author's opinion, the downfall of the German military power is to be achieved.

The Brontës and their Circle. By Clement Shorter. Dutton; 50 cts.

Mr. Shorter's large book is here brought out in the convenient "Wayfarer's Library." Though the size and print are smaller, nothing is omitted. In running through the book, the reader feels again how great is his debt to Mr. Shorter for these new Brontë letters—letters which reveal so much of the three sisters, especially Charlotte. Aside from the letters, however, the book is not particularly valuable. Mr. Shorter does not sufficiently unify the story; nor are the conclusions he draws always trustworthy. For instance, he denies that Charlotte had any particularly warm feeling for M. Heger, whereas both the letters and the novels are direct witness that the author of Jane Eyre suffered from unrequited affection. It can hardly be denied that the tang of reality in her stories is attributable to her sufferings. On the other hand, it is presumptuous to assume that the love was a guilty one; it seems rather to have been the fixed idea of a strong feminine mind fascinated by a virile personality. The editor draws other conclusions that are not altogether justifiable, but one is grateful for his patience in ferreting out many contributions to the Brontë story.

The Joyous Art of Gardening. By Frances Duncan. Scribner; $1.75.

"The Joyous Art of Gardening" is an alluring title. It sounds as if Miss Duncan had discovered some royal road to miracles of garden loveliness and gardener's skill in producing them. Further examination discloses that most of Miss Duncan's chapters are matter-of-fact expositions, intended

for beginners about to embark on "The Joyous Adventure of a First Garden." They treat such prosaic subjects as what and how to plant, how to prune shrubs, the possibilities of fences and lattices, how to make slips and cuttings, and so on. But as there is, after all, no royal road to successful gardening, and as "The Joyous Adventure of a First Garden," like other joyous adventures of a first baby, a first trip to Europe, and so on, is the most wonderful of all garden adventures, we consider Miss Duncan's title justified. One flaw we find in her book: all the particularly joyous pictures show pools, but in the text we find no mention of water in gardens, except as applied with a hose or a watering-pot. To offset this defect—noticeable, perhaps, only to a gardener who happens to be struggling with the problem of a suitable pool—it is only fair to call attention to the delightful first chapter, "In Praise of Gardening." "There be delights," Miss Duncan quotes from an ancient writer, "that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream"; and she proceeds, with a contagious enthusiasm, to suggest some of the "1,000 delights of gardens" that the old-time garden-lover enumerated. Lately Dame Fashion set her devotees to planting sweet peas and roses; now the war has switched the emphasis to beans and "spuds." But we must have the flowers too, and as the practical result of long and varied experience, Miss Duncan's garden-guide will stimulate interest and furnish valuable information to the garden-adventurer whose high ideal is not size or showiness or expensiveness but that far more elusive garden-quality, charm.

Should Students Study? By William T. Foster. Harper; 50 cts.

The felicitous title of this little book suggests a cleverness of style and a tone of mild irony which run through the whole argument. The author is at odds with many tendencies of college life, and against certain obvious abuses he wields an effective, if not a weighty, weapon. Many of his hits, too, are palpable ones, and will appeal to college boys themselves; and few of the conclusions can be successfully opposed. The thoughtful reader, however, after a diverting hour, will lay down the book with a feeling that all has not been said. Though it is true, as the author in many ways points out, that students ought to study, it is not so certain that they ought always to study what faculties prescribe; and this large field of argument is but lightly touched in Mr. Foster's entertaining volume. He gives many figures to prove that students of high scholarship supply the largest number of men distinguished in later life, and no one will be surprised at the statistics which show that, of the low scholarship men, few attain prominence in later years.

One cannot help wondering, however, whether the college curriculum has made a successful search of the aptitudes of all the men who are tried by its tests. The business world, for instance, has not yet accepted the college. The prejudice of an older day against book-learning will not down, and it is by no means certain that the colleges have made more than a start in the reform which practical men have expected. It would be interesting to hear what so skilful a pleader as Mr. Foster might say on the subject of adapting colleges more closely than now to the manifold needs of the time. But it would be unfair to imply that this book is not a stimulating one. It carries its points with force, and it is written in a style that is pungent, and at times brilliant.

The Tomb of Senebtisi at Lisht. By Arthur C. Mace and Herbert E. Winlock. Metropolitan Museum of Art; paper, $8.; boards, $10.

The first publication of the Egyptian expedition of the Metropolitan Museum is this handsome quarto volume by the assistant curators of the museum's department of Egyptian art. The work of the expedition was begun in the winter of 1906-07 on the site of the pyramid-field of Lisht, which includes the pyramids of Amenemhat 1 and Senusert 1, of the Twelfth Dynasty, with "royal" cemeteries surrounding them. Up to 1915 the major part of the work had been upon the northern end of the site—the pyramid of Amenemhat. The results of an important part of the work are given in the present volume. Text and drawings, photogravures and colored plates present and describe the site and the tomb, the clearing of the tomb, the coffins and canopic box, the jewelry, ceremonial staves, and pottery. Appendixes contain notes on the mummy, by Dr. G. Elliott Smith, and an index of names of objects from the painted coffins. Mr. Albert Morton Lythgoe, curator of the department of Egyptian art, is general editor of the publications of the expedition.

The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch. By Leonora Cranch Scott. Houghton Mifflin; $3.50.

The reader who is accustomed to think of Christopher P. Cranch as a Transcendental poet may be surprised to find how small a part either Transcendentalism or poetry occupies in this "Life and Letters." Trained for the Unitarian ministry and for some years a successful preacher, though never regularly settled, Cranch became in old age a sort of cheery agnostic. Transcendentalism marked one of the stages of thought through which he passed. He was all his life devoted to poetry, as he was to music; but after he abandoned the ministry, painting was his chief occupation. It was his love for this art that led him to spend much of his time abroad, and his success was recognized in London and Paris as well as in New York and Cambridge. His writings brought him some reputation and some money. Possibly the reason that they brought no more may be guessed from a letter which Story wrote him in 1856: "We all know that you can do much better if you choose to put your energies to work. . . Don't get lazy over it, and think it will do itself. Brace up your faculties, and think you touch gold thereby. . . I pray you on my knees, oh! Cranch, wake up to

this and do it well." This was apropos of a prose story to follow "The Last of the Huggermuggers," but it is significant that he never wrote a better stanza than the one beginning "Thought is deeper than all speech," published in the "Dial" about 1840; and that he never fully got over the looseness that would let him rhyme "Jehovah" and "over" in his "Hymn to the Pilgrims" of the same date. Mrs. Scott tells us that her father's manuscripts were submitted to George William Curtis, who "decided that further publication would add nothing to the fame of his friend." Strictly speaking, Curtis was probably right. With a few exceptions the selections from Cranch's letters, journals, and autobiography give no deep insight into the heart of the man, and many of them do not even tell the most significant facts of his life. His biographer has shown a daughter's partiality in including accounts of travels, which, while pleasantly written, add little that is worth while. Cranch seems to have been a man whose character is best seen as reflected by his friends. By far the most valuable part of the book is made up of the letters he received from others. Besides early notes from James Freeman Clarke and Emerson, there are several letters in Lowell's happiest manner, several from the Brownings—in one of which Mrs. Browning gives in detail both her own and her husband's criticisms of one of Cranch's poems—and many from W. W. Story and George William Curtis. A few, like those of Curtis from Berlin, are valuable for themselves; but most are of the sort that reveal the recipient as well as the author. The man who could inspire them had a rare nature, and their publication is a proper and a welcome filial tribute.

JESUS, THE CHRIST, IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHOLOGY. By G. Stanley Hall. 2 Vols. Doubleday, Page; $7.50.

The late Josiah Royce, writing about "what is vital in Christianity," succeeded in making out that what is vital in Christianity is Royceian transcendentalism. Mr. G. Stanley Hall makes out that what is vital in Christianity is the particular fashion in modern psychology that he most affects. But where Royce turned his trick in a few thousand words, Mr. Hall takes two ponderous volumes to turn his, with the display of erudition, neologisms, and liveliness long familiar to readers of this voluminous writer.

Mr. Hall thinks that the world is in sad need of a renovated Christianity. At present this religion is out of keeping with the spirit of the times. It has undergone the mutations of periods of theological, speculative, and historical-philological rethinking, each mode transmuting it to its own form. To-day these modes are outgrown: the dominant interest of the times is the psychological, and the psychology is the psychology of Freud. That great investigator of the mind of man in severance and aggregation, has shown that religion and art are largely symbols which "sublimate" and vicariously realize all sorts of underground wishes and impulses that the compulsion of terranean living represses. The rethinking of Christianity in these terms may save Christianity, which is to-day in a parlous state. Such a rethinking is a problem in the psychogenesis of belief. To take the gospels literally is infantile, as is a child's taking Blue Beard literally. Experience teaches us that Jesus is a symbol, that Christianity is a symbol. The meaning of the symbol changes with the time, the place, and the condition, but it always designates more or less adequately the innermost wishes and hopes of men. At first symbol and meaning are regarded as identical: there is a "period of spiritualizing the material"; then they are regarded as distinct; a constant reinterpretation becomes necessary; there ensues a period of artistic "sensualizing of the intellectual and the spiritual." "Even," hence, "if the historical existence of Jesus were disproven, we should have to postulate some such person at about this time, place and circumstance." For man craves a symbol for his "eternal nature," and for this Jesus must stand. His life story must integrate and dignify the struggle between what is good and what is evil in man. His character must be infinitely complex; indeed, all things to all men, the realization of all ideals, the artistic projection of the vital hopes—and lies, we might add—that severally animate us all and are our Bethlehemic stars.

So Mr. Hall, learnedly and interestingly enough, contributing his share to the modern obscurantism that insists on having, in Christianity, the old shadow with a new substance. A candid psychologist might be invited to say whether the deference to this shadow, to Jesus, to Christian mythology, and to all the rest, is not itself an infantilism, a survival from the thinker's wishes and fears and prepossessions of childhood. For, we may pertinently ask, why should the new wine of psychology be poured into just these old bottles of Christianity? Is not the back yard of civilization littered with old bottles enough? And why, indeed, old bottles? Is there anything in the Freudian mechanisms to compel the use of old ones?

In sum, Dr. Hall's psychological treatment of Jesus and Christianity reminds the reviewer of the famous summing up of the gospel of the late Modernist movement in the Catholic church: "there is no God and Mary is his mother."

THE BEGINNINGS OF PORCELAIN IN CHINA. By Berthold Laufer. Field Museum of Natural History.

Dr. Laufer, the curator of anthropology at the Field Museum, occupies a unique place among American scholars. From a sinologue saturated with the ethnological point of view, he has developed into an ethnologist who has indeed chosen China for his special sphere of inquiry but never ceases to regard Chinese civilization in its relations to that of surrounding nations and of mankind as a whole. Hardly any of his monographs, however specialized a treatment may be suggested by its title, can be ignored by the student of culture, and his latest volume is a veritable treasure-trove for the ethnologist, the Orientalist, and the antiquarian. The notion of glazing pottery was derived by the Chinese from the West through their

relatively late contact with the Greek culture-area during the reign of the Han dynasty, and especially that of the Emperor Wu (140-87 B. C.). Original experiments with glazing were undertaken, and about the middle or close of the third century of our era a type of ceramic ware had arisen which agrees absolutely with the later porcelain in chemical composition but differs in appearance owing to its porosity, which is probably caused by the use of too coarsely ground material. At last genuine porcelain resulted about the beginning of the seventh century as the end product of a long-continued series of experiments and improvements. It cannot therefore be attributed to a single inventor but is due to the united efforts of generations; and we have here a striking instance of how an alien idea may not only be assimilated but even come to stimulate creative activity.

Dr. Laufer is wont to interlard his monographs with supererogatory side remarks as illuminating as the main discussion, and here he appends a whole chapter on "The Potter's Wheel." His point is that hand-made and wheel-turned pottery belong to entirely distinct cultural domains. The latter cannot be regarded as the natural, let alone necessary, evolutionary derivative of the former. Hand-made ware is practically always manufactured by women; wheel-turned pottery is always made by men. Man applied the wheel, a device originally connected with the cart or chariot, to the ceramic problem; the origin of the potter's wheel is clearly revealed by East Indian specimens, where the spokes are still preserved. It belongs to the complex of ideas which ancient China shared with other Asiatic civilizations of hoary antiquity,—with the plough and the ox as representatives of masculine husbandry as opposed to feminine tillage with the aid of the hoe. The potter's wheel is thus not merely of ethnographical significance but is also bound up with one of the most persistent forms of a sexual division of labor. Dr. Laufer's paper is thus doubly suggestive in shedding light on the psychology of technological progress and in establishing an important sociological correlation.

Texas the Marvellous. By Nevin O. Winter. Page Co.; $3.50.

To the "See America First" series Mr. Nevin O. Winter adds a spacious volume on the wonders and beauties, the riches and large possibilities, of the Lone Star State. The history of this commonwealth has been made so familiar in connection with the Mexican War that no additional general chronicle of its checkered course was needed; hence the earlier and historical chapters of the book are less notable and less distinctive than the later pages depicting the present condition of Texas, its industries and resources, its spirit of progress (especially noteworthy is the account of "Pioneering in Government Affairs"), and some of the marked characteristics of its far from commonplace population. Special studies of "the Hero of San Jacinto," "Historic San Antonio," the old Spanish missions, life in the early days, ranches and ranching, and other Texan topics, are features of the volume. It is the enthusiasm animating the descriptive matter that most attracts the reader and holds his attention. The publishers have given to the text a setting little short of magnificent,—large type, fifty-four illustrations (six in color), a folding map, and an ornate binding.

Principles of Money and Banking. By Harold G. Moulton. University of Chicago Press; $3.

The publication of Professor Moulton's book affords what is probably the most complete text-book in this field of economics. The volume consists of "a series of selected materials with explanatory introductions"; but, as the editor is careful to explain, it is not a book of collateral readings in the ordinary sense, for it is designed "to give the student a breadth of view, a contact with reality, a stimulus to independent thinking, and a training in judgment and discrimination which are not afforded by the ordinary text-book." The purpose of a course in money and banking is not to furnish the student with predigested information or to compel him to memorize principles; what is desired is thought and discussion on his part, and the way to secure this desired result, Professor Moulton argues, is to supply the student not only with the conclusions of economic theorists, but also with the material necessary for the formulation by the student (perhaps under the guidance of an instructor) of his own conclusions and principles. For this purpose the volume is admirably adapted. The catholicity of selections is shown—to cite only one instance—by the fact that A. Barton Hepburn is quoted between two excerpts from William Jennings Bryan. Continental and Anglo-American writers, practical bankers, and economists are represented. The volume deserves a wider circulation than that of the classroom.

Principles of American State Administration. By John Mabry Mathews. Appleton; $2.50.

Following the Civil War and the death of state sovereignty, there was a relative decline of interest in state government. The national government overshadowed everything, both for the politicians and the students. In recent years the state has been coming into its own again. It is finding itself, not as a rival of the national government, but rather as an enlarged municipality. For this field the state is more necessary than ever and its work is constantly increasing. Scholars now recognize this fact and are devoting serious study to the problems of state government. One of the latest and most important additions to this field is Professor Mathews's work. The author follows the modern trend in dealing with civic questions in that he lays more emphasis on functions than on forms. About two-fifths of the book is devoted to the organization of the administration, the rest to the functions which it performs. The hybrid character of our state executive is well brought out in the chapters on the governor and his powers, the heads of executive departments, and the boards and commissions. Naturally, the conclusion reached is that it would be better to have a

grouping of about a dozen departmental heads, somewhat like our national cabinet. Another conclusion is that the separation of powers has been carried to an absurd extreme. The book is written in clear, non-technical language and should be of use, not only to students of state government, but also to delegates who this year and next will be engaged in drawing up new constitutions.

A Second Book of Operas. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Macmillan; $2.

As its title indicates, this is a supplement to the author's earlier work of the same nature. It "considers the plots, the music, and the histories of those important operas which were not included in his first work," and the two together are supposed to embrace "practically all the operas that are ever presented in the modern theatre." Biblical operas and oratorios and recent Italian, German, and French productions furnish topics for the bulk of the book, which is of the same useful, easily consulted sort as its predecessor. A plea is made for the further utilization of biblical themes in opera, and the biblical operas of Rubinstein, whom the author confesses to have been "the strongest personal influence in music" he has ever felt, receive considerable attention. In Italian opera "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" are by this time comparatively old acquaintances, as is also "Madama Butterfly"; but it is handy to have these with other and less familiar pieces all treated in Mr. Krehbiel's instructive and entertaining manner. As in his earlier work, the free expression of his own preferences and aversions contributes to the enjoyment of the book. Portraits of composers and performers abound, and there are a few facsimiles of autograph scores.

Egyptian Records of Travel in Western Asia. Edited by David Paton. Vol. II. Princeton University Press; $7.50.

The period of Egypt's greatest prestige abroad, the XVIII Dynasty (1580-1350 B. C.), is made to speak for itself in the second volume of "Egyptian Records of Travel in Western Asia." The aged grandee Amenemheb may be heard telling how he "cut off the hand (trunk?)" of a huge elephant when danger threatened his lord Thutmose III in the Euphrates country. Or one may read in a slightly later folk-tale how Thuti, a general of the same king, captured Joppa by an Ali Baba trick. Thutmose's own extensive Annals of his Asiatic campaigns are to form volume III. The introduction of page numbers supplies an awkward deficiency of the first volume, especially when considered as a reference work. For this function the series is richly equipped with a thorough bibliography. But the sign-by-sign collations are useless without Erman's "Aegyptische Grammatik," which none but the specialist would possess; and the author's previous disavowal of any claims to independent authority prepares one for various misunderstandings in the transliteration and translation of the texts. The absence of explanatory notes on the geographical terms assembled in the final column is unfortunate, for the reader may not suspect the identity of "Ngbba," for example, with the Negeb (Southern Palestine) or of "Haarabw-land" with the city of Aleppo. In any case, both Mr. Paton and his typist Mr. Welter are to be complimented for their devotion to an arduous task.

The Return to Faith. By William North Rice. Abingdon; 75 cts.

This slim little book, five addresses in all, taking title from the first, contains the very cream of the whole matter—the apparent disparateness of science and religion, still of vital import despite the preoccupations of the day. The return to faith is not presented here as due to any remarkable verifications in newly found records, of old traditions, nor to geological evidence that the biblical order of creation, interpreting a "day" as this or that number of thousands of years, is now found scientific, nor to any similar finding of pseudo-scientific abracadabra. The return to faith is due to a belief in the man Jesus. Theism has not conquered monism. In the second address the author says, "We believe in God to-day because we believe in Jesus Christ." It might do Dr. Rice's thought injustice to take this out of its context and follow it through all its negative implications; but certainly it shows the method of scientific induction beautifully contrasted with the Aristotelian custom of starting with an assumed universal affirmative. In assigning to Jesus this demonstrative importance Dr. Rice is not unique by any means; he merely represents the higher religious convictions of most liberal Christians. But his book is remarkable for the unconditional and intelligent acceptance of science with all its implications. There is no string either to his science or to his religion.

Social Environment. By George R. Davies. McClurg; 50 cts.

The long and not wholly academic discussion of the relative merits of heredity and environment as formative factors finds a new presentation in this brief volume. It is interesting to note that popular thinking generally accepts the biological view of character formation, but our author takes the more recent and sophisticated view that character, in its social aspects at least, is mainly the result of environmental influences. While giving due weight to hereditary factors, especially in relation to our purely physical traits, he devotes his space mainly to illustrating the influence of the various environmental formative factors in building up acquired characters through the learning process. Mental and moral characters, apparently, always have a large element of learned adjustments in them, even though they are built upon native or instinctive reactions as bases. The forces which make great men and great peoples are quite as much environmental or social as they are hereditary or biological. The science of eugenics (and euthenics) must come to depend more and more upon the sciences of environment, even though the laws of heredity cannot be disregarded or neglected. Hitherto there has been a dearth of literature emphasizing environmental forces in society. This little book should be welcome for its contribution to that neglected field.

Notes on New Fiction

If you were an internationally notorious gambler and an assiduous district attorney shut up your "place" and practically exiled you from New York, what would you do? Let it be understood that the press has snapped you until an alibi is impossible, save temporarily in the remotest quarters of the earth. Let it be further understood that you are a gentleman,—self-made, to be sure,—but absolutely "on the square," with better manners than the district attorney, a nicer taste in first editions than the eminent New York lawyer who has long received generous payment for protecting your business, and a higher sense of honor than most of your wealthy and respectable ex-patrons. Granted further that you are middle-aged and a bibliophile, but a sociable and active one, with no intimate friends out of New York save the one faithful, enigmatical valet who insists on being included in the adventures of your "retirement"; and, finally, let it be fully understood that your private character has been so subordinated to your public career that no respectable citizen, however fair-minded, wishes to associate with you.

These are the novel and amusing problems that Mr. Gordon Hall Gerould sets himself to solve in "Peter Sanders, Retired" (Scribner's; $1.50), a tale that is gay without vapidity and adventurous without sensationalism. Thoroughly to enjoy it, one should know that Mr. Gerould is a college professor; his interest in ex-gamblers gains piquancy from this fact. His stories—some of the episodes of Peter Sanders's career have come out in the magazines—are apparently the fruits of his leisure hours. Unlike the tired business man, who will consider "Peter Sanders" too analytical for his taste, Professor Gerould finds thinking a delight, even at the end of a jaded day; planning the retirement of Peter Sanders has evidently been a truly recreative adventure. The book is as gay and sparkling as a trout-stream, as piquant as a spring salad, with the "snap" of a well-driven golf-ball, and the zest that goes with the energy one puts into good play—or good work. We have said that the tired business man may find it beyond him, but let that not be interpreted to mean that the book suffers from a surplus of academic atmosphere. Mr. Gerould may be academic at times, but not when he is having fun with Peter Sanders, ex-gambler.

The sublime and the ridiculous, the depressing and the appealing, when mingled together and treated with a strong dash of humor, form a substance difficult of analysis. So it is in "April Folly," by St. John Lucas (Dutton; $1.50). The novel is one of those second-rate English works, which, had it come from an American pen, would have been hailed as a masterpiece. It is, in fact, an extremely interesting piece of fiction—a first-rate analysis of calf love in London Bohemia. The only difficulty lies in the comparative slimness of the subject; it does not draw out the novelist's resources. What really interests us in the book, and what the author finally abandons for matters that he apparently considers more important, is the character of Rosalind, who guarded and guided the quartet of Chelsea musicians in their progress. The whole group is well sketched and we should have preferred following their adventures rather than turning to the sordid, pathetic little tragedy to which the story finally devotes its course.

"Bab, A Sub-Deb," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran; $1.40), is the story of a girl of seventeen who has successive affairs of the heart with a matinée idol, a married playwright, a youth of her own age, and even with an imaginary hero. This is padded, of course, with the usual Rinehart brand of comedy, a brand which is as amusing in its way as the after-dinner talk of a care-free group of high-school girls.

The things that pleased us in "The Dark Tower" were its economy of utterance and its simple relation of a story whose characters made its telling worth while. In the collection entitled, "The Derelict" (Century; $1.35), the only story that is really worth the reader's attention—judged by Phyllis Bottome's own standard of work—is the title piece. This is a "strong" tale of the moral victory over a good English woman of a woman whom the world termed anything but good. Its telling, however, is somewhat marred by an affected epigrammatism. There is nothing profound about "The Derelict," but it serves. Less can be said for the other stories; the reader's enjoyment of them will probably be proportionate to his toleration of average magazine fiction.

In "The Cinema Murder" (Little, Brown; $1.35) E. Phillips Oppenheim leaves world politics and intrigue for a time and devotes himself to a mystery story. Curiously enough, both his story and "The Man in Evening Clothes," by John Reed Scott (Putnam's; $1.50), suggest that it does not pay to be too good in this world. The outcome of the stories justifies the heroes in their departure from rectitude. In Mr. Oppenheim's book a starving playwright commits murder, or intends to, and robs his victim, and from that time dates the material success of his life. In Mr. Scott's book the hero is one of those gentlemen-thieves who rob their friends and acquaintances, but finally reform and win the lady's heart. The plot varies from type in that our thief is puzzled by the operations of another member of his profession. Both stories are told with the proper amount of suspense and the proper number of surprises.

That "Dawson ain't no place fer a woman," we agreed heartily with Tim Meadows after a perusal of "Kleath," by Madge Macbeth (Small, Maynard; $1.35). How realistically the author writes of the Klondike during the gold rush, we have no means of determining. Her tale is mingled of humor, pathos, and sensationalism, with an unbecoming leaning toward dare-deviltry. It carries a certain air of conviction and will serve for readers whose imaginations accept the printed page as probable truth.

"Enchantment," by E. Temple Thurston (Appleton; $1.50), though likewise melodramatic from cover to cover, is immeasurably better because of its charming style and interesting characterizations. Here the persons really have life and individuality

and do not merely perform such actions as the author wishes. The scene is laid in Ireland. The plot shows us a man bargaining with a priest, promising to send his daughter to a nunnery if he breaks his pledge not to drink. The hero is the romantic son of a smuggler, and when the oath is broken, he asserts himself and steals the daughter away from the nuns. It is a tale for all those who "would not give a chapter of old Dumas for the whole boiling of the Zolas."

The village type of story appears to be coming into vogue, together with a recrudescence of fiction of a historical turn. "Dominie Dean," by Ellis Parker Butler (Revell; $1.35), is quite up to date in these particulars, relating as it does the life of a young preacher in a Mississippi town during the Civil War. There is more than a touch of Mark Twain in its composition, without the spark that vitalizes Twain's narrative.

"Pamela," warmed up in the French fashion and boiled down to one-fourth of its traditional length —such is the formula applied in "Bindweed," by Gabrielle Vallings (Dodd, Mead; $1.50). Possessing all the conventional characters—the villain-hero, the ingénue, the other charmer, and the noble friend—the plot of this novel is probably aided in modern effectiveness by its setting in the operatic world of Paris. The book promises no great distraction for those readers who care to have their authors look upon life neither through a rose- nor a yellow-tinted medium.

The original "Odd Number," a collection of thirteen tales with introduction by Henry James, gave many American and English readers their first introduction to Maupassant, and has long been one of the most familiar collections of short stories. "The Second Odd Number," with introduction by Mr. William Dean Howells, is bound to arouse considerable expectations and to cause some disappointment. The similarity in name and in outward form invite comparison with the earlier collection, and it is hardly to be expected that even so prolific an artist as Maupassant could produce twenty-six tales all of which are as good as his best thirteen. Three or four of those now given—"The Jewels," "Grave-Walkers," "Passion," perhaps "Decorated" —may have been excluded from the earlier list because of the greater reluctance to deal frankly with sex matters, but most of them were probably omitted for other reasons as well. "The Jewels," it is true, presents a situation as striking and as tragic as that of "The Necklace," and offers even more opportunity for psychological analysis; but it is far below the author's best in finish and perfection of form. "Grave-Walkers" is more artistically wrought, and the taint of unpleasantness in the subject is saved from offensiveness by the bit of psychological observation at the end. "Tony," which for some reason is given the place of honor, abounds in sheer physical realism, and is too much for Mr. Howells, whom it moves to say of Maupassant's occasional "brutality" that "its grossness bedaubs the author and comes off on the reader, without verifying the fact presented." Perhaps the tale that in proportion and restraint comes nearest to "The Necklace," "The Coward," and "A Piece of String" is "Two Friends"—already probably known to most casual readers of Maupassant. But the new volume is worth having, though it can never cause quite the same thrill as its earlier namesake. (Harper; $1.25.)

"Where Runs the River?" by Henrietta Leslie (Dutton; $1.50), parallels the episodes, particularly the love episodes, of a girl's life with a river in its different parts: the rill, the river proper, the marsh, the sea. When the story opens the girl is leading a simple life among the mountains, but as the successive episodes invariably end sadly, life itself constantly compels her to seek activity in new fields, and she finally takes up social work in London. The girl's character is developed not only by the various environments but also by the different men with whom she falls in love: the dilettante who plays with her; the unconsciously selfish man who uses her; the consciously selfish one who marries her and with whom she stagnates mentally; and, finally, the man who both gives and takes unselfishly and with whom she reaches the consummation of her life. All these characters are clearly and most interestingly differentiated. The whole story, in short, is a most charming idyll.

"When the Sun Stood Still," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (Revell; $1.35), retells the biblical story of Joshua and his taking of the city of Jericho and his later conquest of the Canaanites. The chief figures in the tale are a young man in Joshua's camp, a woman among the Canaanites who is ready to accept Jehovah as her God, and Joshua himself. The love story, the narrow escapes of the lovers, and the military exploits of Joshua are given fine dramatic telling. Mr. Brady is in possession of just the style suitable for the relation of such a novel.

"McAllister's Grove," by Marion Hill (Appleton; $1.40), is to be recommended to those who want a pleasant story concerning pleasant people. To be sure, there is nothing new in the plot, which concerns the fortunes of a young woman who yields to the enthusiastic optimism of a Florida land agent, only to find herself mistress of a run-down orange grove. Finding a likable heroine in such a predicament, the reader knows that she will make an uphill fight which will end successfully, if not romantically. Nor will the reader be disappointed; rather will he find an unusually well-written story which does not put too heavy a strain upon his credulity and which has a vivid charm by way of local color and much genuine humor.

If, with the rising temperature, one is willing to abandon consideration of probability and improbability and to accept the premises of summer reading uncritically, much enjoyment may be found in following the adventures of a noble gentleman in the guise of a burglar playing hide-and-seek with Life in the cool green world of his country estate. Such is the fantastic fancy which Francis Perry Elliott is pleased to evolve in "Lend Me Your Name!" (Reilly & Britton; $1.25.) The author has a knack of characterization and a very pleasant feeling for summer romance in the open.

Casual Comment

William Winter was quite the most prolific and tireless of our dramatic critics. He began with a fine zeal, and he had the rare luck, as men go, of finding that zeal sufficient to last out a lifetime. He had a great many admirable qualities, chief among which was an inflexible honesty. A man of downright personality and strongly marked style, he attracted followers in many parts of the country, and that tendency to gather adherents and inspire imitators had both its good and its bad effect on the contemporary American stage. The men who felt his influence were encouraged to indulge a literary feeling for words, old-fashioned to be sure, but still literary. To that extent he improved the technical quality of critical journalism. Unfortunately, his shortcomings quite matched his virtues. He was the kind of man who finds youthful loyalties sufficient and undergoes no evolution. Essentially a hero-worshipper, he found it easier to worship men at a certain distance; hence his absurd devotion to the past, his intolerance of the experiments without which no art can live at all. His eyes were in the back of his head. In style and sentiment he was already outmoded in middle life, and he showed only impatience in the presence of those characteristic modern plays that exact some genuine cerebral response. As a result of his limitations, he failed to speak justly or intelligently of the most vital work of his time, and for such failure in the critic no amount of industry and no zeal in recalling the splendors of the past can compensate.

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A new ground for admitting American coöperation in the development of the English language has been discovered by the London "Times." The point of departure is, characteristically enough, that important organism the British Empire. A loyal Boer has remarked that the man who really found a proper name for this great conglomerate would be performing a valuable service for its many millions; and the "Times" feels that a stronger effort would be required to substitute Commonwealth for Empire than to reorganize the Empire's government. The difficulty with British nomenclature, just now, appears to be that the hand of classical language—shall we say, the hand of classical philology?—lies heavy on political science. Complaint is made of the juvenile habit of trying to turn English thought into Greek and Latin prose and to describe English institutions in incongruous classical terms. "Some of our pedagogues even cudgel their own and their pupils' brains to think what words an ancient Greek would have used to describe a 'U-boat' or a 'tank.'" While such an "obsession" lasts, "we shall have to look to America for the growth of the English language": to an America encumbered, by implication, with small Latin and less Greek. A new spirit here, however expressed: one that America should meet not with slang, nor flippancy, nor breezy "language-slinging," but as an earnest of the future coöperation, in many directions, which is to subsist between the two countries for many years to come.

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The peripatetic magazine is over our land. "Off again, on again" is its motto. The "Little Review," once of Chicago, has reached New York by way of San Francisco. "Others," lately of New York (or its vicinage), may be trying to reach San Francisco, or some other town, by way of Chicago. At least Alfred Kreymborg, its originator, is reported as at Los Angeles. But he looked over the local field a few months ago, and now "Others" hazards a "Chicago Number," and announces that other numbers will come forth from the present headquarters on South Water Street. The first issue here—Vol. 4, No. 1, as regards the whole series—opens with the obligatory poem on the Soul of Chicago, a production full of the now requisite violence and swagger; and the number concludes with a poem by Mr. Kreymborg himself, on a theme cleverly seized through the open window of the new sanctum. Clark Street bridge and the hen-coops of South Water Street thus take their place at the hither end of tradition, and help establish a convention for the generations that follow.

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Theory's seductive charm makes fools of us all, though not of all at any one time, nor of anyone all the time. The beauty of a theory, until marred by the rude shock of a practical test, is to most of us well-nigh irresistibly lovely. Huxley used to maintain, with a chuckle of amusement, that Spencer's conception of a catastrophe was the disconcerting discovery of one or more instances tending to upset a plausible and attractive theory. Of theory harshly contradicted by fact the history that is now in the making is unusually full; and it is not the occupants of professorial chairs at Heidelberg or Göttingen or elsewhere in middle-Europe that have been the only ones to spin theories out of moonshine. Even so clear a head as Mr. H. G. Wells's has not kept itself wholly free from the fogs of fallacious reasoning. His latest war book returns once more to the plausible generalization that the Germans, as a whole, lack initiative, and therefore, it is argued, they find more congenial to their nature and suited to their training the Zeppelin, with its capability of executing large designs through the instrumental-

ity of a considerable company obeying one leader, than the aeroplane, which is the machine preëminently fitted for the exercise of individual initiative. In other words, according to Mr. Wells, the German was conscious from the beginning that "he could not produce aviators to meet the Western Europeans; all his social instincts made him cling to the idea of a great, motherly, and almost sow-like bag of wind above him." Nevertheless two of the three most skilful and daring flyers thus far produced by the war were "made in Germany"; Boelcke, the chief of them all, was most unmistakably a German.

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THE WORK OF EDGAR LEE MASTERS continues to be abundantly noticed by the British press. Critics over there are still trying to place him, to put him into the right pigeonhole, to "find a name for him." The London "Times," for example, insists that he is not a prose writer and still less a poet. After going through the two hundred and eighty pages of "The Great Valley," the reviewer decides to call him a talker—"a person who utters his ideas in talk without stopping very long to think what he is saying, . . . a primitive and provincial Robert Browning." In the "Times" critic we evidently have a conservative—one who does not relish the "colloquial style" that characterizes so much of free verse and does not believe that a man filled full of matter may quite trust that matter to run itself out. Yet there are advantages in speaking as one feels and in confidently letting words "unpack the heart" with a free runway. The *improvvisatore* has many points in his favor. Abundance, fluency, momentum—all these count to the good. Carry the contention too far the other way, and you begin to blame a Sorolla for not being a Meissonier, a Mascagni for not being a Humperdinck. Each man's expression according to his gifts. There will be debits as well as credits, but the balance in the end is likely to be on the right side.

. . .

NEW GLIMPSES OF THREE GREAT POETS are given in the "Cornhill." The poignant query, "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, And did he stop and speak to you?" must, if put to Coleridge, be answered in the negative, for reasons given below; but if "Keats" be substituted for "Shelley" the answer becomes a picturesque affirmative. Fresh light on the relations between the three is yielded by a new "Talk with Coleridge," set down by John Frere in 1830 and but now transferred from manuscript to type. What most British critics thought of the two young poets in the '20's of the last century is but too well and fatally known. What was the attitude of Coleridge, a sort of literary arbiter of the day? His belated comment is by no means lacking in appreciation of either—though it is the indulgent, rather casual comment of one who was established, upon a brace of younger men who were yet to become so. The meeting with Keats was an unexpected, unconventional one in the public highway, and Coleridge did not learn until afterward the identity of the young man who had accosted him, though he felt the prophecy of death in Keats's handclasp two years before the event. "I have seen two sonnets of his," said Coleridge to Frere, "which I think showed marks of a great genius had he lived. I have also read a poem with a classical name—I forget what": thus negligently do the Established take the efforts of the Beginner. As for Shelley, he got on Coleridge's track, but missed him. "He went to Keswick on purpose to see me," says the great Samuel, "and unfortunately fell in with Southey instead. There could have been nothing more unfortunate. . . I should have laughed at his atheism. . . I could have shown him that I had once been in the same state myself and I could have guided him through it." Coleridge appears to have thought that Shelley needed equal guidance through his poetry. He "was a man of great power as a poet, and could he only have had some notion of order, could you only have given him some plane whereon to stand and look down upon his own mind, he would have succeeded. There are flashes of the true spirit to be met with in his works." On the whole, it may be said that Coleridge safeguarded himself adequately with posterity, in reference to his two younger contemporaries, though his dicta might have been, speaking in modern terms, "differently expressed."

. . .

THE PORTRAYAL OF HIGH SOCIETY IN FICTION is becoming a more exacting problem, and that exceptional publication, "Vogue," gives the matter its attention. "There is usually something a trifle nauseating," it says, "in the attempt to display the upper circles of Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago." That is the pronouncement, and no word of explanation follows. We are not told why there is something nauseating in the depiction of the upper circles of Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, nor why it should be more discomforting than an attempt to depict the upper circles of New York, a town which seems specifically exempted. One can but grope. Is it because the three cities designated have really no upper circles? Or is it because they possess no authors capable of depicting them? Or is it because the procedure of their authors is only a poor imitation, in manner and spirit, of the authors who treat New York? Or, finally, is it because New York is the one American city which has any upper circles to render the "dis-

play" worth while? Probably this latter is the meaning intended. But if any of these provincial authors can produce a greater degree of nausea than several New York ones who are writing in a New York way on New York material, the country at large, along with "Vogue," would do well indeed to discountenance them. Why, one has but to name—But one can also refrain from naming. Better still, one can drop the whole matter; for in these days of grim realities the display of upper circles, whether attempted or realized, may very well be dispensed with.

. . .

GLIMPSES OF WARFARE IN THE ALPS are given by Mr. E. V. Lucas, who writes about anything and everything, and whose latest volume deals with Red Cross work among the mountains of Italy's northeastern borders. Mr. Lucas used as an excursion-centre the small provincial capital, Udine, close to the present—or shall one say, the former—Italo-Austrian frontier. Among prominent Englishmen engaged in work at this "outpost of mercy"—to fall back on the book's title—are George Trevelyan, the historian of Garibaldi, who is at the head of a staff of motor-ambulance drivers, and Dr. Ashby, director of the British School of Archæology, now a controller of hospital stores and bedding. As much too little is known about the campaignings of the Italian armies in the Alps, by reason of the singular indifference of the governmental authorities to a "good press," Mr. Lucas's account of "the spectacle of the Italian soldiers performing astonishing tasks and cheerfully overcoming the most appalling difficulties" should be welcome.

. . .

SOME CRITICISM HAS BEEN MADE OF THE EDITORIAL POLICY which has inspired THE DIAL to publish recently occasional articles of social rather than literary character. In explanation the Publisher wishes to state his conviction that a war for democracy is fought as much at home as on the firing line. Should the end of the present war see a return to former social conditions, the war will have been a ghastly crime. Unless those at home begin now the creative work of clear thinking upon the principles involved, they will betray the men who are risking their lives "in a war for democracy." It is imperative that we begin now preparing those social changes which will be the foundations of a permanent peace. Those changes cannot be made overnight, nor can their consideration be deferred until the conclusion of a victorious peace. In publishing articles bearing directly upon the crisis, THE DIAL is acting upon the presumption that those who enjoy literature are not adverse to doing their bit of thinking.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE FAVORITE SON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In THE DIAL of June 14, Mr. Randolph Bourne remarks of Theodore Dreiser, "There stirs in Dreiser's books a new American quality. It is an authentic attempt to make something artistic out of the chaotic materials that lie around us in American life." True enough, but if those are Mr. Bourne's sentiments, why doesn't he compare Dreiser with Frank Norris, who had the artist's vision along with the artist's sureness of technique?

Isn't the reason this? Mr. Dreiser's books appeal to Mr. Bourne because they concern themselves altogether with the little wriggling microbe, man—picturing his wrigglings, while time and eternity go marching on. Mr. Norris, on the contrary, was interested not only in men, but also in the infinite, wonderful universe around them. "Man perishes, but the wheat goes on." Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Bourne can see and criticize their neighbors across the street. Mr. Norris's mind could take in a state, a nation, a world, a whole universe.

ROGER SPRAGUE.

Berkeley, Cal., June 30, 1917.

A KEATS DISCOVERY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The acquisition of a bundle of unpublished letters written by John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, to his publishers, Taylor and Hessey, who, it will be remembered, acted in the same capacity for Keats, brings to light the most extraordinary association-interest between two contemporary poets, one great and both unfortunate, that has been recorded in recent years. For a supreme instant Fate seems to have brought her two nearest of kin together.

In March of 1820, Clare came to London. His poems had already been printed with a preface by his publisher. "There was no limit to the applause bestowed upon him," says his biographer, Frederic Martin. "Rossini set his verses to music; Madame Vestris recited them before crowded audiences; William Gifford sang his praises in the 'Quarterly Review'; and all the critical journals, reviews, and magazines of the day were unanimous in their admiration of poetical genius coming before them in the humble garb of a farm labourer." It was also the year of "Lamia" and of Keats's departure for Italy.

But a few months later Keats lay dead in Rome and Clare's popularity had so far subsided that he wrote to James Montgomery, "My New Poems do not sell, Taylor tells me, and so I must either do better or do nothing. I expect the rage for novels being predominant is as much the cause as anything, and I hope a better time, if not a better taste, is to follow thereafter—but I dare not question that." Apparently, the rage for fiction continued long in the ascendant, for in 1837 Clare was led half starved and wholly insane to the county

madhouse at Northampton, where there commenced an oblivion for the poet that lasted to his death in 1864. It is recorded that he "wrote occasionally to his son Charles, but appears never to have been visited by either relatives or friends. The neglect of his wife and children is inexplicable." And yet it was during this period that he contributed his finest efforts to literature.

Among these documents is a single folio sheet torn from the context of an entire letter, bearing on one side the address, dated June 5, 1820, with Clare's inscription, "Cut round the Seal, Clare," and on the reverse a sprawling postscript commenting pathetically on the vicissitudes of his success with a noble patron—"I forget to mention that I yesterday wrote a very strong letter to Sir Thos. Plumer. I am in hopes to receive from him Three pounds, not more. I have had some failures but this must necessarily be look'd for. . . ." Below this, in Keats's characteristic and beautiful handwriting are the lines 293 and 294 from "Lamia,"

> From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost
> He sank supine beside the aching ghost.

which read in the original manuscript (H. Buxton Forman's edition)—

> From Lycius answer'd, as he sunk supine
> Upon the couch where Lamia's beauties pine.

It has been conjectured that Keats, visiting his publishers at their place of business, wrote the emendation for the original passage upon the nearest piece of paper that presented itself, and that this happened to be (strangely enough) a letter from Clare, then in London on a visit. "Poor Keats!" writes Clare in one of these letters concerning the preface to his "Village Minstrel," of 1821, "I mention his name with reverence and regret. As to letting his name stand, do as you please, but it strikes me that 'except one' would be more appropriate—not so personal and less fear of being misjudg'd partially as some would call it . . . you know from what quarter I mean." By which it may be concluded that even Clare knew the pitfalls and pusillanimity of the critical eighteen-twenties.

SAMUEL LOVEMAN.

Cleveland, O., July 8, 1917.

IRELAND'S DEBT TO FOREIGN SCHOLARS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am obliged to Mr. Sapir for adding an important name to my list of foreign scholars whose work has helped the revival of Celtic lore. It was inexcusable on my part to leave out of such a list the name of Rudolf Thurneysen: his name did not occur to me as I wrote, although, as I knew, he had been lecturing in Dublin recently at the School of Irish Learning. The name "d'Arbois de Jourainville" was, of course, a printer's error for "d'Arbois de Jubainville." But Mr. Sapir is wrong in regarding Whitley Stokes as an English scholar of Celtic. Whitley Stokes was an Irishman, of a well-known Dublin family, and his relative, Margaret Stokes, has done notable work in Irish archæology. Whitley Stokes went to India in the fifties and his emigration was deplored by the literary and scholarly group that had centred round "The Nation." After his retirement from the Indian Civil Service he lived in London. I had the privilege of meeting him there in his last days. He was an Olympian old man. I remember his speaking of the introduction of exotic metres into English poetry. Browning, he said, had used Arabic metres in "Abt Vogler" and in "One Word More" although he had no knowledge whatever of Arabic poetry. Goethe, too, in his version of the Serbian ballad, "The Wife of Hassan Aga," had restored the original metre although he knew nothing of Slav poetry, and had taken the ballad from an Italian translation that gave no hint of the metre of the original.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York, July 10, 1917.

JAPANESE POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is reported that altogether about 37,000 verselets were submitted to the Imperial Court this year on the subject "Snow on the Distant Mountains." Of that grand total over 31,000 succeeded in passing the preliminary examination; and out of that enormous total only seven were selected as suitable for the Imperial audience. Those seven had the honor of being read in company with the verses edited by the Emperor and the Empress and other members of the Imperial family.

I shall not attempt to give a literal translation, but I should like to set down the general idea, of the two poems by the Emperor and the Empress. The Emperor's poem was to this effect: "How white the snow appears on the summit of Mount Fuji as seen over the pine twigs of the Imperial garden!" The Empress developed the theme that "The glory of the Imperial reign seems as bright as the snow on the distant mountains over the seas of Japan." Those are sadly prosaic renderings of beautiful, suggestive verses.

The Empress has been so gracious as to grant to the Girls' Higher Normal School of Nara a special poem, of which the following crude translation from "The Herald of Asia" may at least serve to give a general idea:

> Hailing the day's light,
> That rises bright
> Above Kasuga's height,
> Blow, oh blow! ye beauteous *sakura* of hearts.
> Gather, oh gather, the tender buds of learning!
> From their pure source
>
> Do Saho's waters course,
> While on their brink,
> From ancient trunks
> The willows lush young shoots put forth.
> From out the old seeking the new,
> March, oh march, on life's highway!

That poem of course is not a *tanka,* but what is called *imayo,* or "modern style"; it consists of eight lines of twelve or thirteen syllables each, in all about one hundred syllables. The Japanese word *sakura,* which is retained in the translation, means "cherry." The poem is especially cherished by the students because it is the composition of Her Majesty.

ERNEST W. CLEMENTS.

Tokyo, Japan.

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The Anderson Company has obtained a lease for twenty-one years of the building formerly occupied by the Arion Society, Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, New York. No alterations will be made in the exterior of the building, and only a few changes will be necessary in the interior. The company's old building at Fortieth Street and Madison Avenue, where the Robert Hoe library was sold, is now a thing of the past. This fine old mansion has been razed, and a twenty-three story office building will be erected on the site.

On or about October 15, the company's new season will be opened by an important sale of English literature from the collection of Henry E. Huntington. Works of the value of about $150,000 will then be dispersed. It will be the finest collection of English literature offered at auction since the Hoe sale. Mr. Huntington owns about thirty-seven of the Shakespeare folios. He will select the choicest examples for his library and sell the others. The Anderson Company now has in its keeping books from Mr. Huntington valued at about $300,000. All these will be sold. Mr. Huntington's taste is for fine bindings. His library is now in New York, but eventually will be removed to Los Angeles, California.

In the death of William Holland Samson, on June 24, the Anderson Company sustained a severe loss. He was its vice-president, an old newspaper man who used the experience gained in that profession to advance the company's interests. The past season had been a profitable and strenuous one. Mr. Samson was about to take his summer vacation at his cottage at Lake George, New York. He and his wife went on a short visit to Mr. Mitchell, treasurer of the Anderson Company, at Lake Mahopac. Mr. Samson was out on the lake in a row boat, fishing, when death came. He died of heart trouble. He was married to a sister of W. K. Bixby, the well-known St. Louis book and autograph collector. She survives him.

Among the rarest books of modern authors are some of the first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. There are only two known copies of the former's "Penny Whistles," printed in 1883, a collection of verses for children. The Borden sale at the American Art Galleries on February 17, 1913, contained one of these copies. It was bought for $2500 by Mrs. Widener, of Philadelphia, and added to the Stevensoniana collection of her son, Harry Elkins Widener, who lost his life in the Titanic disaster. This collection is now in Cambridge, Mass., having been presented to Harvard University. James F. Drake paid $650 for the "Smith Administration" by Kipling, in the Williamson library sale. He subsequently sold it for $900.

Gabriel Weis, the New York book and autograph dealer, has changed his name to Gabriel Wells. This change he deemed advisable owing to complications frequently arising from the incor-

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rect spelling and pronunciation of the name "Weis," the misspelling occurring even in his citizenship papers, thereby often rendering difficult the exercise of his civic duties. "Weis," however, has long ceased to be the designation of his family.

P. F. Madigan, of 561 Fifth Avenue, New York, has obtained a Revolutionary War letter, written by Colonel Ethan Allen of the "Green Mountain Boys" to General Richard Montgomery, at Saint John's, Canada, and dated September 20, 1775. Mr. Madigan believes that the letter is unpublished. It reads as follows:

Excellent Sir: I am now in the parish of Saint Tuores, four leagues to the South; have two hundred and fifty Canadians under arms; as I march they gather fast; these are the object of taking the vessels in Sorel and General Carleton. These objects I pass by to assist the army besieging Saint Johns; if the place be taken the country is ours; if we miscarry in this, all our other achievements will profit but little. I am fearful our army will be sickly, and that the siege may be hard, therefore chuse to assist in conquering Saint Johns, which, of consequence conquers the whole. You may rely on it that I shall join you in about three days with about five hundred or more Canadian volunteers. I could raise one or two thousand in a week's time, but will first visit the army with a less number, and, if necessary, will go again recruiting those that used to be enemies to our cause. Come cap in hand to me, and I sware by the Lord I can raise three times the number of our army in Canada, provided you continue the siege. All depends on that. It is with the advice of the officers with me that I speedily repair to the army. God grant you wisdom, fortitude and every accomplishment of a victorious general. The eyes of all America, nay of Europe, are or will be on the economy of this army, and the consequence attending it. I am your most obedient and humble serv't. Ethan Allen.

P. S. I have purchased four hogsheads of rum, and sent a sergent with a small party to deliver it at headquarters, and Mr. Livingston and others under him will provide what fresh beef you need. As to bread and flower I am forwarding what I can. You may rely on my utmost attention to this object, as well as raising axuillaries. I know the ground is swampy and bad raising batteries, but pray let no object of obstruction be insurmountable. The glory of a victory, which will be attended with such important consequences, will crown all our fatigues, risques and labors; to fail of victory will be our eternal disgrace, but to obtain it will elevate us on the wings of fame. Yours, etc. Ethan Allen.

Of great interest to American collectors is the sale, at Sotheby's in London on July 30, of the remaining portion of the famous collection of early Americana formed by the Rev. Dr. White Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough (1660-1728), with certain other books the property of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Bishop Kennett was one of the original members of this society and in order to advance its interests made a collection of books, charts, maps, and documents relating to the general subject of discoveries and colonization of foreign lands, and the attempts made to propagate the Gospel, especially in the English possessions in America, the East Indies, and Africa. He gave this collection to the society in 1712.

Among the rarities are Sir William Berkeley's

"Discourse and View of Virginia," printed in 1663; Nicholas Beyard, or Reyard, and Charles Lodowick's "Journal of the late actions of the French at Canada," printed in 1693; and John Brinsley's "Consolation for our Grammar Schooles," printed in 1622, not in the Hoe, Huth, Lefferts, Christie-Miller, or Huntington sale catalogues and not recorded by Lowndes. Rare also are William Castell's "Petition for Propagating the Gospel in America," 1641; Major John Child's "New England's Jonas Cast up at London," 1647; John Clark's "Ill Newes from New England," 1652, "Sir Francis Drake Revived," first edition, 1626, and "The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," 1628.

There are no less than ten of the famous Eliot Indian Tracts with several duplicates. Included in them are "New England's First Fruits" and "Progresse of Learning in Colledge at Cambridge, in Massachusetts Bay," 1643, first tract and one of the rarest of the series, containing the first printed account of Harvard College; Thomas Shepard's "Day-breaking if not the Sun-rising of the Gospell with the Indians," 1647; the same author's "Clear Sun-shine of the Gospel," 1648; Henry Whitfield's "Light appearing more and more towards the perfect Day," first edition, 1651, not in the Hoe, Huth, or Lefferts sale catalogues; "Strength and Weakness," by John Eliot and others, 1652; "Tears of Repentance," by John Eliot and Thomas Mayhew, 1613; "Of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," by John Eliot, 1659; and "A Brief Narrative" by the same author, 1671. The two last named tracts are extremely rare.

Other rarities are John Hammond's "Leah and Rachel, or the two Fruitfull sisters, Virginia and Maryland," 1656, not in the Hoe, Huth, Lefferts, Christie-Miller, or Huntington sale catalogues and not mentioned by Livingston; William Hubbard's "Present State of New England," first London edition, 1677, with the original map containing the words "Wine Hills" for "White Hills"; "Indian war, Articles of Peace between Charles II and Several Indian Kings and Queens," 1677, including the signatures of Queen Pamunkey and her son, the Queen of Waonoke, the King of the Nottoways, and the King of the Nancymond.

Robert Johnson's "Nova Britannia, offering most excellent fruites by Planting in Virginia," 1609, is one of the rarest of the early historical tracts relating to Virginia. John Langford's "Just and Cleere Refutation of a false and scandalous Pamphlet entituled Babylon's Fall in Maryland," 1655, is the extremely rare original edition. It was not in the Huth or Hoe collections. The Huntington sale catalogue mentions only three copies. Thomas Lechford's "Plain Dealing or Newes from New England," 1642, is one of the most interesting and authentic of the early narratives relating to that colony. The "Discoveries of John Lederer in three several Marches from Virginia to the West of Carolina," 1672, is very rare. Increase Mather's "Brief Relation of the State of New England," 1689, was not in the Huth, Lefferts, Christie-Miller, or Huntington sale catalogues.

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Readers of The Dial will be interested in knowing that the book published in France under the name of *Lettres d'un Soldat* first came to the attention of the American publishers through Theodore Stanton's praise of it in his Paris Letter in The Dial.

Translated with an Introduction by THEODORE STANTON, M.A.

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A catalogue of this library will be issued sometime in September. Copies will be sent on application.

Walter M. Hill
22 East Washington Street Chicago

Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue, Louis S. Friedland is Associate Editor of "The Russian Review," a member of the staff of the "Viestnik Ameriki," and an instructor in English at the College of the City of New York.

John Gould Fletcher, at present living in London, is well known as one of the leaders of the Imagist group of poets.

Frederic Austin Ogg is the author of many books on historical and political subjects, including "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe" and "Governments of Europe."

William B. Cairns is the author of "On the Development of American Literature," "History of American Literature," and other works. He is assistant professor of American literature at the University of Wisconsin.

William E. Dodd has applied the realistic attitude to the study of American history. He was the editor and joint author of the "Riverside History of the United States." He is professor of American history at the University of Chicago.

Williams Haynes is able to balance theory with practice in his writing about the stage, being associated with the interesting work of the Northampton group of players.

Gilbert Vivian Seldes, who has been studying social conditions in England since the beginning of the war, is a Philadelphia journalist and critic. He is a graduate of Harvard.

Allan Updegraff, author of "Second Youth" (Harpers), is the editor of "The Plowshare."

Lilian Whiting has written a book about Canada which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish shortly, entitled "Canada the Spellbinder."

The American Educational Co., 29 South La Salle St., Chicago, announce a new and enlarged edition of Patterson's American Educational Directory.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton have in preparation a new volume by Donald Hankey, author of "Student in Arms." The new book will be called "Student in Arms, Second Series."

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will publish on September 13th a new novel by Margaret Widdemer entitled "The Wishing Ring Man," a sequel to "The Rose Garden Husband."

The Oxford University Press has just published "The Idea of God in the Light of Recent Philosophy," which consists of A. Seth Pringle-Pattison's 1912-13 Gifford Lectures.

"Bromley Neighborhood," Alice Brown's new novel, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company, ran into the second edition two weeks before the date of publication.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon John G. Neihardt by the University of Nebraska at the commencement, June 13th, in recognition of his work as "author, critic, and poet."

Katherine Mayo, whose "Justice to All" was recently published by Putnam's, is now in Penn-

sylvania making a further study of the work of the State Constabulary with the intention of collecting material for a new volume of stories on the subject.

Isaac F. Marcosson has just returned to the United States after five months spent in the war zone, a part of the time being spent in Russia, where he arrived immediately after the recent revolution. His account of the revolution will be published shortly by Lane.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just issued a translation of "Lettres d'un Soldat," under the title, "A Soldier of France to His Mother." Their attention was called to this volume originally by the comments of Mr. Theodore Stanton in THE DIAL. Mr. Stanton has made the present translation.

Messrs. Longmans, Green will publish shortly a new novel by Sir Rider Haggard, entitled "Finished." This volume completes the trilogy of which "Marie" and "Child of Storm" were the first two parts. A new novel by Guy Fleming, author of "The Diplomat," is also in preparation. It is entitled "Off With the Old Love," and concerns the war.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons announce that in "The Loeb Classical Library" have just been issued the following volumes: "Achilles Tatius," S. Gaselee of Magdalene College, Cambridge. One volume. (No. 45.); "Greek Anthology," W. R. Paton. Vol. II; "Seneca's Tragedies," F. J. Miller. Two volumes. Volumes I and II. (No. 62.); "Strabo," Horace L. Jones, of Cornell University. Nine volumes. Volume I.

June publications of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. include: "The Latin at War," by Will Irwin; "Typography of Advertisements that Pay," by Gilbert P. Farrar; "Mental Adjustments," by Frederic Lyman Wells; "Keeping Up With Your Motor-Car," by A. Frederick Collins; "Introduction to Rural Sociology," by Paul L. Vogt; "Excess Condemnation," by Robert E. Cushman; "American Public Library," New Edition, by A. E. Bostwick.

The Oxford University Press has issued the following volumes for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of International Law: "An International Court of Justice," "The Hague Conventions and Declarations of 1899 and 1907," by James Brown Scott; "The Status of the International Court of Justice"; "Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War"; "Recommendations on International Law"; "The Freedom of the Seas"; "The Hague Court Reports"; "Resolutions of the Institute of International Law"; "Instructions to the American Delegates to the Hague Peace Conferences and Their Official Reports."

The University Edition of the Warner Library, consisting of thirty volumes, is to be published early this autumn. The old edition has been entirely revised by a corps of university men who have virtually made a new work, following out the plan of Charles Dudley Warner. Approximately one hundred authors have been added to the work, being represented by critical essays, as well as se-

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The Century Co. announces for publication during July: "The Inner Door," by Alan Sullivan; "In the World," by Maxim Gorky; "The Air Man," by Francis A. Collins; "The Junior Plattsburg Manual," by O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey; "The Boys' Camp Manual," by Charles K. Taylor, and "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," by Herbert Adams Gibbons.

The Atlantic Monthly Company has followed up the experiment made last year in the publication of "The Atlantic Classics," a collection of essays from the magazine deemed to be worthy of longer life than they would enjoy in magazine form, and now announces that from time to time material from the "Atlantic Monthly" will be published in book form. Two new titles are now announced for the "Atlantic Classics": "The Assault on Humanism," by Paul Shorey, and "The Essay," a collection of seventy-five short essays from the Contributor's Club.

The Dante League of America, which was recently founded by Mrs. H. Durant Rose, has for its purpose the promotion of the knowledge and study of Dante, his works, language, and country by means of popular lectures and literature. The League is also preparing for a celebration, in 1921, of the six-hundredth anniversary of his death. The officers are: William Roscoe Thayer, president; Richard A. Purdy, treasurer, Mrs. H. Durant Rose, secretary. Meetings are held at the National Arts Club, New York. Membership is open to all who are interested in the subject. Annual dues are $2, although college and university students are given a special membership fee of $1. Further information may be obtained from Mrs. H. Durant Rose, National Arts Club, New York City.

August publications by the Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. will include "Carmen's Messenger," by Harold Bindloss; "Kiddies," by J. J. Bell; "A Young Lion of Flanders," by J. Van Ammers Kueller; "Anne's House of Dreams," by L. M. Montgomery; "Flowers I Love," by Katherine Cameron; "The Play Way," by H. Caldwell Cook; "Man as He Is," by Sir Bampfylde Fuller; "The Camera as Historian," by H. D. Gower, L. S. Jast, and W. W. Topley; "President Wilson from an English Point of View," by H. Wilson Harris; "Pictures and Other Passages from Henry James," by Ruth Head; "The Elephant," by Agnes Herbert; "By the Waters of Africa," by Norma Lorimer; "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," by G. E. Mitton; "What Is Instinct?" by G. Bingham Newland; "The Cradle of Our Lord," by John Oxenham; "Kitchener in His Own Words," by J. B. Rye and H. G. Groser, and "Told in the Huts," the Y. M. C. A. gift book.

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 92 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Tragedy of a Throne. By Hildegarde Ebenthal. Illustrated, 8vo, 328 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.50.

Russian Court Memoirs 1914-16. Illustrated, 8vo, 315 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The England of Shakespeare. By P. H. Ditchfield. Illustrated, 12mo, 315 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

By the Ionian Sea. By George Gissing. 16mo, 203 pages. Chapman & Hall, Ltd., London. $1.25.

English Literature. By Edwin L. Miller. Illustrated, 12mo, 597 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.75.

A Study of Virgil's Description of Nature. By Mabel Louise Anderson. 12mo, 224 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

The Oppressed English. By Ian Hay. 16mo, 88 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts.

The Rose of Dawn. By Kate Chadwick. 16mo, 40 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. 36 cts. Paper.

Platero Y Yo. By Juan Ramón Jiménez. 12mo, 323 pages. Casa Editorial Calleja, Madrid.

FICTION.

Summer. By Edith Wharton. 12mo, 291 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Bromley Neighborhood. By Alice Brown. 12mo, 418 pages. Macmillan. $1.50.

The Sorry Tale. By Patience Worth. Edited by Casper S. Yost. 12mo, 644 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.90.

The Red Planet. By William J. Locke. 12mo, 349 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

His Own Country. By Paul Kester. 12mo, 692 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Where Your Treasure Is. By Holman Day. With frontispiece, 12mo, 461 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Dandelions. By Coulson T. Cade. 12mo, 356 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Empty House. With frontispiece, 12mo, 301 pages. The Macmillan Co. $1.40.

Irene to the Rescue. By May Baldwin. Illustrated, 12mo, 294 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Oliver Hastings, V. C. By Escott Lynn. Illustrated, 12mo, 404 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

The Sport of Kings. By Arthur Somers Roche. Illustrated, 12mo, 324 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.40.

Dominie Dean. By Ellis Parker Butler. With frontispiece, 12mo, 302 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.35.

Lend Me Your Name! By Francis Perry Elliott. Illustrated, 12mo, 282 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. $1.25.

Erewhon. By Samuel Butler. 12mo, 320 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

"Noh" or Accomplishment. By Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound. With frontispiece, 8vo, 268 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

The New Greek Comedy. By Philippe E. Legrand. Translated by James Loeb. 8vo, 547 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

The Poetic Year for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. 12mo, 403 pages. Small, Maynard & Co.

Longer French Poems. Selected by T. Atkinson Jenkins. With frontispiece, 16mo, 175 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

The Sublime Sacrifice. By Charles V. H. Roberts. 12mo, 103 pages. The Torch Press. $1.25.

Human Wisps. By Anna Wolfrom. 12mo, 124 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Creative Criticism

If contemporary criticism were to be judged by such practice of it as appears in magazines and even the more serious books, it would force one to believe that it had advanced very little, if at all, since the days when Aristotle declared that one of the critic's functions is to censure a work of art as being "morally hurtful . . . or contrary to technical correctness." To be sure, our notions of correctness, as well as our ethics, have changed; but, for the most part, we have merely substituted new conventions for old, new prejudices, new rules and tabulations. The very men who laugh at the old discussions concerning "the unities," themselves condemn all dramas that do not conform to a purely arbitrary thing called "dramaturgy"; and a well-known professor has asserted that "King Lear" is not a play at all since its climax comes in the first act! In somewhat similar fashion, a recent biographer of Dostoevsky, after proving in a long introduction that a novel cannot be defined, proves also that Dostoevsky was not a novelist!

Such ludicrous opinions are, of course, due to the common supposition that there are genres, or predetermined forms into which the artist pours his thought. It seems almost impossible for critics to realize that an idea is form, that the idea is *the* form. It cannot be embodied. Every idea is a new idea; every work of art is a new work, a new genre. The artist may wrangle with his germinal impulse, twist and distort it to fit some theory of form; but just in so far as he does so, he toils against himself.

The critic's misconception of these matters arises partly from lack of ability and partly from sheer laziness. A man of ordinary intellect may easily find superficial resemblances, classify them, talk of them as constituting a genre, and then proceed to discuss the work of art at hand in relation to the factitious structure he has made. On the other hand, to apprehend a work of art creatively requires a taste allied in its functioning to genius, and the use of an energy not different in kind from that exercised by the artist himself.

Probably the first great step toward what we may call modern criticism—that is, modern criticism at its best—was taken when Goethe insisted upon the necessity of ascertaining "what the poet's aim really and truly was, how the task he had to do stood before his eye, and how far, with such materials as were afforded him, he had fulfilled it." At about the same time, Coleridge, the most keenly intuitive of English critics, hinted at an extension of this idea when he said that, in order to read the difficult metres of Donne and thoroughly to understand his poems, it was necessary practically to *become* Donne. The significance of Coleridge's remark seems to have been unappreciated even by himself, since he failed to generalize it or to apply it in a consideration of other poetry; and all posterior æstheticians, without exception, have overlooked it. Goethe's idea, however, underwent a fairly steady development, and culminated in the conception of Benedetto Croce that every work of art is an organism governed solely by its own law. Upon this and the many other conceptions so brilliantly propounded in his "Aesthetic," Mr. Spingarn bases his essays entitled "Creative Criticism" (Holt).

The latter's book is far less substantial and, quite properly, far more controversial than that of the Italian. The "Aesthetic" is obtainable in an excellent English translation, and its lucidly reasoned exposition of theory needs only popularization and defence. For this task no one in England or America is better qualified than Mr. Spingarn, whose erudition is coupled with intellectual passion and the gift of powerful, if sometimes impatient, expression.

The present volume begins with a lecture called "The New Criticism." Here, after briefly setting forth the principles of impressionistic and of dogmatic criticism, the author points out that they are essentially a mere continuation of the old battle between the Romanticists and the Classicists, between those who seek to enjoy and those who desire to judge. As far back as the sixteenth century, Pietro Aretino was asserting that there is no rule save the whim of genius, no standard of criticism save individual taste; while Scaliger was helping to formulate the classical code and declaring that Aristotle is "the perpetual dictator of all the fine arts." The next century exposes the same antinomy in France, where it has continued until the present hour. These opposing types, Mr. Spingarn speaks of as "the two sexes of criticism . . . the masculine criticism that may or may not force its own standards on literature, but that never at all events is dominated by the object of its studies; and the feminine criticism that responds to the lure of art with a kind of passive ecstasy."

The eighteenth century produced no fundamental contributions for the old quarrel until the Romantic Movement stressed the element of expression, either of society (Mme. de Staël), or of personality (Sainte-Beuve), or of race, age, and environment (Taine). The first, however, "to give philosophic precision to the theory of expression, and to found a method of criticism based upon it, were the Germans of the age that stretches from Herder to Hegel." But it was left for a Neapolitan, Croce, to lead "æsthetic thought inevitably from the concept that art is expression to the conclusion that all expression is art."

This part of Mr. Spingarn's book cannot be too highly praised, and it should have distinct value even for the Classicists, since it affords the most succinct history of modern critical theory, besides being, by its grouping of facts, an original interpretation. The remainder of the essay is a summary of Croce's ideas and a very cleverly argued invective against dogmatism in all its forms. Following a method similar to that of Zola in his famous "J'accuse" Mr. Spingarn attacks the idea of genres, or literary kinds, of the theory of style, of metaphor, simile, and "all the old terms of classical rhetoric," of moral judgment of literature, the "confusion between the drama and the theatre," of technique as separate from art, the criticism of poetic themes, of race, time, and environment as an element in criticism, of the "evolution" of literature, the concept of progress, and, finally, "the old rupture between genius and taste."

Obviously, there is here much matter for consideration, too much indeed to come within the limits of a review. If Mr. Spingarn's dismaying contentions were accepted or even merely sadly absorbed, what would become of our college professors with their courses on rhetoric, the forms of literature, and the history of prose style; or of our doctors of philosophy with their theses comparing, for instance, the grammatical constructions of Æschylus and Tennyson? And how should one write a book on the works of any great artist if one had to judge those works separately and thus to discard the convention that there is always a period of apprenticeship, a period of fulfilment, a period of deterioration? For, be it noted, if a Milton, after a life dedicated to beauty and to toil, achieves the sublime austerity of a "Samson Agonistes," the critics invariably find in such a masterpiece the signs of waning power, of aridity, decay; or if a Michelangelo finally attains the almost abstract grandeur seen in many of the designs for the celebration of Christ's Passion, there inevitably appears a J. A. Symonds to see in them only the "autumn stubbles of declining genius". . .

In the second essay, Mr. Spingarn is concerned only with "Dramatic Criticism." This section of his book is an extraordinarily brilliant example of dialectical writing and of irony and humor in the service of clear, sound thought. For the curious, perhaps the most interesting part is that in which the author deals with Lodovico Castelvetro, who, as early as 1570, broached the theory of the drama that is now associated with the names of Mr. William Archer and Mr. A. B. Walkley and of their "noisy but negligible echoes in our own country." It is this

theory that Mr. Spingarn sets himself most vigorously to combat.

Castelvetro, like the moderns, emphasized the conditions of stage representation: the size of the theatre, the motley crowd, the limitation of time. Bacon, Diderot, and many others, also dwelt on what is to-day discussed, with an amusing air of originality, as the "psychology of the crowd"; and even Voltaire thought to reform the drama by changing the theatre. We need not detain ourselves with the tenets of Lessing, Schlegel, Lamb, Grillparzer, and the others who fought and re-fought the battle that began when Castelvetro challenged the all-powerful standards of Aristotle. It is not until we come to Francisque Sarcey that we have a really full and clear exposition of the theory of dramatic materialism that now reigns almost without dispute on both sides of the Atlantic; but even his famous "Essai d'une Esthétique de Théâtre" is of less immediate interest for us than the writings of Mr. Archer, Mr. Walkley, and "the negligible echoes."

The chief assertions of these gentlemen are all founded on a confusion between "inner impulse and outer influence." Mr. Walkley, for instance, affirms that the dramatic critic must "sit tight" against the prejudices and opinions of audiences and then tells us that the playwright must be judged by his effect on the "peculiar psychology of the crowd he is addressing." Confusion could scarcely confound itself more fully! It seems unnecessary to ask why, if the measure of the dramatist's genius is to be judged by its effect on the crowd, the critic should "sit tight" against the very thing that would enable him to estimate that genius; or how the critic, if he imposes on the artist one standard and on himself another, can hope to understand the former and evaluate his work.

But without this confusion and without the rules of "dramaturgy," we should have very few critics of the drama, since few there are whose creative powers are highly enough developed to enable them to put themselves in the place of the artist, thus discovering the urges and intentions of his work, and then, having experienced what he experienced, to estimate his measure of success. As it is, almost anyone can go, like a second-rate dog fancier carrying his standard of conformation, and appraise with perfect assurance whatever the contemporary stage may offer. If he but apply his rules, perceive where the play falls outside of them and where within, and consider the audience while he "sits tight" against it, he may be sure that whatever issues from his pen will pass as criticism of an art!

It is in dealing with such "criticism" that Mr. Spingarn carries furthest his invective—an invective thrust perhaps a little too far when he characterizes Mr. Archer as "a connoisseur of stale platitudes, angered and confused by the thought of a new age impatient at his commonplaces." Very refreshing, however, is it to find someone to whom things intellectual are sufficiently stimulating to call forth impassioned utterance instead of the usual dreary locutions of philosophical debate.

The last two essays are, comparatively, of less importance than the first two. In "Verse and Prose," Mr. Spingarn finds it necessary to descant upon a good deal of familiar matter in order satisfactorily to prove that "whatever distinction exists between words in metre and words without it exists in exactly the same way between verses written in the same metre"; and that "rhythm and metre must be regarded as æsthetically identical with style, as style is identical with artistic form, and form in its turn is the work of art in its spiritual and indivisible self."

The last essay is a letter to an artist on the International Exhibition, February, 1913. It expresses, with rather vague enthusiasm, the author's admiration for the spirit of the show, and then, characteristically, goes back to the Italian Renaissance, but only in order to point out the well-known fact that the great patrons of that time fostered creation whereas our American millionaires merely load their rooms with old masterpieces. There is, however, a valuable and suggestive passage in which Mr. Spingarn shows how the collector, like the critic, may become creative in the realm of taste.

Lastly, in an appendix, we find a little model of effective controversial writing—a tilt at Mr. Galsworthy's objections to

the author's "New Criticism"—wherein we are once more led to the conclusion that "by genius is now merely meant the creative faculty, the power of self-expression, which we all share in varying degrees."

In finishing a review of so admirable a book, it may be ungracious, but it should not be amiss, to say that the author is too rare a combination of scholarship and critical acumen to be heard from so seldom. Without being impertinent enough to advise Mr. Spingarn as to his activities, one may notice the fact that Croce conducts the most important critical magazine in Italy, the most vital in Europe, and that Mr. Spingarn is competent to do the same thing for the United States. Studies by him of contemporary or past men of letters would be welcomed by all lovers of literature and would be stimulating especially to the younger generation, who are still fed largely upon the pabulum of Arnold with the old notions of a "grand style" and of what is "best" in literature. To attack theory with theory is valuable; but, once the foundations are laid, it is even better to attack practice with practice.

BAYARD BOYESEN.

The Twilight of Rhyme

In a time that now seems strangely remote I happened to drop in on a meeting of an Ottawa debating club in which President Wilson's peace note to the belligerent nations was being discussed. After we had been treated to a couple of innocently academic utterances, the floor was taken by a rather elderly, choleric-looking Englishman of very determined manner and voice. He woke us up. In a rambling discourse that had little connection with the ostensible subject of debate, he aired his views and feelings mightily. He convinced those of us that had a mind to be convinced that President Wilson's policy had been marked by a consistent pusillanimity worthy only of contempt, that the American people as a whole (and he knew all about it, for he had only recently visited the United States) were criminally lukewarm about the war, and that the only permanent hope for world peace lay, not in any professorial, Wilsonite notes, but in the strong arm of British sea-power. All of which, it need scarcely be said, was liberally punctuated by blazing eyes, waving arms, and clarion intonations. Some of us later, incautiously and vainly, looked for an intelligible argument or two in the Englishman's flow of rhetoric. No matter—we were all carried away at the moment, and when he ended up with a triumphant snort and a bang, our answering applause was nothing if not sincere. Only the cultured élite can resist mere eloquence. I lay no claim to membership in that very exclusive species of humanity. Yet I was vain enough to take a certain pride in my failure to respond as unreservedly as most of the audience to our orator's fiery outburst of British patriotism. It was the old man's fault. Had he not quoted rhymed poetry at the tail end of his peroration, I should have drowned with the rest. That poetry of his was just the straw needed for a drowning man's clutch. It tided me over nicely. Indeed, after a fitting interval of surcharged silence, the memory of those rhymes, still tingling like a box on the ear, inspired me with courage to get up and, in the very teeth of the storm raised by the great man, to put in an apologetic word for Mr. Wilson.

This was what the orator quoted, with a fervor that sent shivers down our backs:

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land!"

and some more to the same effect. "Aha!" said I to myself, "is it some of Scott's old doggerel you are trying to palm off on us?" But it was Max Eastman who was uppermost in my thoughts just then. His "Lazy Verse" crusade had branched off even into the wilds of Canada and I was still vicariously smarting from the whip blows he had administered the lazy practitioners of the free-verse habit. Quick as lightning I saw my chance; in a second I had Mr. Eastman by the throat. Here was a moment of intense social conscious-

ness, of patriotic emotion vivid and sincere, demanding æsthetic resources, it would seem, for its consummate expression. The old man, in his instinctive groping for a climax, felt the need too—and chose a bungling anticlimax! Had he but called in the aid of measured blank verse or, preferably, free verse, he might have succeeded in producing a truly climactic effect. But what had such inane jingles as dead—said, shed—bed, Ted—Fred, to do with the expression of heightened feeling? What concern had we, stirred to the patriotism that dealt and suffered death, to do with pretty boudoir tricks and rococo curtseys? It was the most magnificent test case one could have desired. The verse came quite unexpectedly, the emotion was already there to be definitely crystallized. In my own case, alas! it suffered collapse. Evidently rhyme had *not* stood the test. Mr. Eastman, in so far as he lays stress on rhyme as a sincere æsthetic device, might question the diagnostic value of my experience. He might accuse the evident tawdriness of the lines themselves of the disconcerting effect produced upon me, not to speak of other psychological analyses less flattering to my æsthetic sensibility. No doubt the lines stand in somewhat helpless contrast to the emotion they are supposed to call forth, but I do think it was quite specifically the rhyme as such that shunted me on to the wrong track.

Rhyme, I decided, might do very well for certain lighter forms of poetry, the fluffy ruffles of literary art—drinking songs, sentimental but not too seriously felt love ditties, *vers de société*, popular ballads, and quite a number of other genres one might mention. In short, its value seemed purely decorative at best and not indispensably decorative at that. I decided that one could allow for it where graceful trifling or purely technical sound-effects were in order, but that its employment in conjunction with deep feeling was perilous, to say the least. I had for years had an instinctive dislike for the jingle of rhyme in all but the lighter forms of verse, and it seemed that my dislike had experimentally justified itself in a flash of insight.

Incidentally, I could not help feeling impressed by the purely ethnological consideration that rhyme is rarely, if ever, found in the lyrics of primitive people, whereas there is probably not a tribe that does not possess its stock of measured songs. Whatever our attitude to the problem of strictly measured or polyphonic verse in our own artistic levels, it is very evident that a set rhythm at least does answer to a primal human trend, that rhyme, on the other hand, is no more than a bit of technical flavoring that happened to become habitual in Occidental poetry at a certain period not so far removed from the present after all. Rhyme is merely a passing notion of our own particular cultural development, like chivalry or alchemy or falconry or musical canons or a thousand-and-one other interesting notions now dead or moribund. Some of these notions, like rhyme, still vegetate (for that matter, canons are still composed by students of counterpoint), but they cannot be allowed to cumber the earth forever. No doubt rhyme will some day be thrown into the limbo that harbors its first cousin, alliteration. Some day all sensitive ears will be as much outraged by its employment in passionate verse as by the musical expression of flaming desire in the pattern of a formal fugue.

Mr. Eastman contends that rhyme, like rhythm, has a certain disciplinary value which is of direct æsthetic benefit, in so far as it imposes a wholesome restraint on the artist. Rhyme sets definite technical limitations that tax the poet's ingenuity. He has to solve technical problems, and in their solution he is braced to the utmost limit of his powers of concentration, of clarity of vision, of self-expression. A chastening halt is put to a too easily satisfied, a too glibly facile flow of expression. The æsthetic product, which must of course appear perfectly natural and unhampered, is all the more refined and potent for the painful struggle that has preceded its birth. The dynamic value of the overcoming of conflict in æsthetic production is by no means to be lightly set aside. Where Mr. Eastman errs, it seems to me, is in the narrow and specific applications he makes of the principle. Just as soon as an external and purely formal

æsthetic device ceases to be felt as inherently essential to sincerity of expression, it ceases to remain merely a condition of the battling for self-expression and becomes a tyrannous burden, a perfectly useless fetter. The disciplinary argument is then seen to belong to precisely the same category as the conservative plea for the educational value of Latin or for the wholesome restraining influence of an outlived body of religious belief. In other words, there is no absolute standard by which to measure the validity of a formal æsthetic device. Necessary or self-evident in one age, it is an encumbrance in another. Perfection of form is always essential, but the definition of what constitutes such perfection cannot, must not, be fixed once for all. The age, the individual artist, must solve the problem ever anew, must impose self-created conditions, perhaps only dimly realized, of the battle to be fought in attaining self-expression. It would be no paradox to say that it is the blind acceptance of a form imposed from without that is, in the deepest sense, "lazy," for such acceptance dodges the true formal problem of the artist—the arrival, in travail and groping, at that mode of expression that is best suited to the unique conception of the artist. The "best" may, of course, be many; it is necessarily conditioned by temperament. Mr. Eastman's error, then, would seem to be the rather elementary confusion of form (an inner striving) with formalism (an outer obstacle).

But Mr. Eastman seems to go further. He would not merely preserve rigid metrical forms and even rhyming schemes as essential to the satisfaction of our craving for poetic form, but he seems also to have regard for virtuosity as such. He speaks almost as if the greater the number and difficulty of formal limitations, the greater or more admirable the æsthetic result. This should mean that the pinnacle of poetic art has been reached in the Skaldic verse of Old Norse literature, perhaps the most artificial verse patterns ever devised. Here we have alliteration, assonance, extreme brevity of lines, and the use of highly conventional metaphorical modes of expression—four difficult masters to serve at the same time. *De gustibus!*

In truth there is no greater superstition than the belief in the ever-growing complexity of all the outer forms of life and art. Progress in both means, on the contrary, an ever-increasing will and ability to do without the swaddling clothes of external form. The "freedom" of primitive culture is only an illusion, gained partly by the freshness of contrast with our own order of restraints, partly, and chiefly, by the imperfectly developed techniques of lower levels. Formally the great languages of modern civilization are very much simpler, very much less virtuoso-like, than most of the languages of aboriginal America. Roman Catholic ritual seems rich and complex to us, but it is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the endless elaboration of the ritual life of the Pueblo Indians. Northwest Coast Indian art is relatively crude in its delineation (at its best, superb), but the purely formal limitations set on the artist's activity would seem to us almost to preclude the possibility of individual expression at all. In lower levels of culture the number of things that one *must* do is great; in higher levels the number of things one *may* do is vastly greater, the number of things one must do relatively less. Progress, if it means anything at all, may be ideally defined as the infinite multiplication of things one may profitably do, think, and enjoy, coupled with the gradual elimination of all things one must not do.

We may seem to have gone very far afield, but the truth is that a proper historical perspective of such a problem as that of the use of rhyme can hardly be gained on a less broad foundation. The historical and psychological considerations affecting rhyme are by no means peculiar to it, but necessarily apply to countless other elements of art and life. Briefly, then, æsthetic progress cannot mean that we hold on to such a feature as rhyme because it is a valuable conquest, a complexity that we have achieved in passing from a less to a more subtle grasp of form (this *was* true in its day), but that we leave it behind as already belonging to a more primitive stage of artistic consciousness. Once a resplendent jewel, it is now a pretty bauble. In time it will have become an ugly bauble.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Literary Affairs in France

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Literary France of the twentieth century is striving, and striving very successfully in spite of the war, to make amends for the crass injustice done to the memory of Shakespeare during the eighteenth century, under the bigoted (in this instance) leadership of Voltaire. A vigorous "Société Shakespeare" was founded this spring in Paris, "with the poet acting as the connecting link," writes the general secretary, M. Valentin Mandelstamm, "between the civilizations of England, France and America, where Shakespeare has always been fêted"—another of the many examples of how our entrance into the war has associated the United States with the liberal countries of Europe. It is even the intention of the founders of the new society to "establish at Paris a Shakespeare club based on the plan of the great clubs of London and New York, which will bring together the intellectual élite of the three great nations."

But perhaps a not less interesting feature of this present Shakespeare revival in Paris is the reminder which it has called forth of an earlier and somewhat different effort in the same direction. When the new society began to be talked about in the public prints, there appeared one day in "Le Temps" a letter signed by the Duchesse Herminie de Rohan, the poet who is associated with so many intellectual activities in Paris, M. Georges Lecomte, president of the Society of Men of Letters, and M. Acollas de Larmandie, which pointed out rather sharply that the new organization was rather ungracious, to say the least, in making no acknowledgment of the work already accomplished by the "Société du Théâtre Shakespeare," founded in 1909 by M. Camille de Sainte-Croix, who died two years ago, and whose aim was much the same as that announced, "with a flourish of trumpets," by the "Société Shakespeare."

The widow of the talented and active Shakespeare translator and impresario, "the faithful guardian of his memory," as M. Lecomte characterizes Mme. Suzanne Camille de Sainte-Croix, who is a sculptor of ability, presents this whole matter in these words, which she gave me not long ago:

> My husband devoted the energy of his best years, his days and nights, his health and his very life, to an effort to found in Paris a Shakespeare Theatre and to acclimate in France a love for the great English poet. In doing this, he encountered all those difficulties always met by him who takes the initiative in a really disinterested work, and he died at the very moment when this preliminary effort accomplished at the cost of much labor was on the point of succeeding brilliantly. His task was about to be crowned with approval by the transformation of one of the largest playhouses in Paris into a Shakespeare Theatre. He had arranged a repertory of ten plays, with their scenery, stage settings, and costumes; he had trained a troop of young actors; he had selected a corps of able translators; had done, in a word, everything necessary to produce that unity which Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote his plays. A prodigy of this sort could have been brought about only by a veritable man of letters who was also a dramatist. No one who was simply an actor could have accomplished this. [The reference here is to M. Gémier, the soul of the new Shakespeare Society, who recently brought out at Paris "The Merchant of Venice," "with some new-fangled ideas."] To enter into the spirit of a genius as powerful, as complex, as varied and as subtle as that of Shakespeare, one must be a man of brains who has spent years in studying him, in fathoming him, in discovering his thought and then properly expressing it, not one who is striving after striking effects and stage tricks. But in this world persons and things are quickly forgotten. The dead cannot defend themselves. So we must speak for them, especially at a moment when a Shakespeare Society is being founded on the ideas of a grand precursor, such as was Camille de Sainte-Croix.

What M. de Sainte-Croix and M. Firmin Gémier have done in the France of to-day for the Elizabethan drama, M. Eugène Baie is doing for Flanders and the Flemings by the publication of his remarkable book, "L'Epopée Flamande" (Paris: Alcan; 3 fr. 50). It is quite impossible in a paragraph or two to give an exact and adequate idea of this complex and often dreamy volume; and the sub-title, "History of Collective Sensibility," supplies but a partial and on the whole a rather unsatisfactory description of its character. If one reads the appreciations from a dozen leading European writers and critics given on an accompanying sheet sent out by the publisher, one is struck by the many-sidedness of this book, which does not seem to have been translated into English and which would be exceedingly difficult to translate if the attempt were made to preserve the delicacy and elusiveness of style and thought of the original. Thus, M. Maurice Barrès finds it "one of the most nationalistic works of Europe"; Maeterlinck declares it to be "one of the most vigorous and picturesque books in our language"; Emile Verhaeren said that "though written in prose, it is a real lyric, solidly built and violently generous"; Camille Lemonnier held that it is "a medullar book, and the author imperious and a man of decided convictions"; while another critic compares him to Michelet, a second to Taine, and a third to Carlyle.

And who is this author to whom such great

praise is given? I do not find his name in any of the European "Who's Whos." But I know him to have been born in 1874, at Malines, the city of the beautiful chimes, shamefully destroyed by the Germans; and he stands forth to-day one of the best known of the Belgian writers of the new generation. His first book, at least I think it was his first, was entitled "Sub Rosa et Sub Umbra." It consisted of subtle evocations of the life of the ancients and of the Italian Renaissance, and its appearance immediately attracted the attention of the best of intellectual Europe. Then the young author began to be active in parliamentary and political circles without being either a deputy or a politician. Here was another reason why eyes were turned toward him. His indefatigable efforts to bring about a political and economic *rapprochement* between Holland and Belgium caused considerable stir in 1907. For ten years he was associated with the late Auguste Beernaert, the prominent Belgian senator, in international affairs, and since the outbreak of the war, M. Baie has been the soul of the International Conference, whose aim is to establish an economic solidarity among the Allies. He announces for early publication "La Leçon des Morts," which will continue and complete the present volume, telling "what strength is hidden in the Flemish temperament and what hopes this strength gives rise to."

The following extract from a letter which M. Baie sent me recently from Florence may perhaps give the reader some idea of the working of the mind of this exceptional man, of the spirit which pervades his writings, and of his literary style, though, as I have already said, it is not easy to reproduce his style in a translation:

> It is difficult to say now what forms of art and literature will prevail in Flanders after the war, for my poor country is too distracted at present to think of such things. Her Muses are Weeping Muses who are shedding tears of blood, and if they had a mission in keeping with the hour, it would be that of catching the echo of those in despair, the cry of the vanquished, and then tracing in words, like the imprint on the handkerchief of Veronica, the terribly august record of the agony of the nation, so that it shall never, never be forgotten and the people may take pity upon itself. It is not necessary that the things of the imagination begin forthwith to flourish once again in our land, for each one of us bears a hell in his breast; and nothing else can equal that. Our visions of this hell are so intense that it would seem that they might break our hearts to the end of eternity.
>
> But what should flower again without delay for the uplift of our dear people who aspire to be reborn only through the dignity of labor, is our ancient art industries whose invention was the honor of our ancestors but which are to-day, at one and the same time, a menaced patrimony of humanity and a possible instrument of our national regeneration. Lace-making, high-warp, iron-work, diamond-cutting—all the charming masterships and mysteries, to use a fine old word, of my race await the coming of the holy ark in order to be reborn to-morrow. Indeed, how admirable it would be if the United States, which bends with such tenderness of soul over our distress, should decide to open at Antwerp, after the war, a Flemish conservatory of arts and trades, on whose benches places would be reserved for American students, thus creating between our two nations a bond of union which would be very dear to us. And how in conformity with the proverbial spirit of American generosity would it be to make known this idea in your noble country so that this dream of our own national redemption might to-morrow become a superb and certain reality.

Why M. Baie proposes Antwerp as the site for such a great school is evident after reading the pamphlet, "Le Port d'Anvers" (Paris: Van Oest; 25 centimes), by M. André Fontainas, the Belgian author, wherein is set forth the importance of this great port before the war and what is hoped for after its restoration at the end of the German domination. But perhaps just now the best page in this study for Americans to read is that devoted to the history of Herr Albert von Bary, that typical Teuton in foreign parts, who resided at Antwerp thirty years, until he became one of the most fêted and powerful men of affairs in that busy town. "I have two countries," he would say at banquet tables, "Germany and Belgium." But when at the beginning of August, 1914, he saw that Belgium meant to fight, he suddenly fled, and then the astonished municipal police found in his house a machine-gun, a stock of small arms and German officers' uniforms, and it became painfully evident that this Herr von Bary was simply one of those high-class spies which Germany had everywhere and which she still has among both enemy and neutral nations.

Here are the closing lines of M. Fontainas's admirable little work:

> In the fabulous times of Julius Cæsar a horrible giant called Druon Antigonus devastated the banks of the Scheldt, where he lived by his depredations, until the whole region trembled with terror at the mere mention of his name. But one day a fine young fisherman, Salvius Brabo, came boldly forth and bravely challenged to battle him whom all so feared. The giant, clad in armor, carried a dagger and a sword, while the fisher boy was armed only with a clumsy cutlass and bore on his shoulder a coil of rope. Supple and quick of movement, he parried the heavy blows of his adversary, whose clumsy legs finally got tangled in the rope so that he fell to the ground, when the boy dashed forward and cut off the head and the right hand of the giant. This hand he whirled up into the air and with a vigorous effort cast into the river, thus performing an act of *hand werpen,* as the Flemish say; and hence the name of the city of Antwerp. So when the hand of this monstrous Germania is cut off, Antwerp will again have a rebirth, the last let us hope, and will prosper once more in a purer and more beautiful glory than ever.

It was, by the way, to a canon of the famous cathedral of Antwerp, Laurent Beyerlinck, who was also an alumnus of Louvain, that the university of this last city owed the foundation of its once celebrated library, utterly destroyed, it will be remembered, at the end of August, 1914, by the German ruthlessness of which M. Baie and M. Fontainas complain. Dr. Léon Van der Essen, professor of history at Louvain, gives in another pamphlet an account of the rise and destruction of these collections. "La Bibliothèque de Louvain" (Manchester: John Rylands Library; 1s.) is published in connection with the movement in England to reconstitute the library of Louvain University. Books for this purpose are now being sent to Manchester, where the work is being centralized, from all parts of the world.

July 31, 1917. THEODORE STANTON.

The Later Feminism

TOWARDS A SANE FEMINISM. By Wilma Meikle. (R. M. McBride & Co.; $1.25.)
MOTHERHOOD. By C. Gascquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.)

If we are to judge from Miss Meikle's brilliant little book, the newer feminism is marked by an unwonted kindliness toward men. "As fellow-discoverers, equally blundering, equally uninstructed, equally suffering," she redeems them from that "slashing revenge for the early Christian calumnies upon woman" which feminists like Miss Christabel Pankhurst have so conspicuously wielded. If the predatory and tainted male is no longer to be the theme of feminist laments, feminism must have ceased to be a crusade and become a philosophy of life. The change is evident in Miss Meikle's iconoclasm. Her sharp and witty criticism is directed neither against men nor against the unawakened woman, but against feminist leaders and types and trends themselves. She wants to transcend the past and clear the ground for a sounder feminism after the war. She is unsparing of the tactics that lead women into education and professional studies rather than into business and industry. Her argument is that a dependent class must become economically influential before it can hope for political power. Women in England (she writes as an Englishwoman) would long since have had the vote if feminist capital and ability had been urged to produce woman business and industrial leaders instead of political agitators and routine cogs in the man-made machine. She would sweep away the traditional college training of women in cultivated intellectuality, and replace it with an education in science and business, preparing women to take effective leadership in the economic reconstruction after the war.

As to sex problems, Miss Meikle is unsparing in her mockery of the English feminists who tried to wreck the conventions. She paints satirically the uneasy and pedantic freedom which the experimentalists took for themselves. She looks for a healthy "balancing of the fiercest claims of the body with the mind's ultimately stronger hunger for romance." She has the admirable attitude of no longer having to argue for freedom but rather to define and clarify it. Her very vagueness as to forms is recognition of the fact that with freedom personal relations may be hoped to adjust themselves. The family's sacredness is undermined by her idea that "motherhood is one of the most casual of all relations."

It is to this plausible but shocking idea that Mrs. Gallichan takes exception, but she has all Miss Meikle's kindliness toward men. She even goes so far as to say that "no man leaves a woman till she sends him from her." She does not see that her thesis that "no ideals have been produced by even the most progressive and enlightened persons to replace the family group" is not really inconsistent with much greater sex and personal freedom. Her language is a little old-fashioned in wanting the family "reconstructed with all its historic bonds of unity and sanctity preserved and yet fitted to meet modern needs." She represents the older, motherly feminism with its rather self-conscious responsibility and its weakness in referring to criteria of biological science where only an artistic sense of personal relations should rule. Much unity and sanctity, the psychologists are discovering, could pass from the family without hurting it. Miss Meikle would agree with Mrs. Gallichan that "the immoral union is the one that results in bad and irresponsible parenthood." The latter herself scolds the unprogressive woman and admits that the mother is often the real enemy in the home. Her defect consists in being too absolute. Surely the family group should be conserved where the home means "sympathetic relationships of mutual affection." But the younger feminists are more realistic in seeing that where the family means uncongenial relationships that fact should be recognized without sentimentality and provided for. Mrs. Gallich-

an's book moves too much in the realm of conventionalized emotions. Yet she is with the younger feminists in advocating other forms of sex-partnership besides marriage. And she is firm in her insistence that the State and industry regulate women's work to the needs of her physical functions. If women are to take their place everywhere, as they must after the war, the conditions of their labor must be revolutionized. The newer feminism seems quite willing to admit sex-differences and to make the most out of them, both for personal values and for the adjustment of men's and women's work. The old fierce denial of women's sex-disability was a tactic in the struggle for equality. The abandonment of sex-antagonism and of the denial that women's functional differentiations count, indicates that this later feminism is so sure of itself that it can dispense with these old vital myths.

Mrs. Gallichan's book will break no bones. Its style is verbose, and the scientific chapters could have been left for abler hands. She is interesting, however, as a transition stage from the old absolutes to a pragmatic feminism like Miss Meikle's. I do not know Miss Meikle's background, but her book is immensely capable and provocative. It is so novel in its scathing wit and its high good humor of irreverence that I can imagine it taken with some resentment by the more studious American feminists. Fortunately the discussion is of England, and there is admiring comment on women's social and public achievements in the United States. This should alleviate any smart left by the pugnacious attack on the "educated" woman and the experimentalist.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Liberal Germany and the War

GERMANY: The Next Republic? By Carl W. Ackerman. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.50.)

Toward the close of this book, Mr. Ackerman writes: "The people of the United States are better informed about the war as a whole than are the people of any European country." This may be the case—indeed, it would be a pity if it were not—but yet there is much still to be hoped for. When one listens to the absurd statements in regard to Germany which are made even by educated people, he must wonder what persons who were less "well informed" would say. For example, probably the worst thing that could happen for Germany, for peace, and for democracy throughout the world would be the death of the present Kaiser, leaving the Crown Prince in charge of the German Government; yet how often do we hear from our newspapers, our clergy, our college professors, from all the leaders of American thought, that if we could only get rid of William II, then all the world's troubles would disappear overnight! And this bit of idiocy is typical. Unprepared for war as we were in a military sense, we were even worse off in intellectual preparedness. We knew very little of Germany before the war, and we know practically nothing of what has been going on in that country since August, 1914. Our conception of the whole war is confined to some trite phrase, such as "democracy against autocracy"—the constant repetition of which will hurt nobody so much as ourselves. In view of this deplorable situation, it is fortunate that Mr. Ackerman has written this book; it is a book that every American, and especially every American liberal, should find of the greatest value.

Mr. Ackerman was the representative of the United Press in Germany from March, 1915 (shortly after the submarine campaign was first started) until the spring of this year, when he left in company with Ambassador Gerard. During those two years he naturally acquired a wide knowledge of conditions in Germany and Austria, while no less a person than our Ambassador has said that he was "one of the two American correspondents whose dispatches remained uncolored by German prejudice." But though he remained unprejudiced in their favor, Mr. Ackerman was not unsympathetic with the German people, and particularly with their strivings toward liberalism. What he has to say of the Germany democracy is therefore worthy of the most careful attention. The present book is his account, somewhat journalistic in its character, but apparently careful and accurate, of the liberal forces in Germany as he observed them.

At the very beginning of the war, we are told, there was a great struggle in Germany between the liberals and the militarists. While members of the latter party, which included von Moltke, von Tirpitz, von Falkenhayn, the Krupps, and the Rhine Valley industrial leaders, were clamoring for war and an immediate invasion of Belgium, the liberals, under the leadership of von Bethmann-Hollweg, were urging the Kaiser to heed the proposals of Sir Edward Grey for a Peace Conference. Mobilization was thus delayed for three days. For this, Bethmann-Hollweg never has been, and never will be, for-

given by the military authorities. "This internal fight became Germany's bitterest struggle and from time to time the odds went from one side to another. The army accused the diplomats of blundering in starting the war. The Foreign Office replied that it was the lust for power and victory which poisoned the military leaders that had caused the war." Belgium was invaded against the counsel of the Foreign Office. The Allies have said little about this crime which the German liberals, particularly the Socialists, did not say at first, but the force of circumstances compelled them to acquiesce. Internal dissension therefore existed in Germany from the very beginning of the war.

As time went on, a number of events, including the battle of the Marne and the destruction of German commerce, conspired to strengthen the hands of the military party. But not the least of these aids to militarism was the oft-repeated epithet of "Huns and Barbarians" which their enemies applied to them. This cut the Germans to the quick; it hurt them worse than any military defeat could have done, and drove them into frenzy. They replied to it with the cry "Gott strafe England"; so when von Tirpitz announced the submarine campaign, it met a popular demand. This campaign went on until the Lusitania was sunk, and President Wilson began sending his notes to Germany.

The public discussion which resulted [from these notes] was greater than that which followed the first declarations of war in August 1914. The people, who before had accepted everything their Government said, began to think for themselves. One heard almost as much criticism as praise for the Lusitania incident. For the first time the quarrel, which had been nourished between the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, became nation-wide and forces throughout Germany lined up with one side or the other.

The liberals were not able to stop the submarine campaign at once, however, and presently the Arabic was sunk and the Sussex torpedoed. As a result of these crises, the matter was laid before the Kaiser himself, who decided in favor of Bethmann-Hollweg and the liberals. Von Tirpitz and von Falkenhayn had to go: the liberal forces were now in control. "Washington for the first time began to see that eleven months of patience was bearing fruit."

During the "period of new orientation" which followed, the reactionary forces were not idle, however. The hate campaign against America, which had been started soon after the Lusitania affair, was redoubled. President Wilson was singled out for especial attack; it was said that we never had been really neutral; the German people were prepared for war with America. Repeated attempts were also made by the militarists to oust the Chancellor, but in vain. During this period, too, the economic conditions in Germany became steadily worse. People began to be dissatisfied with the course of the war. At length the liberals, led by the Socialists, compelled the Chancellor to make his celebrated peace proposals of December 12. In due time the Allies sent their reply, with its impossible terms. This finally threw the whole people over into the arms of the militarists.

Nothing which had happened during the year so solidified the German nation as the Allies' replies to Berlin and President Wilson. It proved to the German people that their government was waging a defensive war because the Allies demanded annexation, compensation and guarantees, all of which meant a change in the map of Europe from what it was at the beginning of the war. The interests which had been demanding a submarine campaign saw that their opportunity had come. They knew that as a result of the Allies' notes the public would sanction an unrestricted sea warfare against the whole world if that was necessary.

Even after this, Ambassador Gerard made strenuous efforts to prevent the impending victory of the militarists. But it was then too late: the die was cast. The people were ready to accept the motto *Lieber ein Ende mit Schrecken als ein Schrecken ohne Ende* (better an end with terror than a terror without end). On January 30, the German government announced the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare. A few days later, America broke off diplomatic relations, and subsequently declared war.

Such is a summary of Mr. Ackerman's account of the struggle between the two factions in the German Empire. Every page of it must give food for thought to every American liberal. More clearly than anything that has yet appeared in this country, it tells us what the liberal forces in Germany are. Though these forces are now in defeat, they must still continue to exist, and we are here given more than one valuable hint as to how we may best coöperate with them.

In many passages the author bears eloquent testimony as to the aid which these liberals have already derived from America, and particularly from President Wilson's notes. "I believe," he writes, "that the United States, by two years of patience and note-writing, has done more to accomplish the destruction of militarism and to encourage freedom of thought in Germany than the Allies did during nearly three years of fighting. The United States helped the German people think for themselves." The American

notes were therefore most effective in aiding the victory of the liberals and the dismissal of von Tirpitz, but it is a pity that the American government did nothing to coöperate with them when they were in power. Though Mr. Ackerman does not say it expressly, he makes it abundantly clear that at every point the United States then did exactly what the most reactionary forces in Germany hoped and prayed that it would do. During the period of liberal ascendancy, the United States did nothing to make England stop interfering with the mail: the author says that the Admiralty prevented his publishing what few things he did manage to get, so that they might complain that all news between the two countries had to go by London. In notes to Great Britain, the United States had characterized the British blockade as "illegal and indefensible," but nothing was done to break it; the German reactionaries blocked all Ambassador Gerard's efforts to get out some dye-stuffs, that they might cry the louder to Heaven against "British piracy." Mr. Ackerman quotes one of the leading German militarists as saying that if America would only declare war, "everybody in the German navy would throw his hat into the air." But what we might have done is a useless question. We must rather ask how we can most effectively aid the German liberals now.

On this point, Mr. Ackerman seems to be inconsistent with himself. Though having said repeatedly that nothing strengthened the German militarists so much as the Allies' talk about a "crushing defeat," he now says the same thing himself—in the hope of throwing the people over into the hands of the liberals! It may be that if the present militarists are "defeated and discredited," as he urges, the people will then establish a democratic government and live peacefully ever after; but it is hard to think of another case in history where a military defeat has had such effects. A more probable result would be that which followed the battle of Jena. Germans would spend their money for military preparedness more gladly than ever, for they would then have a legacy of hatred greater than that left by Louis XIV and Napoleon. The present military leaders might be "discredited," but more efficient ones would be sought. Liberalism would be permanently banished for having betrayed the Fatherland in its supreme hour of need.

Moreover, we must now see clearly the suicidal nature of an unrestrained and undiscriminating vituperation of all Germans. Not only is it true that "you can damn a German until you are blue in the face, but that will not beat them," but this very act of damning makes it the harder to defeat them. Mr. Ackerman says explicitly that the Allies' cry of "Huns and Barbarians" helped materially in making the Germans accept the original submarine warfare and the destruction of the Lusitania. It is equally clear that the only way to put an end to Prussianism is to coöperate with the many persons in Germany who are even more anxious than we to see its finish.

So all in all, it seems that the most effective enemy of democracy in the world to-day is the American "patriot" who loudly hopes that an American army will soon set foot in Germany. Like the Paris conference on a "war after the war," and the Allies' peace terms, such persons are a veritable God-send to the Prussian militarists. And not only do they force the German liberals into the arms of the militarists, but the two British failures on the Somme show conclusively that such an event would require a military machine on our part of such gigantic proportions that it would crush out whatever democracy we have in our own country. We might better devote our energies to persuading our allies to renounce certain of their exaggerated ambitions—in which our entrance into the war has so far apparently encouraged them. If the United States should accept the Russian formula of "no annexations, no indemnities," it would be a more severe blow to Prussianism than would be the annihilation of several army corps: it would be a blow directly at the militarists, and not at the unfortunate "German people" who compose the army corps, and for whom we profess only friendship. Let us hope that President Wilson still holds to his lofty ideal of a "peace without victory."

WARD SWAIN.

An Essay in Misunderstanding

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. Selected and Edited by Henry F. Jones. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.)

Samuel Butler somewhere suggests (I believe it is in his "Alps and Sanctuaries") that no less interesting and important than Locke's famous "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding" would be an Essay Concerning the Human Misunderstanding. We do not sufficiently realize, he remarks, the part which illusion has played in our development. How different would life be but for

the ability to do as the poor Ticinese woman did who, transplanted from Ticino to London, was found kneeling in prayer before a dentist's showcase in Hampstead Road, mistaking the showcase for a roadside oratory and the artificial teeth for the relics of a saint. The power of adaptation to varying circumstances is a prime requisite for evolution, physical and mental, and the power of adaptation is mainly dependent upon the capacity of thinking certain new things sufficiently like others to which we have been accustomed for us not to be so much incommoded that habitual response becomes impossible. The power to take things in such manner that a modified habit and eventually a new structure becomes possible is the power to *mis*take them; as the power to fuse ideas in a process of thought is the power to *con*fuse them.

So Butler. To stop here, however, would be to treat of but one aspect of the human misunderstanding. Progress has depended not only upon the ability to mistake a new object for an old one, but also upon the ability to see an old object in a new light. It was important for the Ticinese woman to mistake teeth for the relics of a saint, but it was important for Luther to mistake the relics of a saint for teeth. And according to the psychologists, the essential difference between the human and the animal intelligence is just this ability to recognize and deal with new aspects in old situations.

In their superficial manifestation there is this difference between the two types of misunderstanding: it is the most common thing in the world to accept a new object, providing only it is not too new, as a repetition of the object it resembles, while it is a most rare thing to see anything novel about an object that is well known. But more profoundly considered both processes are equally unusual. In the one case as in the other the native dulness of mortals justifies Isaiah's complaint, "They see many things, but do not observe; their ears are open, but they hear not." Only the very exceptional mind perceives, in any comprehensive sense, the strange as if it were familiar or the familiar as if it were strange. So it takes a Franklin to see a storm cloud as a Leyden jar, and a Watts to discover a steam engine in a teakettle; while a folk-song waits to be heard as a symphony until the coming of a Beethoven. And for the very good reason that mistaking the new for the old or the old for the new constitutes not two unique processes, each working after its own fashion, but one process facing in two directions. To think of the moon as an object swinging in a circle at the end of a string is not different in principle from thinking of an object so swinging as a moon. Each is misunderstanding "in the grand style." An Essay Concerning the Human Misunderstanding might therefore comprise two volumes, after the manner of Locke's work—one, let us say, on Simple Misunderstanding, and the other on Misunderstanding Extraordinary.

Butler did more, however, than suggest a title and offer a few hints to the possible author of such a work. In a sense he was forever writing chapters of the book. Butler's life was one long essay in misunderstanding (in the present sense) and all his books bear testimony to the fact. It used to be a boyhood stunt to stand on your hands and see the world upside down. Butler knew the trick well and did a deal of walking on his hands through our world of conventions, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and religious. His books are integrated visions of the world thus viewed—"The Way of All Flesh," of marriage and the family; "Erewhon," of the daily life of the English-speaking world; "Life and Habit" and "Evolution, Old and New," of Darwinism; "The Fair Haven," of Christianity. But he came very far from compiling into reports all he saw. "One's thoughts fly so fast," he said, "that one must shoot them: it is no use trying to put salt on their tails." The "Note-Books" are a museum of thoughts thus caught on the wing, singly or in flocks. One cannot promise that the visitor, whoever he be, will find the exhibit to his liking. On the contrary, few will agree entirely with the curator's sense of values, and many will deeply resent the low estimate placed upon common favorites. One may, however, safely assure all comers of the complete absence of anything cheap, commonplace, or artificial.

But to let go of this figure before it goes too far, and to return to the "Note-Books" as a record of extraordinary ability in seeing and thinking contrary to conventional models, I may as well admit, first as last, that I believe it impossible to convey in a review a fair idea of so remarkable a book. How shall one carry over its freshness, its humor, its honesty, its kindliness, its independence? And the versatility of the man! Biology, painting, metaphysics, music, religion, politics, poetry, morality,—but why go on?—and always an idea, not a phrase; always a voice, not an echo. Theoretically it is really impossible that one man should be the author of such a book. That one man was, is only another

instance of life's disdain of logic. And how transmit the flavor of such tales as "Homer's Hot and Cold Springs"? I give it up. Let the reader be content or, rather, let him be discontent with a few citations and straightway go to the book itself.

Compare the cant and affectation of the religious idiom we are taught from our youth with the freshness and naturalness of Butler. His note headed "God and the Devil" may serve as an example:

> God's merits are so transcendent that it is not surprising his faults should be in reasonable proportion. The faults are, indeed, on such a scale that, when looked at without relation to the merits with which they are interwoven, they become so appalling that people shrink from ascribing them to the Deity and have invented the Devil, without seeing that there would be more excuse for God's killing the Devil, and so getting rid of evil, than there can be for his failing to be everything that he would like to be.
>
> For God is not so white as he is painted, and he gets on better with the Devil than people think. The Devil is too useful for him to wish him ill and, in like manner, half the Devil's trade would be at an end should any great mishap bring God well down in the world. For all the mouths they make at one another they play into each other's hands and have got on so well as partners, playing Splenlow and Jorkins to one another, for so many years that there seems no reason why they should cease to do so.

Nor was Butler's heresy due, as is often the case, to spiritual poverty. It was exactly the profundity of his spiritual convictions that motivated his disdain of the conventional religionists. What better expression of the religious attitude can be given than is found in his paragraph on "Blasphemy"? He writes:

> I begin to understand now what Christ meant when he said that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost was unforgivable, while speaking against the Son of Man might be forgiven. He must have meant that a man may be pardoned for being unable to believe in the Christian mythology, but that if he made light of that spirit which the common conscience of all men, whatever their particular creed, recognizes as divine, there was no hope for him. No more there is.

The same frankness characterizes Butler's utterances on the relation of parent and child. His philosophy, voiced in "The Way of All Flesh," is there summed up in a remark by the way:

> Why should the generations overlap one another at all? Why cannot we be buried as eggs in neat little cells with ten or twenty thousand pounds each wrapped round us in Bank of England notes, and wake up, as the sphex wasp does, to find that its papa and mamma have not only left ample provisions at its elbow, but have been eaten by sparrows some weeks before it began to live consciously on its own account.

This is a hard doctrine for most of us, trained as we are to accept the divine right of parents, and ever ready to sacrifice the ideals of youth to save the interests of age. It is, however, a central doctrine in Butler's view of life. Rub him anywhere and you soon lay bare the conviction that much of human misery and failure is directly traceable to the family. "I believe," he says in the "Note-Book," "that more unhappiness comes from this source than from any other —I mean from the attempt to prolong family connection unduly and to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so. The mischief among the lower classes is not so great, but among the middle and upper classes it is killing a large number daily."

That his attitude on family ties is, again, not due to poverty of feeling is clear from the characteristic note which appears in the chapter on "The Life of the World to Come."

> I have often told my son that he must begin by finding me a wife to become his mother who shall satisfy both himself and me. But this is only one of the many rocks on which we have hitherto split. We should never have got on together; I should have had to cut him off with a shilling either for laughing at Homer, or for refusing to laugh at him, or both, or neither, but still cut him off. So I settled the matter long ago by turning a deaf ear to his importunities and sticking to it that I would not get him at all. Yet his thin ghost visits me at times and, though he knows that it is no use pestering me further, he looks at me so wistfully and reproachfully that I am half-inclined to turn tail, take my chance about his mother and ask him to let me get him after all. But I should show a clean pair of heels if he said "Yes."
>
> Besides he would probably be a girl.

But it was rash to venture upon quotation. And now in profusion I give that up too. For what should one select from chapters of notes on "Truth and Convenience," "A Painter's Views on Painting," "Written Sketches," "Handel and Music," "Higgledy-Piggledy," and twenty others? Why, there are *books* in the fifteenth chapter alone, where Butler's unused titles and subjects are collected. Consider, for instance, the possibilities of "The Diseases and Ordinary Causes of Mortality among Friendships." And I know of nothing written on painting so intimate as chapter nine. It is painting become articulate in speech. One appears to be in the very midst of the process, one smells the oils, one sees the colors laid on, one involuntarily avoids coming into contact with the fresh paint. And there are the notes on music and on the master whom Butler worshiped from his twelfth year onward, and who inspired his compositions. "Handel is so great and so simple that no one but a professional musician is unable to

understand him." It is fitting that the last thing in the "Note-Books" should be one of the sonnets on Handel:

Father of my poor music—if such small
Offspring as mine, so born out of due time,
So scorn'd, can be called fatherful at all,
Or dare to thy high sonship's rank to climb—
Best lov'd of all the dead whom I love best,
Though I love many another dearly too,
You in my heart take rank above the rest;
King of those kings that most control me, you,
You were about my path, about my bed
In boyhood always and, where'er I be,
Whate'er I think or do, you, in my head,
Ground-bass to all my thoughts, are still with me;
Methinks the very worms will find some strain
Of yours still lingering in my wasted brain.

There are people no doubt who could read Butler and remain unimpressed, for there is absolutely no display of erudition in his work. There are others, I suppose, who could read him with interest and get away untouched, for some intellects are Leibnizian monads, having no windows. To thinking men and women, however, providing they are not too old in spirit, Butler speaks with vital directness. Not that he formulates a philosophy or solves problems or teems with information. Exactly not that. In reading Butler one's growth is not by apposition but by intussusception. One does not accumulate; one expands. One does not become a little Butler but a larger self. That is why if one had to choose between going to Butler and going to college, one might do worse for one's soul than choose the less expensive course. For Butler has a way of decreasing that the reader may increase. He is not anxious for his standing, what position he shall hold, what honors he shall receive, what reputation he shall acquire. And because he prefers to determine what he shall be interested in rather than take his cue from the authorities; because he insists upon seeing clearly and for himself, in spite of religious and scientific orthodoxy; because he strives to voice his views naturally and honestly, even if this entails serious losses; finally, because he speaks out of contact with life and with creative activity rather than out of an artificial academic atmosphere, acquaintance with Butler means spiritual regeneration. The "Note-Books" especially would do admirably for a radical's book of devotions. A paragraph read of a morning as a basis for meditation, and a larger portion in the same spirit for Sundays, may therefore be recommended to socialists and others who look forward to a different social state. While the suggestion of "family prayers" with passages from the "Note-Books" as scripture readings, would doubtless have appealed to Butler's sense of humor, the scheme is so contrary to his spontaneous spirit that one must apologize for even having thought of it in connection with him. And what I meant to say was after all that the book is delightful and stimulating, whether read in snatches or in continuity, and that it wears well.

What can be done by certain vested interests to damn an original author is illustrated by Butler. In the analysis of the sales of his books one discovers that from only one of them, "Erewhon," did he have any financial profit. The reason for this lack of popularity may be given in Butler's own words:

I should have liked notoriety and financial success well enough if they could have been had for the asking, but I was not going to take any trouble about them and, as a natural consequence, I did not get them. If I had wanted them with the same passionate longing that has led me to pursue every inquiry that I have ever pursued, I should have got them fast enough. . . .

One reason, and that the chief, why I have made no noise, is now explained. It remains to add that from first to last I have been unorthodox and militant in every book that I have written. I made enemies of the parsons once for all with my first two books. ["Erewhon" and "The Fair Haven."] The evolution books made the Darwinians, and through them the scientific world in general, even more angry than "The Fair Haven" had made the clergy so that I had no friends, for the clerical and scientific people rule the roost between them.

I have chosen the fighting road rather than the hang-on-to-a-great-man road, and what can a man who does this look for except that people should try to silence him in whatever way they think will be most effectual? . . .

"Ages, like rulers," Kuno Fischer once said, "have a way of withholding audience to those who would speak to them until it suits their convenience to listen." Butler's turn has come. He is being heard, and he will be heard more. And as he is understood, his voice will join those others which to-day are challenging the vested interests—church, college, state—interests which combined in his day and combine in ours to silence all heralds of a new order. Reading Butler should be an encouragement to all who are struggling to maintain their moral and intellectual integrity in the midst of widespread insanity. If, however, I were running the universe, Butler would have been introduced to our age not by Bernard Shaw but by William James.

M. C. Otto.

The Scammon Lectures

SIX LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE. By Ralph Adams Cram, Thomas Hastings, and Claude Bragdon. The Scammon Lectures for 1915. (Published for the Art Institute of Chicago by the University of Chicago Press; $2.)

To trace the history of Gothic architecture in the course of two lectures, would be no small undertaking, even were one to confine himself to the simplest, most straightforward account of the rise of the style and its subsequent development. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who believes that, "to understand a style, it is necessary to do more than scrutinize its material elements, determining by scientific methods its line of stylistic descent and the peculiarities of its organic mechanism," sets out, in precisely that space, to interpret the spirit as well as the form of the supreme architecture of the Middle Ages, and to relate this, however summarily, to the entire social, political, cultural, and spiritual life of the period.

Needless to say, the results are somewhat sketchy. To accomplish his purpose he practises startling *rétrécissements* of architectural history and summarizes the evolution of the characteristic features of Gothic construction—ribbed vault, domed vault, compound pier, archivolt, flying buttress, pointed arch, and so forth—in paragraphs bristling with names, dates, and technical terms. The effect is sufficiently cryptic even on the printed page, and one can only imagine the impression that must have been produced upon Mr. Cram's hearers—mainly intelligent laymen, no doubt—by such a passage as that dealing with the development of the chevet, for example, from the Syrian builders of the dioceses of Damascus and Antioch, to those who completed the process in the great churches of Rheims, Bourges, Chartres, and Westminster, or by such a bit of engineering jargon as the following:

> Between the two types we are considering, the question was live load versus dead loads. The basilica was inactive; its small nave arches had little thrust and its apse semi-dome also; the great triumphal arch to the choir was the only thing that was seriously active.

Yet the treatment, on the whole, is stimulating and suggestive. No one in the world to-day—certainly not in this country—is, perhaps, better qualified than Mr. Cram to interpret the Gothic spirit, not only in architecture and the allied arts, which, as he says, make a single synthesis with it, but in all that pertains to the culture and civilization of the Middle Ages. We only wish he might have had a somewhat broader canvas on which to project his picture, and find it hard to understand why he should not have been invited to deliver the entire course of Scammon lectures for 1915, instead of only a third of it.

Mr. Thomas Hastings was doubtless chosen as a representative of the Renaissance, to balance Mr. Cram as champion of the Gothic. It can hardly be said, however, that he presents a very strong brief for his cause. For if it be true, as Mr. Hastings premises, that "style in its growth has always been governed by the universal and eternal law of development"—something which is entirely untrue in any absolute sense—then he has already pronounced the harshest possible judgment upon Renaissance architecture, which is the most striking violation of the above rule the history of art has to offer. Instead of being, as implied, a continuous growth or evolution from Gothic architecture, as the Gothic itself actually was from the Roman, through the Romanesque, the new style, born overnight in a renewed perception of the beauty and grandeur of the antique world, was a total denial and repudiation of the old—a break with the immediate past as radical and abrupt as that return to the Gothic which Mr. Hastings so deplores in the early Victorian era and in our own day.

Moreover, far from appearing in response "to the needs of a new civilization," as he seems to think, Renaissance architecture was, itself, one of the most potent factors in creating this civilization, which, in certain material aspects at all events, was markedly inferior to its predecessor. One of Mr. Hastings's questionable dicta is that, "in order to build a living architecture, we must build as we live." But it is a fact that the men of the Renaissance, intent only on reviving the classic splendor, lived rather as they built, and thus lived very badly indeed for several generations, as compared with their mediæval ancestors, the practical conveniences of whose castles, as Mrs. Putnam has shown in her delightful book on "The Lady," greatly surpassed those of the Renaissance *palazzo*.

All this, of course, is not to say that the Renaissance is not justified as a great historic school of architecture, but simply that Mr. Hastings has not chosen the right way to justify it. The confusion in his thought seems to arise from a certain conflict between his training and his practical aptitudes. Recognizing implicitly but one mode of architecture—the "organic," as Mr.

Claude Bragdon calls it—he is obliged to contend that the Renaissance is no less structural and developmental in its origin than the Gothic, or else completely throw over the school in which he received his education. Mr. Bragdon, it seems to us, comes much closer to the truth in his first lecture—the fifth in the volume—where he recognizes two distinct architectural modes, instead of one only.

"When we come to consider architecture throughout the world and down the ages," he writes, continuing a contrast between nature and man's work, or art, "we find it bisected by a like inevitable duality: either it is *organic,* following the law of nature again; or it is *arranged,* according to some Euclidian ideal devised by proud-spirited man. In other words, it is either cultivated, like the flower; or it is cut, like the gem."

The Renaissance, which is the type of the latter, has, therefore, its place in the psychologic order no less than the Gothic, which is the type of the former, though on a distinctly lower level from the standpoint of creative art. And choice between them, or the tendencies which they represent, will always be primarily one of fundamental taste or mental constitution.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

The Collectivist Advance

STATE SOCIALISM PRO AND CON. Edited by William English Walling and Harry M. Laidler. (Henry Holt & Co.; $2.)

To seasoned travellers or advanced students of the socialist state Messrs. Walling and Laidler have furnished a "handy guide" in "State Socialism Pro and Con." The major part of this work, over six hundred pages, consists of "official documents and other authoritative selections —showing the world-wide replacement of private by governmental industry before and during the war." The relation of these documents to the editors' theme is presented in an admirable introduction wherein attempt is made to prevent confused thinking through confusion of terms.

The nicety of phrasing in this introduction gives fair warning to mere sightseers that there will be little excitement for them in the succeeding pages. The tired business man and the culture club sociologist will not find those palatably inaccurate generalizations with which to impress a dinner partner. There are no daylight criticisms of contemporary folly or moonlit prophecies of future wisdom. In truth the editors hold themselves ostentatiously aloof from their production. This is not a brief for state socialism, they announce. "Our object has been rather to provide the reader with the most important data, so that he may be equally free to reach a conclusion for or against collectivism."

There is however a false suggestion in this object, as stated, because of the implication that arguments for or against collectivism are inherent in the compiled documents. Yet the selections that follow are not records of the success or failure of collectivism but exhibit largely the form and extent of state operation of industry, with little data upon which the interested reader may base an approving or disapproving judgment.

One may be inclined to feel that in so vital a controversy as the present world conflict between receding individualism and oncoming collectivism such an array of statistical information should be humanized by intermittent emotional outbursts. Finance, Agriculture, Transportation, and Commerce are paraded before the reader under the flags of all nations; but there are no brass bands. Rank upon rank pass in review: Central Banks and methods of control in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Hungary, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia. Postal Savings Banks, showing increases in number of depositors, size of average deposit, and amounts of total deposits. Land Reclamation and Development, with total cost and acreage. Forestry, Roads, Fisheries, Water Power, Canals, Shipping, Railways, Telegraphs, and Telephones. The monotonous columns of legislative and administrative product seem as endless and all-conquering as the German horde pouring into Northern France.

There is something in the extent and power of these mobilized statistics that demands an emotional reaction even from a neutral. Is collectivism marching to a world triumph or to a world defeat? Will it capture Paris, or almost reach its goal and then, retreating sullenly, dig itself into hostile soil and hold for decades—even centuries—the ground won in the first rush of a world war?

It is no criticism of the editors of "State Socialism Pro and Con" that they do not even attempt to answer these questions. It is rather the most sincere compliment that their "source book" is so impressive in its array of facts and figures that it stirs deeper curiosity. One feels that the editors themselves must have a Conclu-

sion as well as an Introduction to their compilation. Of course a Conclusion on so vast a subject would be full of half-baked, utopian, illogical, and unwarranted ideas, and therefore a choice subject for critical review. It is truly ungracious for the editors of the present volume to exercise such restraint of personal opinion as to give no opportunity for the reviewer to be clever at their expense. He is forced to acknowledge that within the self-imposed limits of their work they have succeeded in presenting a unique and adequate record of the world-advance of collectivism.

A chapter on "Municipal Ownership," edited by Mr. Evans Clark, surveys that field briefly, effectively, and with consistent impersonality.

"State Socialism Pro and Con" is not recommended for hammock hours. But as a handy reference volume for the serious-minded it will save many days of searching through technical libraries for data on collectivism.

DONALD R. RICHBERG.

Honest American Fiction

THE FORD. By Mary Austin. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.50.)
GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE. By Richard Aumerle Maher. (Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)
THE STRAIGHT ROAD. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.50.)
THE EMPTY HOUSE. (Macmillan Co.; $1.40.)
EDITH BONHAM. By Mary Hallock Foote. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.50.)
HIS FAMILY. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)
SECOND YOUTH. By Allan Updegraff. (Harper & Bros.; $1.35.)

Mrs. Austin says in "The Ford": "Somebody who has the interest of the feminist movement at heart ought to think out a formula by which an earnest young man can readily convey to an equally earnest young woman that, while he knows, of course, that she means absolutely everything she says, he knows at the same time that she doesn't mean anything. . . it must be a situation frequently cropping up in these days when young women are nothing if not earnest." Most of the young women in the novels here commented on are dead in earnest, live in earnest; and the authors, except one, are intently serious. In spite of an estival desire to escape responsible thinking, I find their seriousness commendable, strongly enough supported on narrative structure and sufficiently mitigated by humor to amuse me in a hammock or console me when one sheet is too heavy to sleep under. We cannot escape the problems of labor and capital or the problems of the feminine, eternal or transitory, and the pleasantest way to put in some sort of order the part of your mind which is occupied by these problems is to watch the novelists play with them. And if the players are intently sober, the play is not on that account less delightful to the onlooker.

Mrs. Austin is a practised, dexterous player. Sometimes consciousness of her dexterity leads her into over-elaborated phrasing; you become so interested in watching her juggle her racket that you forget to see where the ball goes. But most of her strokes are swift and sure. She is a wise woman with an affectionate understanding of young people, and a gently satirical sense of their follies. The characterization of Virginia, the vague and restless radical, is excellent. Any veteran Socialist will recognize his younger comrades (but not himself, of course) in Virginia and her friends who bandy half-understood catch-words. The great social and commercial plot behind these children is strongly handled and conveys more than any other American fiction since Frank Norris of what Mrs. Austin calls the "epic quality of the west." For one thing I am deeply grateful: Mrs. Austin does not try to settle the strife between the capitalist "interests" and the agrarian "interests" by marrying the children of the contesting parties.

Such an obvious solution seems to me to spoil the reality of two of our novels. In "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire" Mr. Richard Aumerle Maher marries his attractive working girl to the son of the mill-owner. As the publishers say, this does "bring the volume to a pleasing close," but I have a feeling that things do not happen so. The real strength of the novel is the dramatic picture of the industrial wars, the war between the workmen and the owners, and the war between the independent mill and the trust. Those wars which are going on all the time, are second in interest only to the military war, and in the long run are not second to it in importance. It is a fact in life (and therefore a proper theme in fiction) that against the immense background of industrial and military contest lovers play their individual comedies and tragedies. But in the tumult wedding bells make but a thin tinkling music, and a kiss is a minor episode, not a climax. The marriage of the mill girl does not thrill me, but the fire that tried her is real fire.

In "The Straight Road," an anonymous novel, the heroine becomes a hop-picker on a

ranch belonging to her lover's father. Here again the solution is too easy. Montague and Capulet may marry and by young love and young death heal the breach between the families; they live in the same society and their encounter is plausible. But to marry an I. W. W. striker to a son of plutocracy and to bring it about that this particular striker should happen to go to the particular hop field owned by the cruel aristocrat who had separated the girl from his son,—well, that is asking too much of the most acquiescent credulity. And the unlikelihood is not lessened by the fact that the girl is not of the working class but a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances, and the fact that the son of the rich man is in revolt against his father and in sympathy with the workers. The story of the strike itself is told with conviction. An I. W. W. reporter would be glad to write with so much vigor of phrase and emotional appeal. And the woman's experiences before she becomes a hop-picker, her struggles to earn a living and keep straight in a world dominated by the predatory male, seem to be real adventures and not special pleading. It is a book which any good craftsman would be willing to sign, and I cannot see the reason for anonymity. I look with suspicion on the publisher's statement that "obviously the author of this startling narrative . . . would not, and could not, sign the manuscript," but I am willing to connive with him in advertising the book by exciting curiosity about it.

Another anonymous novel is "The Empty House." It deals with another problem of woman: the wealthy woman whose husband is absorbed in business, who has no children because she does not want them, and who does not get much happiness out of an apparently prosperous life. It is a vivacious story with an air of determination to speak out and tell the truth. What it tells is interesting. But after all it does not tell very much. The manner is sometimes irritating, if the reader is oversensitive to literary manner. In trying to sound human and natural the author makes an unnecessary sacrifice of sentence-construction. However, she does give the effect of a woman talking plain talk, and she is worth listening to.

The childless woman in Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's "Edith Bonham" finds her consolation in the care of another woman's children after their mother's death. She wins an extra reward for her devotion by marrying the children's father, which is a good old-fashioned ending, a natural outcome of the circumstances. Here is at least one wedding in our new novels to which I give a reviewer's benediction. The contest under unusual circumstances between the man and the woman, both endowed with strong wills and honest minds, is firmly drawn. Mrs. Foote is one of our veteran novelists and she knows her business. I ask, however, with due respect whether the book should not end on page 321, whether the postscript is not superfluous.

A novelist who is not yet a veteran, but is going to be if the gods spare him, is Mr. Ernest Poole. Of recent novels by the younger American writers "His Family" is the best I have read. "The Harbor" was promising. "His Family" is an achievement, almost a mature achievement. It is not quite mature, because Mr. Poole sometimes allows himself to write with an amateurish awkwardness which a trained hand would correct. "A small demure woman of thirty-five, with light soft hair and clear blue eyes and limbs softly rounded, the contour of her features was full of approaching maternity." "Of medium height and a wiry build, his quick kindly smile of greeting did not conceal the fine tight lines about his mouth and between his eyes." "The house was one of a dozen others." "Listening from his study, again the feeling came to him of her fresh and abundant vitality." Such sentences betray the writer who has not learned what any artist born with Mr. Poole's sense of beauty can learn by thoughtful labor. In the substance as well as the style are signs of the author who is not yet artistically grown up, commonplace reflections on life, the saying of things that need not be said, and saying them too often. Having established by his title and by the relationship of his characters that the theme of the book is "Family," the continuity of life through the generations, Mr. Poole repeats the theme many times without variations; thereby he loses the power of suggestion and gives the impression of an impoverishment of ideas in a book which is rich and vital. For, to have done with quarreling, it is a rich book, full of the stuff of life. Roger Gale is the finest old father of a family since Silas Lapham, of whom in many ways he reminds me. And the resemblance, or, if the resemblance is not as close as I think, the recollection is a compliment to Mr. Poole. For Mr. Howells is a master in the portrayal of elderly men. Silas Lapham and Judge Kenton are his best characters. (The young people are not so well done; Mr. Howells is afraid of their

passions.) Mr. Poole keeps his elderly man the central figure in the book, and hangs about him the three several stories of his daughters, each one of which is a good story in itself. The girls and their young men are distinctly characterized and live their own lives, as independent of the author (when he lets them alone and does not rub his theme into us) as they are independent of their perplexed and affectionate old father.

A glass of light wine to go with the rather serious novels we have been consuming is Mr. Allen Updegraff's "Second Youth." In America we have not enough of this sort of light-handed humor. There is a touch of farce in the postulated situation, which you have to grant and are very willing to grant. Once that is granted or accepted, you move along in a romantic adventure which is conducted in the true spirit of comedy. The material is of the quality that ought to make good plays, and I hope that some time, many times, Mr. Updegraff's humor and gay feeling for the human being will be found combined with whatever other talents are necessary to write for the stage.

JOHN MACY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

OVER THE TOP. By Arthur Guy Empey. Putnam's; $1.50.

"It is the real stuff." For once the publisher's urgent description does not exaggerate; for in this unpretentious volume is caught at last the soul of Tommy Atkins. A voice has risen from the trenches that speaks his language. From the ranks has come an intelligence, hardly conscious even of itself, that has looked into the simple heart of the soldier, and has seen there the loyalty and courage, the grim humor, the boyishness, the playfulness,—above all, the modesty of men who do not know that they are heroes. And yet this soldier-author deals little in reflection. He has held the mirror up to human nature as he has found it in the English private soldier and the reader has but to look in and see.

Mr. Empey is a young American who could not wait for his country to come in. He left his home in New Jersey early in the war, went to London and enlisted, saw a year and a half of real fighting and came back to England more dead than alive, after having lain wounded for thirty-six hours in No Man's Land. Honorably discharged as no longer fit for active service, he is now back in his home country, making public addresses whose modesty and graphic power will surprise no one who has read his book.

The book is a cheerful record of this soldier's life as he lived it from day to day. Every page of it is alive with color—the jolting rides in cattle trains, the mud of the trenches, the "cooties" (tiny insects on whom Tommy wages constant petty war), the good-humored quarrels over rations, the rude play which Empey wrote during two weeks in "rest billets" back of the line, the solemn service over a comrade's grave.

One of the many stirring incidents of the book is the story of the coward who "came back." Condemned to die at 3:38 in the morning for desertion he found himself freed by a German bullet which killed his guard, and rushing to the front, took charge of a machine gun whose crew had all been killed, and turned it on the enemy in time to save his own company from annihilation. As his comrades were returning he fell with a bullet in his brain. The court's order was duly carried out, for the hour was 3:38.

Such a book may well become one of the best-sellers. Its story never flags. It is human and the men who fill its pages are simple children, brave without heroics, tender-hearted, loyal, and enduring. The author is merely one of them, modest as they are and with a narrative power that is impressive. His book will appeal to young and old alike, to all who love pathos and humor, great deeds, and manly men, and no reader will put it down without being glad that someone put a writer in the trenches.

THE MAN IN COURT. By F. DeW. Wells. Putnam's; $1.50.

The law's delay has long been a favorite subject with humorists and other men of purpose, not to omit mention of the modern reporter. The present author has chosen the straightforward descriptive method, and in knowledge of the subject is well fitted for his task. He has attempted simply to bring his reader into touch with the everyday workings of courts in this country, and thus to leave him with certain inevitable conclusions. It is a sorry story, though not ungraciously told. Starting with a description of the drab scene of a Night Court where the "visitor leaves with a sense of having his social values overthrown," Judge Wells takes his reader through a variety of court proceedings, under such chapter titles as "The Anxious Jury," "The Strenuous Lawyer," "The Worried Client," "The Confused Witness," and "Those Technical Objections." The descriptions are clear and are enlivened by occasional touches of humor, usually through the telling of some odd incident. The book ends with a chapter called "Looking Backward," in which the author

shows the present legal machinery broken down by 1947, and all law business carried on by Judicial Corporations, just as real-estate titles are now certified by Title Guarantee companies.

Unfortunately for so sincere and sane a work, the style lacks grace, and the argument drags at times. That the facts are interesting for all that, is no small tribute to the author.

The Ideals of Painting. By J. Comyns Carr. Macmillan; $2.

"This volume," says the prefatory note, "lays no claim to original research, nor does it affect to furnish an exhaustive record of the life and work even of the more eminent masters of modern Europe. Its purpose is rather to assist those students who desire to obtain a general view of the movement of painting from the time of Giotto to the present day; and to compare and contrast the spiritual ideals that have been pursued and perfected in the work of separate schools laboring under the dominating impulse supplied by individual genius." Mr. Carr carries out his purpose in a pleasant, ambling manner which makes his book very different from most handbooks of art. He surveys in turn the "ideals" of Italy, Flanders, Germany, Holland, Spain, France, and England, but just what the "ideals" are the reader cannot clearly discern. There is any amount of interesting detail, comparison, analysis, and assertion; but no pattern of a theory of life, related in specific ways to the theories of life of the others, emerges for any one of these lands. Mr. Carr has missed an opportunity; for the arts of peoples, far more than their philosophies or religions, incarnate their essential spirit and outlook. Its designation afresh in terms of the pictorial art is a desirable thing, and if Mr. Carr fails of it, it is because of his deference to the tradition of criticism. His spontaneous judgment seems robust enough to have achieved it, and will perhaps lead him to try again.

Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.

"The Piute Indians have a legend which says that just at the close of creation the woman was consulted. She at once called into existence the birds, the flowers, and the trees." Thus writes Enos Mills at the beginning of one of his chapters. He believes thoroughly in that kind of woman and he believes also in learning to love the things she called into existence and in creating islands of safety for them, which are also pleasure grounds for human beings. This brings up the question that rose in our mind when we examined his book. Are the national parks created alone for preserving and exhibiting our country's marvellous wonders, or should their greater purpose be to provide great playgrounds for the public? If they have a dual purpose, then the thought at once arises that at present they are hardly impartially distributed, the eastern, central, and southern states being almost wholly neglected. Of course there are city and state parks, but these are never on the scale that thrills the imagination as the national parks do. Mr. Mills himself names several spots in these less-favored sections which he considers fitted to be parks: the Dunes, a portion of the South Carolina shore, the Mammoth Cave region, and several others.

The bulk of the book is given over to an exhaustive treatment of all the national parks. The peculiar natural beauties of each are described with considerable detail; the history of their discovery and final change into parks is told; and a clear explanation of their natural phenomena given. This valuable matter, the reading of which is almost necessary for real enjoyment of these great scenic playgrounds, is supplemented by a splendid appendix, which gives everything in the way of information regarding access to the parks, hotels, trips, camping facilities, costs, etc., that a possible visitor might want.

Plays and Players: Leaves from a Critic's Scrapbook. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Stewart & Kidd; $2.

Mr. Eaton groups the play reviews in this book in three sections—American Plays, Foreign Plays, and Shakespearean Revivals; and there is a fourth section made up of short essays on topics connected with drama and the theatre. It is worth noting that the section on American plays is by far the longest; our theatres are depending less and less on translations and adaptations. It is encouraging, too, to find so many relatively good plays in the American list—"The Piper," "Kindling," "As a Man Thinks," "Kismet," "The Yellow Jacket," "Romance," "The Unchastened Woman." The foreign plays discussed include "Hindle Wakes," "The Pigeon," "Justice," "The Legend of Leonora," "Androcles and the Lion," and "The Weavers." On the whole, we need not be ashamed of the American showing; if we have no master to set against Galsworthy, Shaw, or Hauptmann, we have in "The Piper" a play of rare and distinguished beauty, as likely to be of permanent interest as any in either list; and the other American plays represent genuine achievement both in realism and in romance. Easy and colloquial in style, Mr. Eaton's criticism is nearly always suggestive or constructive, and custom has not staled his gusto. To the general reader perhaps the most interesting part of the book will be the last section, with its lively discussions of what constitutes a good play, personality in

acting, and the new art of the theatre. The volume ends with a well-told and significant bit of theatrical history—the story of the Washington Square Players.

PROFILES FROM CHINA. By Eunice Tietjens. Ralph Fletcher Seymour; $1.

A good deal of the discussion as to whether free verse is really poetry has seemed futile to the reviewer: the arguments pro and con have led into so many blind alleys or else have been so absurd as to be simply amusing. One wonders why all these heated antagonists cannot accept this new poetic expression for what it is, and neither judge it by its worst examples nor argue that it takes the place of metrical verse. Many prose poems, expressions of single sensations or short stories, cannot be brushed aside as trivialities. They have distinct and decided charm.

Among those which deserve to be cherished are Mrs. Tietjens's "Profiles from China." The poems are distinguished first by their almost unfailing subjectivity. The writer nearly always interprets each sight in terms of her own reaction. The poetry is personal, intimate, confidential. We do not mean that it is autobiographical, but that Mrs. Tietjens quickly establishes a close relation between herself and the reader. She sees dirty, crowded China with a quick eye, and puts it before us with its gods and beggars, walls, women and dandies, rickshas and camels —all portrayed with humor, fear, sympathy, pathos, irony, and imagination. That is, it is weighted with an emotional appeal and lively imagery. We quote from one of the most beautiful.

THE MOST SACRED MOUNTAIN

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!
This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foot-hills nestle, brown with flecks of green; and lower down the flat brown plain, the floor of earth, stretches away to blue infinity.
Beside me in this airy space the temple roofs cut their slow curves against the sky,
And one black bird circles above the void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;
And with them broods eternity—a swift, white peace, a presence manifest.
The rhythm ceases here. Time has no place. This is the end that has no end.

But I shall go down from this airy space, this swift white peace, this stinging exultation;
And time will close about me, and my soul stir to the rhythm of the daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not press so close, and always I shall feel time ravel thin about me;
For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity.

THE BOOK OF CAMPING. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Knopf; $1.

This instructive little book aims to supply the beginner's need for a primer in woodcraft, and in the main it succeeds in its purpose. It contains much useful information for the neophyte camper and is especially valuable for its practical hints about camp sites, camp housekeeping, cooking, and accidents. At times, in its efforts to be superpractical, it overshoots the mark. No old woodsman, for example, would call lean-to's or shacks of evergreen boughs or bark, whose construction is minutely described, "comfortable permanent summer camps." He knows them for stuffy insect-traps. To him the directions for homemade traps and moccasins are reminiscent of the days when he really believed all that was set forth in Dan Beard's "American Boy's Handy Book." This fault—the fault of telling how to make clumsy things that can better be bought—often gets into "how-to" books. However, if salted with the knowledge that the old camper's first rule is "Be comfortable sensibly," this little handbook will be very valuable to the novice.

RUSSIAN MEMORIES. By Madame Olga Novikoff. Dutton; $3.50.

Madame Novikoff's strong reassertion of the might and the right of Russian imperialism strikes a startling note in the revolutionary atmosphere of to-day. She is said to have been in great part responsible for the Anglo-Russian alliance of the present war. It was a peaceful alliance she strove for during forty years, but she is none the less satisfied that a common foe should have brought the two countries to a closer understanding. Her activities won from Disraeli the doubtful compliment implied in the title "The M. P. for Russia in England." Of a more friendly nature was the praise bestowed upon her by Carlyle, Kinglake, and Froude, as well as by Gladstone, who took her side during the tide of Turkish feeling in England during the '70's.

At the time of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, her brother, Nicholas Kiréeff, arming himself with relief money and hospital materials, hastened to do his bit in behalf of the southern Slavs. Becoming fired with enthusiasm for their cause, he joined the Serbian ranks as an officer, and was shot in the first charge. His fame immediately spread; he was acclaimed a hero throughout Russia and the Balkans; and thousands followed his example as volunteers. But to his sister's distraught mind it was England that had killed him. "It is England," she wrote, "who prevents our Government from helping our brethren in the Balkans." Upon reflection, she saw that the remedy for such blunders in the

future would be a better understanding between her country and England, and to this end she devoted all her energies, her unfailing charm, and her capacity for sympathy and comprehension. At a time when Lord Beaconsfield and the larger part of England were speaking in the highest terms of their ally, Abdul Hamid, "whose every impulse is good," her self-imposed mission was none of the lightest; nor was Disraeli's epithet the most discourteous she received. The period was one of which modern Englishmen are little likely to boast, so that some of her retrospective bitterness is perhaps unnecessary. Her "Memories" include, besides political material, reminiscences of the musicians and writers of the day, and of other prominent men and women in the two countries. Since it is a chapter of national life that is perhaps closed, it gains in interest at this time. The author has apparently spent little time on the ordered preparation of her book, but her manner of writing is invariably engaging and intelligent.

Notes on New Fiction

Imagine a book that starts like an essay on modern philosophy, continues like a confession, goes at a bound into fiction, shifts into the manner of a Kipling fairy tale, and ends in perfect consistency with them all. Such is Stella Benson's "This Is the End" (Macmillan; $1.35). One may take it quite literally, and remain puzzled by a few various matters. It is fairly safe to say that however one takes it there will still be puzzling things about it. What a reader gets from it, after all, will be in proportion to the imagination, sympathy, and intelligence that he brings. Was it Sainte-Beuve who maintained that in reading over old papers one never finds more than half the matter in print? The other half lies in the minds of contemporary readers and constitutes by no means the least effectual part. Every significant book stimulates its readers to the office of participant; Miss Benson's does so in a peculiar degree.

One imagines that Miss Benson must be something like her own Jay. For Jay "was a person who took nothing in the world for granted, but as she had only a slight connection with the world, that is not saying very much. Nothing ever embittered Jay, not even her own pessimism. There is a finality about bitterness and Jay was never final." You may look upon Jay's secret story as "an imaginary hieroglyphic," if you will; you may look upon Miss Benson's story as a fantasy, an extravaganza, a symbol, or a subtle comment upon contemporary life. It is all these in part, and therefore people will enjoy it for different reasons and in different ways. She herself says: "This is the end, for the moment, of all my thinking, this is my unfinal conclusion. There is no reason in tangible things, and no system in the ordinary ways of the world. Hands were made to grope, and feet to stumble, and the only things you may count on are the unaccountable things. There are no reasons except reasons you and I don't know. . . But if the things which I know in spite of my education were false, if the eyes of the sea forgot their secret, or if the accent of the steep woods became vulgar, if the fairy adventures that happen in my heart fell flat, if the good friends my eyes have never seen failed me—then indeed should I know emptiness, and an astonishment that would kill."

No account of the book would be complete that did not mention the war, for the war is through it, beneath it, part of its very making, and yet always unobtrusive. The war is a humorous thing, it is a commonplace thing, it is an overwhelming, flat, disillusioning thing that descends and robs the world of all hope and of all light. Perhaps it is superfluous to add that Miss Benson is a writer of unusual skill. She is, however, something more than brilliant, humorous, and fantastic. What this something is, she sends out a challenge to the individual reader to discover.

Perhaps F. T. Wawn's "The Joyful Years" is best described as a first-rate, second-rate novel. It is one of those stories of solid worth which only the English writers seem able to produce. On every page there is evidence of the trained thinker and writer who has observed life. There is never a hint of "inspiration," none of the slovenliness of the "divine fire." At the start one meets several interesting people, and having found them to be genuine people and not "characters," one settles comfortably back, knowing that whatever happens will make interesting reading. There is a middle-aged journalist with a whimsical philosophy and a delicious cynicism; there is a young woman who is mildly rebellious toward the British respectability of her family; then there is a young clerk of excellent family but with no prospects, and against him there is the successful Official, his employer and rival in love. Of course there is nothing new in the situation, but there is much that is new in the way the various characters develop under that situation. It is this avoidance of effort at originality in plot which is so admirable, for the true artist finds his material in character rather than situation and is as much interested in what his people think as in what they do. It is worth remarking, in passing, that although the war plays a part in the story, it is handled with some perspective. The book may be recommended for those who enjoy a good story well told. (Dutton; $1.50.)

Whenever the reviewer finds a subject that is commonly a novelist's excuse for sensation, actually treated with relative truth and soberness, his impulse is to give the author hearty acclamation irrespective of the real value of his performance. Joseph McCabe, in "The Pope's Favorite" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50), has succeeded in giving a truthful representation of the reign (one can call it no less) of Alexander VI, the Borgia Pope. His knowledge of the times has perhaps led him a little astray as far as narrative unity is concerned; his story is more an incidental description of the lives and deeds of that notorious personage, his *favorita* Giulia, and the papal "nephew" and "niece," Cesare and Lucrezia, than it is a properly conducted plot. But by smashing a number of cherished traditions concerning Rodrigo Borgia, he represents him as a really very possible sort of person. If the title cause the reader to expect a book that he will conceal behind a magazine in public, he will be misled. It is hardly *pour les jeunes filles,* neither is it for the sensation seekers. It is simply a good historical novel—one of the best that it has been our luck to see in a long time.

Why cannot authors get together a bit in this matter of plot and setting? Why must we be subjected invariably to a Broadway plot in a Broadway setting, and to an Alaskan plot in an Alaskan setting? Stage a Baroness Orczy story in the Yukon, for instance, and you might have something rather piquant. These dispiriting reflections are caused by the perusal of a new snow-and-primitive-man tale entitled "The Yukon Trail," by William MacLeod Raine (Houghton Mifflin; $1.35). It will be all the same to you whether you read this novel or any one of half a dozen of the same variety of the present season. It is a fairly plausible, well-planned yarn that clings to the traditions of its type and its setting.

One seldom encounters a book which may be added to the group of which "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Story of a Bad Boy" are the classics. Although Edward Bellamy Partridge by no means approaches those two stories in "Sube Cane" he has nevertheless written an authentic story of boyhood. It is quite true that "Sube" is "all boy." His is the ingenuity and ingenuousness of adolescence and those who have a furtive sympathy with the innate genius for mischief which characterizes youth will find a humor which does not tax their credulity or patience. The author knows the psychology of boys and has written a story in which there is a genuine appreciation of a boy's character and mind. (Penn; $1.35.)

Casual Comment

The tentacles of Mr. Hearst have reached out and have gathered in another representative periodical. The International Magazine Company, which has already appropriated the "Cosmopolitan" and "Harper's Bazar," is now reported as having closed in on "Puck." Having conquered the library table and the boudoir, Mr. Hearst is now to conquer the barber shop. The library table, thanks to him, is not what it once was, nor is the boudoir; so why should one expect the barber shop to remain unchanged? The Hearstian breeze wafts itself over flowery banks stealing and giving odors, and often making two odors, or two dozen—though of a pungent sort not hitherto known or relished—grow where but one grew before. The man who is waiting two or three minutes for the next vacant chair was well worth going after. He is many, and in those two or three minutes he may be able, if taken decisively in hand (as he doubtless will be), to come to important determinations in matters of statesmanship and of sociology. The saloon as a political molecule threatens to pass: welcome the newer and better (or different) political molecule, the tonsorial parlor.

. . .

The growing taste of the Japanese for reading continues to excite wide remark. Less than fifty years ago literature was the interest of the few: the "Daigaku" and the "Rongo," two classics setting forth Confucian precepts, were held to be sufficient intellectual food for the average *samurai* child. To-day not the second-hand book shops of London or of New York, not the quais of Paris can compete with the Jimbo Cho, in the student quarter of Kanda. English titles are first in number, as the English language is learned by all students in the higher schools, and as all foreign literature is likely to be studied through English translations. Among British authors themselves, Shaw, Wilde, Conan Doyle, Tagore, and Gordon Craig are prominent. Among Continental authors Nietzsche, Ibsen, Eucken, Schopenhauer, Maupassant, Verlaine, and Maeterlinck have their following. Among the novelists, the Russians enjoy the inside track—Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Gorky. Japan regards the Russians as tremendously vital and expressive; and as Japanese canons of good taste forbid too open an indulgence in the feelings, this stoic people finds a sort of vicarious self-expression through the willing Muscovites. As is shown by the names cited, the Japanese preference is for the moderns of the Occidental world, not for the long-established classics. Even the cubists and futurists enjoy a welcome. Taste

fluctuates, of course; but it may be said, in a general way, that, at present, it runs more to the sober and serious than it did not long ago. Books of psychological, ethical, and political interest have succeeded the licentious stories formerly so much in vogue. The censor has been busy among Maupassant, Flaubert, Tolstoy, and Kropotkin—as the result, possibly, of love tragedies which have involved several of the "new" men and women. "New women" writers and authors of stories of *geisha* intrigues tend more and more to be neglected. The corrective even runs farther: among periodicals all kinds of technical magazines are reported to be in great demand; and the most widely circulated of all are those which address themselves to woman and the home.

. . .

President Wilson in French—such is the promise conveyed by the announcement that his "History of the American People," in five volumes, is to be published in France and the French colonies by Bossard, of Paris, under arrangement with Harper & Bros., the President's American publishers. The translation is to be made by Professor Roustan, of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and the introduction will be written by Emile Boutroux, of the French Academy. Some of the President's critics have noted that his long series of state papers, through the past three troubled years, were penned quite as much with a view to history as to the crisis they dealt with: his concern for style helped make it seem that he was writing with an eye to posterity. If the opinion of the foreign peoples of our own day may be considered as constituting a kind of contemporaneous posterity, the President will be able to appraise the extent and quality of his own future fame before he quits this present sphere.

. . .

An outspoken and characteristic estimate of the recruit can be picked up from Captain Agate's new book, "L. of C." (Lines of Communication). Says he: "The man who enlists for his sweet country's sake is a bit of a nuisance who should have been born a leading article. The man we most want is he who enlists for a lark, or because everybody else is enlisting, or for a jumble of reasons, or for no reason at all." The reader may gloss such a pronouncement according to his own nature and taste. Some will gather the idea that the humble private is best, in the English army, as in the German, when he does not exercise his mind, or when he has no mind to exercise. Others will see a left-handed compliment, based on admiration for the man who minimizes emotion, even if he be emotionally hidebound. Perhaps the latter is the true reading; witness the recent volumes of soldier slang, the recent examples of soldiers' songs: the former briskly fending off all approach to the feelings, the latter, often ribald and silly, never dignified, never patriotic. Perhaps the reactions of our own troops will soon throw additional light on the emotional make-up of English-speaking peoples in times of patriotic service and of danger.

. . .

A new way of putting together encyclopædias has been devised. It is the plan so long pursued in the putting together of world's fairs: on the basis of the country. Harper and Brothers are to issue an encyclopædic library of twenty-four special encyclopædias, each comprising six volumes and each devoted to a particular race or nation or region. The first set deals with the Slavonic race. The set to be devoted to the United States will be, it is promised, the most comprehensive and detailed account of us yet attempted. The necessary financial backing for this extensive enterprise is furnished by Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, of New York, and the editorial supervisor will be Dr. Isidore Singer, assisted by a board selected from the faculties of various American universities. It is understood that Mr. Lewisohn has taken this means of commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in this country. A set of books may be as enduring and satisfactory a memorial as the chain of library buildings in which they may find themselves housed.

. . .

Will the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play survive? Or, more specifically and immediately, will it revive for 1920? No war within man's memory has imperilled this ancient observance at the heart of the Bavarian highlands until the present one. Late visitors to the village speak of it as a haunted place, struggling to live on in memories of the past—a past more tender of long-established tradition than the iconoclastic days which we now endure. They report that the spirit which made and kept the play is lacking, as well as the cast. Anton Lang, the "Christus," renouncing his dream of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land after the return of peace, has been called to the colors, following the "John the Baptist" and other participants into the strife. A new world will emerge, with gains, let us hope; with losses, assuredly; and the pious, remote institution dating from the seventeenth century may be among the things to the sacrifice of which the coming day will have regretfully to adjust itself.

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It is generally acknowledged that the reading habit is often greatly weakened sometimes completely destroyed in the schools. Tennyson knew this and despaired upon learning that "Enoch Arden" had been adopted for class-room study. Dates and places are important but less important than the ideals, ideas and purposes of the great writers as shown in their works. Too often the boy's or girl's study of fact obscures the core of the subject—the beauty, the stimulus. How often is this the fault of text-books,—the introduction to a live matter through a dead medium?

What Should Be the Object

The object of text-books in English Literature should be to stimulate readers to a love and appreciation of the best and to lead them into the habit of reading the good and great books for enjoyment as well as learning. This new book by Professor Miller has been planned throughout with this in mind. The pages are not burdened with facts but with stimulating ideas. Emphasis is laid upon forces and influences not upon dates. During the preparation of the book the author gave careful consideration to every important pedagogical principle. Isn't that the right sort of book for introducing young people to the vast field of Literature which is intended for the interpretation and enrichment of life?

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NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

Pictures by several famous authors have come into the possession of Patrick F. Madigan, of 561 Fifth Avenue, New York. Among them is a sketch of Marie Antoinette by William M. Thackeray, who for years worked with brush and palette in Paris, and who, it will be recalled, waited on Charles Dickens in the hope that he might be employed to illustrate the "Pickwick Papers." Another sketch is by Dickens, the head of a young Spanish girl, which he drew for the album of his sister, Laetitia, afterward the wife of his friend Henry Austin. It is in colors.

There is a drawing by Victor Hugo of a mediæval stronghold, with black towers and pinnacles. Hugo was an artist of considerable merit. Some of his productions were made with cigar-ends smeared with ink. During his residence in Germany he sketched upon the walls of his bedroom, on the table linen, on the backs of letters and tradesmen's bills. Alfred Tennyson, at Farringford, passed leisure moments at the easel. The painter Watts urged him to continue this work, saying, "Add a dash everyday and you will soon have a picture." Several early sketches by Tennyson, some of them with his autograph, have been sold at public auction. The Tennyson drawing in Mr. Madigan's possession is of a ruined castle.

Robert Browning is another author who is represented. His sketch is a study of three Russians standing in front of a building; he sent this drawing from the Continent to several members of his family. Browning devoted a great deal of his time to obtaining odd effects with his impromptu pictures. One of his diversions was roasting brown paper over a candle to produce weird results. There is a sketch also by Charles Kingsley, whose skill with the pencil was unusual, and who at one time founded and taught a drawing-class at Bideford. Many examples by him are scattered among his friends, their heirs, and successors. The present sketch is a clever study of a fisherman.

Readers of the "Just So Stories" know that Rudyard Kipling is an artist of an uncommon order. Among Mr. Madigan's sketches is a drawing of a tiger's head by Kipling. William S. Gilbert, author of the "Bab Ballads," "Pinafore," and other successful works, is represented by a sketch of a witch. Henry W. Longfellow has a drawing of himself, made while he was a student at Göttingen, Germany, and intended for "S. L.," presumably Samuel Longfellow.

George D. Smith, of New York, paid about twenty-five thousand dollars for eight Portolano manuscripts and works in the sale of the sixth portion of the famous Henry Huth library at Sotheby's, in London. One of the manuscripts appears to have been executed by an Italian geographer, but to have been intended for a Spanish or Portuguese navigator, as the route on one of the maps starts from Lisbon, and another route is marked from the same place across the

Isthmus of Panama. The southwest coast of South America is left blank, which would fix the date as not later than 1525 or 1530. The Island of Rhodes is still marked as belonging to the Knights of St. John, though it was taken by the Turks in 1522, but it is probable that the conquest by the Turks was then looked upon as only temporary. Another manuscript consists of eighteen maps, seven of which relate to both North and South America. In the map of Africa the source of the Nile is made to appear to be two large lakes in the centre of the country. Loosely inserted are a large pen-and-ink drawing of a plan of Mexico and two tracings. A third manuscript is preceded by an almanac and contains a great portion of the coasts of North and South America. On a fourth chart are laid down the coast lines of the Americas with names of the places of "Nouvelle France," "Nova Anglia," "Maryland," "Virginia," "Terra Florida," "Nova Hispania," "Iucatan," and "Honduras."

An illuminated manuscript on twenty double sheets of vellum forms an atlas of the whole world as known at the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, including the discoveries in America. It is beautifully executed with an ornamental border around each map. The last three sheets are occupied by an almanac and astronomical calculations and directions. It came from the library of the Archbishop of Toledo. The arms of Portugal and Spain are emblazoned on each map. Another Portolano, printed at Venice in 1490, is divided into two parts. The first has a separate colophon. The work is the first edition. It is cited by Panzer and Hain, but it is evident that neither of them had ever seen it. The authorship is ascribed to Aloisio Cadamosto, the famous navigator and companion of Prince Henry of Portugal. It was reprinted under his name at Venice in 1806.

Gabriel Wells, of New York, recently obtained about three hundred unpublished letters of the poet James Whitcomb Riley. They are all addressed to Miss Clara L. Bottsford, with whom Riley was in love. She was a school-teacher whose home was at Philadelphia, Ind., near Greenfield. The letters begin in 1877 and continue to 1885. They were written at the rate of about three a week. In them Riley gives interesting details of his life. He speaks of his lecture tours, his career as an author, and other matters. Some of the letters are humorous and others are pathetic. In the final letter Riley announces that the engagement between them is broken off. He speaks of Miss Bottsford's conduct toward him, and says that he now realizes that their love-making was all a dream. He tells her that she is not worthy of his love. He asks her to return all the letters he has written to her and promises to send back all that she has written to him. Miss Bottsford subsequently married a saloon-keeper. She is now dead. Besides teaching school she wrote poetry, some of which appeared in the Indianapolis "Journal." In his letters Riley speaks of her poems and suggests some corrections and alterations. She did not return the letters as he asked. Mr. Wells has since sold the letters to a collector interested in the publication of such material.

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Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue, Bayard Boyesen is chiefly known as a writer on art. His close association with Mr. Spingarn enables him to write with unusual authority on the work of one of the ablest of our American critics.

Edward Sapir, who is interested in using his scientific knowledge to illuminate literary criticism, is head of the division of anthropology of the Geological Survey of Canada. He was educated at Columbia University.

Ward Swain was educated at Columbia University and the University of Paris, specializing in history and sociology.

M. C. Otto is a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

Donald R. Richberg is a Chicago lawyer who has done effective work for the cause of political liberalism in the Middle West. He has associated himself, both as writer and speaker, with the movement for a more progressive organization of our industrial and social life.

The publisher regrets to announce the resignation of Mr. Travis Hoke, who has been associated with The Dial since its change of management. Mr. Hoke has accepted a responsible position with the publishing firm of Reilly & Britton, of Chicago, having been placed in charge of advertising and manufacturing. He is succeeded by Miss Mary Carlock, who has been engaged in journalism since her graduation from the University of Chicago.

One hundred years ago this summer Harper & Brothers published their first book.

On August 18 the George W. Jacobs Co. will publish "The Flag," by Homer Greene, a story of an American in the Foreign Legion.

Announcement is made that Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. have acquired the rights to the complete and authorized works of Walt Whitman.

The $100 prize offered by Doubleday, Page & Co. for the best essay on William McFee's novel, "Casuals of the Sea," has been awarded to Wilson Follett.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce a book for lovers of the dune lands: "The Sand Dunes of Indiana," by Dr. E. Stillman Bailey. There are many pictures.

A forthcoming book is Ernest Peixotto's "A Revolutionary Pilgrimage," to scenes made famous in our war for independence. It comes from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have just published "The Lookout Man," by B. M. Bower, and "Amarilly in Love," by Belle K. Maniates, author of "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley."

Howard Brubaker, whose amusing story of boy life, "Ranny," was a July offering through Harper & Brothers, was born in Warsaw, Indiana, and is now one of the editors of "Collier's Weekly."

The honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws was conferred upon Archibald Henderson by the University of the South at the commencement, June 12, in recognition of his work as "author, critic, and historian."

"Egotism in German Philosophy," by George Santayana, which was reviewed in the last issue of THE DIAL, is an importation of Charles Scribner's Sons. The English publishers are J. M. Dent & Sons.

Carroll Dana Winslow, author of "With the French Flying Corps" (Scribner's Sons), has left the French service, in which he won distinction as an officer, to become a captain in the American Aeroplane Service.

One of the best war stories ever written was "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane. A new edition is now being published by D. Appleton & Co. with a foreword by Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top."

"Business Statistics," compiled by M. T. Copeland and published by the Harvard University Press, deals with records kept in everyday business, and is the first discussion of statistics prepared for the use of chief executives.

Miss Leona Dalrymple, fortunate author of "Diane of the Green Van" and of "The Lovable Meddler," has written a new book, "Kenny," now announced by the Reilly & Britton Co. It is a story of New York studio life.

Professor Edward H. Hale, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., is preparing a two-volume work containing the life and letters of his father, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, to be published in the autumn by Little, Brown & Co.

Heinemann of London has for autumn publication, among others, two books by John Galsworthy —his new novel "Beyond" and a collection of his short stories, to be entitled "Five Tales"—and a new novel by Eden Phillpotts, "Chronicles of St. Tyd."

Charles Rann Kennedy this year celebrated his first Fourth-of-July as an American citizen, having taken the oath of allegiance on the third in the United States Court in New York. He is now at work on a new play which Harper & Brothers will publish.

The University of Chicago Press has just published "First Lessons in Spoken French for Doctors and Nurses," a companion volume to "First Lessons in Spoken French for Men in Military Service," and a third handbook "Le Soldat Américain en France."

The John Lane Company has just brought out Isaac F. Marcosson's "The Rebirth of Russia"; "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard," collected by Ina Coolbrith and edited by Thomas Walsh; and the "Studio Year Book for 1917," the latter copiously illustrated.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. have in press: "The Method in the Madness: A Fresh Consideration of the Case Between Germany and Ourselves," by Edwin R. Bevan; "What Germany is Fighting For," by Sir Charles Waldstein; "The First Violations of International Law by Germany (Luxembourg and Belgium)," by Louis Renault; "International Conventions and Third States," by Ronald F. Roxburgh; "The Public School System in Relation to the Coming Conflict for National Supremacy," by V. Seymour Bryant.

"In These Latter Days"

An Exposition of the Times

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

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Two years ago, while the cry was peace at any price, Mr. Bancroft wrote, "Better the United States should join the Allies than that Germany should win." He said also, then as now, Beware of Nippon; beware of breeding Japanese in America for American citizenship; safeguard China; hold the Pacific; elevate public morality; purify government,—in a word Americanize America, and this ever with renewed hope thanking God for the wisdom and power to fight for the honor and integrity of the nation.

"The Interlopers"

Published by The Bancroft Co., New York

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Those Whom The War Hits Hardest

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List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 95 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

A Plea for Shorter Novels

Swollen novels, like swollen fortunes, have come to be a good deal of a nuisance. We read too much, just as we eat too much—our fiction is too long, just as our dinners are too heavy.

The cause of the swollen novel is disclosed in part by an anonymous English essayist who has been tracing the development of long-form fiction through the past century. His attack is chiefly against the conventional paraphernalia of novel-mongering when employed by second-rate hands, and he sets forth some principles of his own to replace a perfunctory and worn-out service; yet almost as much that is objectionable crops out in the ideals he holds up as in the practices he condemns.

The point of departure is Samuel Butler, author of that exceptional novel, "The Way of All Flesh"—a good citation and a timely. Butler, it is maintained, has pointed out better than any other novelist the right way to the novel, has better expressed the law of its being. That law appears to be this: the novelist should use the story as a means of talking about all that interests him most, and about nothing that does not interest him. Construction, in a novel, is not the art of exciting by means of the connection of incident with incident: it is the art of leaving out, without incoherence, all that does not interest the writer and of putting in all that does. Dostoevsky expressed nothing but his own intense interests; Jane Austen saw that a plot should be to the novelist a means of expressing his own interests, not of trying to interest his readers. Stiff doctrine, this, and unpalatable to the *arriviste;* yet the intending novelist is urged to learn from such authors, so actuated, rather than from the competent hacks whose works, by the time they are ten years old, seem but a mass of stale contrivance.

Real art, the writer goes on, repetitiously, consists not in telling a story, but in finding one which you can use to tell what interests you, and that only. To discover the nature of your own interest in life, to ascertain what you know about human beings, and to express that in the form of a story,—such is the task of the novelist. You may do what you like with your plot provided you get your own interest, your own knowledge, into it. The history of the novel through the past hundred years is incoherent, because our novelists have not, consciously and with increasing determination, set themselves to the task.

Interest yourself; express your interest.

All amateurs do so; and that, finally, "is why amateurs have had such astonishing success with the novel."

Well, it might be maintained that all novelists—at least near the beginning—are amateurs; indeed, it might be asserted that the art of novel-writing, through lack of instruction and of a body of systematic rules to govern practice, is the amateur's art *par excellence.* The amateur has more enthusiasm (or "interest") than discipline; and lack of discipline makes for diffuseness and formlessness. These two have always been the capital defects of the English novel, and even such modern British practitioners as have lived in France and have studied their art there have not always been able to leave behind them that slackness which is one of their racial characteristics. The loose-tongued, self-indulgent Englishman chats, sprawls, goes quite ungirt; and the essayist of the London "Times" finds justification and indulgence for him.

Of course the cardinal point of "interest" remains quite unshaken,—if we are dealing with the artist and not with the

mere purveyor. Yet even the artist, though he has chosen his theme on the basis of "interest," must sometimes execute *longueurs* or face the *scène-à-faire*—just as the portrait-painter, for example, must sometimes reconcile himself to giving about so many square feet of dull, drab background. The essential difference is, of course, that the canvas is seen at a glance, with its *longueurs* automatically subordinated or ignored, while the novel is usually (or sometimes) taken page by page, as the pages run, with the arid tracts in complete evidence. Now and then appears an author who will banish the drab and the arid; every page must sparkle, every paragraph must aid the grand *élan*: the result is the fidgeting rapidity of "Candide" or of the "Dolly Dialogues." Any style is permissible save the *ennuyeux*—yet even the most rapid and brilliant style becomes a weariness if it represents too long and systematic an evasion.

"Interest" is, of course, but another form of confidence. They are the two sides of one shield. The author who says, "I have enough interest in this topic to develop it *in extenso* and full confidence in my ability to hold my reader's attention through all my amplifications and wanderings," is doubly armed. To confidence—coupled with industry—is due about nine-tenths of "Clayhanger." You are carried on by the author's absorption in his subject and by his serene assumption that he *can* carry you on. "Skip?" exclaimed a reader in the midst of Mr. Bennett's great trilogy; "where can you skip *to?*" And indeed you are on a wide prairie that makes its own horizon, and there is nothing to do but trudge ahead.

The novel is expected to have at least 75,000 words. One of 90,000 is still of moderate length. One of 125,000 may be taxed with *embonpoint*. One of 150,000 or more—unless the words are demonstrably necessary—may fairly be pronounced gross. I recall the instance of a novelist who wrote half a million words, from which to cull 125,000 for his volume. Even if one has no reason to complain of the result, he has a good right to protest against the process. That indicates a lack of self-discipline such as threatens to lead on almost to a disintegration of mental fibre. Surely, a man should know what he is after, and should go after it—straight. The long novel too often suggests the unpacked trunk—the contents have never been compactly brought together at all, but are spread loosely, and often at random, over bed, chairs, and floor. If one's material is to take the journey to other lands, or to posterity, or even through the day's market, it ought to be packed in for the trip. It must have compression—and the form that ensues. Compressed form is itself one of the manifestations of force—an evidence of vigor.

The novel of to-day should be required to bant. I believe that a novelist can say his say in 60,000 words, or even in 50,000. I believe that in 50,000 words, properly packed, he can even cover long periods of time and can handle adequately a large number of individuals and of family groups. Much of the accepted apparatus must, of course, be thrown into the discard. I would be indulgent toward the preliminary exposition, but not far beyond it. One should rule out long descriptions of persons—such things are nugatory and vain: with your best effort the reader sees only what he has seen, and figures your personage on the basis of his own experience and recollection. One must abolish set descriptions of places, unless unique, remote, unfamiliar; for the world, in these days of easy travel and abundant depiction, has come to know itself pretty well. One will banish all "conversation," whatever its vraisemblance to life, if it merely fills the page without illuminating it. I would sweep away, as would the writer I am commenting upon, all laborious effort on stuff that is dragged in because someone will think it "ought to be there"—*clichés*, conventional scenes and situations. To prevent sprawl and formlessness I favor a division into "books," and a division of the books into sections. Thus articulation and proportion will be secured, as in the case of an architectural order; and one will be better able to down the rising head of verbosity.

"Real art" does not consist in finding a story in which you can tell what interests you, and that only. Such a step indeed makes an advantageous preliminary, and may free one in advance from some of the botherations lying in wait—reluctant love passages, repellent sex-discussions, scenes of violence and bloodshed with which one may have no proper affinity, indelicate "close-ups" which explore and exploit poor humanity beyond the just bounds of decorum, and such like. "Real art" is, and will remain, largely a matter of form, of organism, of definition, of boundaries. The artist will express his "interest"—heaven forbid that he should not; but it must be an interest disciplined by, and within, metes and bounds, an interest which shall result in a unified impression that depends much upon the time-element and on the simple counting of words. Words sometimes darken counsel; and too many of them may becloud and even wreck artistic intention.

HENRY B. FULLER.

*William James

Europe knows at present but one American philosopher. This is William James. And Europe knows him as the American philosopher, because in the most intimate and specific way, he is the philosopher of America. In the history of philosophy, there are always two streams of tendency which cross each other and interpenetrate often but never remain coincident throughout their course. The first and more fundamental is the spontaneous envisagement of the world and of man, the vision of the place of man in nature and of his destiny under the aspect of eternity. The second is largely commentary on the first. The first is composed of theories of life, rooting deep in the experiences and adventures of mankind. The second is essentially a pedantry which elaborates, in the manner of the professor, the implications of the first and carries it to the limit of logical refinement, until it is displaced by a fresh vision at the hands of a fresh thinker. Most philosophy in America has been secondary, professorial, irrelevant to the actual course of life and thought in this country. Its roots lay in a tradition which the circumstances of life rejected and which the adventure of living falsified. This tradition is that of Calvinism. Calvin had a vision which infected great groups of European people. The light of that vision led them to undergo many hardships and to undertake many difficulties. For one it drove a company of them to continental North America. It was the urge within the heart of the Puritan pioneers, of the Pilgrim Fathers. It helped them to fight the wilds in nature and in man, to build their community, and to order their lives. It was an intense thing and it was a learned thing. The wilds of nature, however, rejected the sophistications of learning; they required strength of body and sincerity of soul. The Calvinist tradition hence became mitigated under the stress of the conflict between man and nature which necessitated the belief in neighborly good will, in human initiative, in continual trustworthiness, in responsibility, and in freedom. What the Calvinist brought to America and what he there learned were opposites. The life of America consequently flowed away from Calvinism into other courses. Its rôle was changed from the dynamic organization of an emotion into the skeleton of an idea. It became the preoccupation of the schoolman, thin in utterance, vaguely optimistic in sentiment, and completely irrelevant to the problems of life and living. From Jonathan Edwards to Josiah Royce, it retained this character. Even in Emerson, it failed to come to close grips with the realities with which human life in America was dealing.

That life flowed on, pioneer. It was positive, even in its superstitions and over-

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beliefs, whether these be Mormonism or Christian Science, or the undiscriminating good-fellowship of Walt Whitman. In its higher reaches it was cheerful, humorous, experimental, with faith in its own power; adventurous without being romantic, pious without ceasing to be essentially humanistic. It was the spirit that trekked across the American continent, that mined the gold, that fought the Civil War, that built the railways, that converted a wilderness into a civilization. It is forward-looking, industrious, democratic. It is the spirit of the industrial democracy of Europe as well, but without the hampering past of mankind in Europe. It is the spirit of the rising masses of Europe, confronting, not a conflict with the repressive machinery of a caste-hardened social order, but virgin Nature, and building a new and freer civilization of her substance. It is this spirit which the philosophy of William James expresses. And it is for this reason that his vogue in Europe is proportional to his articulate visioning of the unconscious guiding forces in the life and hopes of America. His philosophy is a theory of life, not made in the schools but gathered through deep sympathy with the hearts of men whose beating his own responded to, the wide world over.

For significantly enough, though James was an American thinker, his training was very far from American. The parental household in which he spent his childhood was that of a Swedenborgian clergyman whose concrete spiritism made a lasting modification of James's mind. His youth was spent in schools in French Switzerland, in France itself, and in England. He studied painting with Holman Hunt, and nature with Louis Agassiz. He was in succession a painter, a physician, a physiologist, a psychologist, and a philosopher. After 1872 he was one of the best known members of the Harvard faculty.

His theory of life is technically known as Pragmatism. He got the word from Charles Peirce, and he called it himself a new name for an old way of thinking. But this old way of thinking might as well have been called Americanism, for it is substantially the perception of the nature and destiny of man when human life is apprehended at its fighting weight, and its form and go come under direct observation. What then appears is mankind struggling for survival in a world which was not made for it but in which it grew. This world is characterized by a growing diversity and manyness. Not only are man and all living things seeking to win a livelihood at the risk of their lives, but inanimate nature itself is composed of multitudes, each one of which has a character, an idiosyncrasy and selfhood, the destruction of which it resists and the conservation of which seems to be the endeavor of its existence. Each thing in this world is autonomous and self-governed. It exists with other things only in so far as it has succeeded in making an adjustment to them, only in so far as it has succeeded in establishing, in a word, certain habits and forms of interaction, which make up the actual unities of the world we live in and know. All these unities are not primary but secondary. They are habits of behaving which things develop toward each other in order that they may be together at all. We call them "laws of nature," but even the most fundamental of the laws of nature are no more. The laws of mechanics, of thermodynamics, of chemistry—they also change, evolve, accommodate. There was a time when they were not, and there will be a time when they shall not be. What in truth characterizes the world as a whole is the fact that all of its parts are constantly undergoing mutations—mutations sometimes compelled from without, and always arising from within. All the items in the world are changing items—novelties keep constantly emerging—and they either succeed in winning a place for themselves in the cosmos or disappear. The cosmos itself is like a team of individuals who have attained to a certain mode of being and acting together. It is a happening, not an eternal form, and its unity is contingent upon the assent, the formed habits, of its constituents.

In this cosmos, man has happened, an infinitesimal scrap in an infinite universe. He is no more central to the world than any other thing, not even the gods. For

gods there may be, differing in kind and in individuality just as there are men, and having qualities of consciousness with which religious experience suggests men may come into touch and be helped—or frustrated. These gods also may be part of the cosmic team. They also, if they are, must undergo change, must struggle for survival, must work together with men and things for the maintenance of the ordered world, in an environment which is infinitude.

Working, consequently, — successful working,—is the test. Men and thoughts and things are not born good, they *make* good. It is *becoming,* not being, that counts. All the organs and capacities of man must be strong to maintain themselves and to do their appropriate share in maintaining the organism of which they are parts, if they and it are to survive. Ideas, opinions, hypotheses, arising no matter how, all start really on the same level. Each involves, at the outset, an act of faith, a willingness to believe in the prosperity of its guidance, a willingness, consequently, to take the risk of failure that is likely as not to come by following its guidance. Each has to be set to work to win its way in the control of that aspect of the world or of experience which it intends or designates. Each is true or false, not primarily but eventually, as it succeeds or fails in winning this control. It follows that it is unwise as well as unjust to rule out, *a priori,* any hypothesis, any way of thinking, which as it appears makes a claim to truth. The right, the scientific action is to give it a chance to make good its claim. No matter what an idea may be, it must be tested, so far as possible, experimentally. Whether it be the conception of human survival after death, or of the character of divinity, or the power of the mind to heal, it must not be rejected *a priori.* There is a dogmatism and intolerance of science which can be quite as vicious as the dogmatism and intolerance of religion. The important thing, in this changing world, is the democratic equality of opportunity to make good for ideas as well as for men. That is really the only indispensable assumption of scientific method, and Pragmatism is a theory of scientific method.

James's thinking was impregnated and fertilized through and through by this assumption. His associations of childhood and his youthful training had given him the power of sympathetic insight into the motives and bases for the great variety of human demands, both superstitious and intelligent. Lover of peace and internationalist as he was, he had sympathy even for the instincts which find expression in war, and his proposal of a moral equivalent for it is one of the great documents in the history of the socialization of mankind.

If one were to sum up in a single phrase James's attitude toward the world and toward human life, one might call it that of metaphysical democracy. His sense for individuality in things, his sense for the right of things to their individuality stands out in all of his philosophical writing: that is really all that is implied in the metaphysics he has called "radical empiricism"; that is really all that is implied in the method he has named Pragmatism. In ethics, of course, he was a humanist to that degree that nothing human, even the most remote and fanciful of human things, was alien to him. He acknowledged the claim of each and asked for each an opportunity to justify itself by its works. That is the tenor of the collection of essays headed by the famous one on "The Will to Believe" (1897), and the "Talks to Teachers," etc. (1899). That is the assumption underlying his great two-volume "Psychology" (1892), his "Pragmatism" (1907), his "A Pluralistic Universe" (1909), his posthumous "Some Problems in Philosophy" (1911), the various essays in "Radical Empiricism" (1912), his study in the "Varieties of Religious Experience" (1902). In his thinking what was fundamental and what was best as well as what was most hopeful and most fresh in the life of America and in the life of Western civilization as a whole found its first free articulate philosophic expression.

H. M. Kallen.

Literary Affairs in London

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The literary critic in London is beginning nowadays to feel what old soldiers felt when the Prince de Condé—or it may have been Turenne—undertook and carried out his classical winter campaign. They objected with justice that if this innovation were to take root, the soldier would get no rest and the leisurely industry of warfare would grow distasteful to persons of a quiet habit. And since Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli led their victorious thousands into the middle of the slack season, the old routine of the year has been broken up and the critic has been robbed of his rest in the hot weather.

A scattered fire of volumes of all sorts has come from all the presses during the summer. Poetry continues most amazingly to flourish. Intelligent prophets predict darkly that it will presently altogether oust the novel, which, they say, is rapidly dying. But to me, at least, the modern novel seems quite sufficiently alive. Look at the younger men and women who are writing it in England to-day—D. H. Lawrence, Gilbert Cannan, Francis Brett Young, Ford Madox Hueffer, Christopher Stone, John Palmer, Frank Swinnerton, Viola Meynell, Sylvia Lynd. . . I am not an enraptured reader of the works of all I have mentioned; I even wish that some of them would stop writing. But their color, their liveliness, their observation, and their sense of language are incontestable. It will go hard with us if we do not carry the English novel a few steps further in this generation than it has hitherto gone save in two or three very exceptional books.

The Victorian novel was always like a length of cloth cut off a roll. But the ambition of the present century is to make it a complete, rounded, and orderly form, which shall leave one definite impression, and not a multitude of impressions, on the mind of the reader. The prose story tends to be a sprawling thing; it was in its origins the child of "Le Grand Cyrus" by Richardson's Pamela. Heredity has seemed to curse it; but it shows many signs now of escaping from original sin. One of the authors I have named, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, has just produced a most remarkable piece of work, called "Nocturne." I cannot rid myself of the conviction that he did it for a bet; but he has written a beautiful, brilliant, and moving book. The events which it describes take place within the compass of a single night, from about six o'clock in the evening to two or three in the following morning. There are six speaking characters—Emmy, the housekeeping and dull sister; Jenny, the adventurous sister who works "in the millinery"; their paralytic "Pa"; Alf, a young man, the rejected lover of Jenny and the accepted suitor of Emmy; Keith, Jenny's sailor lover; and a chauffeur. But the story is not, as one would imagine, overburdened with psychology or retrospective enquiries into the past careers of these persons; nor is it a turmoil of overcrowded adventures. The characters are exquisitely and exactly drawn, each modelled and rounded into a complete semblance of life. The book is not padded out by unrelenting insistence on the squalid vulgarity of the setting. The scene is transformed as if by a rich light by Jenny's passionate and adventurous nature. Emmy, who might have been a scolding drudge, is observed so lovingly and with so much pity as to make her acceptance of Alf touching and beautiful. Even that solid and practical young man who, rebuffed by Jenny, approaches Emmy with a sad story of his landlady's cooking, becomes likable under the play of Mr. Swinnerton's humor. "Pa" might very well have been horrible with his paralysis, his senile childishness, and his hunger and thirst for "bready-butter pudding" and the evening dole of beer. The point of intense light in the story, round which the whole composition is grouped, is the love of Jenny and Keith.

The scene on the yacht in which they declare their love is one of the most beautiful in recent literature. But it is not isolated. This book, from its most workaday humor to its most moving situation, is one piece, attaining unity by an unvarying truth of observation and candor and coolness of exposition. Yet of what vulgar materials it is made, is it not—slatternly, grumbling Emmy, pert, selfish, and eventually immoral Jenny, the horrible, senile father. . . But since Mr. Swinnerton can make these things beautiful to us and yet leave them real, they must, perhaps, be beautiful in themselves. We may therefore hope for more novels like Mr. Swinnerton's, since his appears not to have been a fluke.

It may be that the novel is learning from poetry, since poetry has become popular again. Lyric verse dare not sprawl; and the growing public liking for it may indicate, or may be developing as a by-product, a taste for compact

and workman-like things. However this may be, it is certain that verse is beginning to share in a kingdom hitherto reserved for the novel. The fact that much indifferent or even nauseous verse is being written and read is in reality an excellent sign. Let the public get accustomed to metre and rhyme and the poets will do the rest. Besides, there is always the lucky chance that the public will like the right thing for the wrong reasons, or in a state of vagueness as to its reasons, or because it is bullied into liking it. It does not much matter, so long as contributions are made to the support of deserving young artists. And it will be good for the poets to be in touch, however suspiciously or disdainfully, with a wide audience.

Some of them are beginning to show unmistakable signs of this influence. Mr. Harold Monro, who took a conspicuous part in the movement by founding the Poetry Bookshop, used to be a singularly dull and insipid writer. But about three years ago he began suddenly to be fresh and interesting, and he has continued to improve ever since. He is not yet fully in command of his own temperament; he really does not know when he is being individual and when he is being merely silly. His new book, "Strange Meetings," is a collection of verses, which change abruptly from being moving and piercing to being clumsy and inept. Imagine the state of mind of a man who can write:

> The stars must make an awful noise
> In whirling round the sky.

Yes; but what of him when he writes:

> A flower is looking through the ground
> Blinking at the April weather;
> Now a child has seen the flower:
> Now they go and play together.
>
> Now it seems the flower will speak,
> And will call the child its brother—
> But, oh strange forgetfulness!—
> They don't recognize each other.

Mr. Monro writes poetry very much as people walk in their sleep. He gets sometimes into the most ridiculous places and does the most ludicrous things; but sometimes his somnambulistic mood leads him with astonishing exactness. If one were to wake him—but criticism will not do this—he might become again a writer of tediously lucid poems about socialism and overfeeding and God. As it is, he is one of the strangest and most mysterious of poets. There is no use in exhorting him. We sit patiently and wait what his shifting moods may produce.

Mr. Francis Brett Young, whom I mentioned earlier in this letter as a novelist, has recently appeared as a poet of a sort directly opposite to Mr. Monro. He was a serious and conscientious novelist; he is a serious and conscientious poet. He does not go sleepwalking after poetry; he sits down and thinks about it earnestly. But the result is extremely satisfying. There is nothing flimsy in what he writes; and if he is a little clumsy and a little stilted, these defects are obviously attendant on his chief quality, which is intellectual power. How rare but how splendid a gift in a poet! I do not think anyone will be vastly thrilled by his book. I cannot imagine *schwärmerisch* young ladies looking off his pages and dreaming away into inanity, as they are said to do with Mr. Alfred Noyes. But grown men, whose minds have grown equally with their sensual perceptions, will find that Mr. Young feeds the intellectual as well as the emotional appetite. His poem "Testament" is a very moving and satisfying piece of work. The author has been campaigning in East Africa and he writes:

> If I had died and never seen the dawn
> For which I hardly hoped, lighting this lawn
> Of silvery grasses; if there had been no light
> And last night merged into perpetual night;
> I doubt if I should ever have been content
> To have closed my eyes without some testament
> To the great benefits that marked my faring
> Through the sweet world.

And the poem proceeds with a sober but lovely catalogue of good things—friendship, argument, and love. Mr. Young admits that his verse is a by-product of his prose; and it seems unlikely that he will ever write very much of it. His utterance seems rather difficult; but he has a solidity which is not found too often in modern poetry and which makes his book, "Five Degrees South," remarkable.

I have another new poet before me as I write, whom I feel a little doubtful about mentioning. Mr. Robert Nichols is still very immature and his "Ardours and Endurances" has a great many of the defects of youth. But he has a singular luxuriance of temperament which promises well. I feel rather as one might feel with a young relative—a little timid of mentioning his performances outside the household. I will confine myself to saying that we *think* we have here a writer whose work may very well make a great impression in a short time.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, August 9, 1917.

A Frustrated Prophet of Pacifism

HERBERT SPENCER. By Hugh Elliot. (Henry Holt & Co; $2.)

Mr. Hugh Elliot has produced a notable work, notable as a biography, notable in its current appeal, notable in the perspective it establishes for viewing a remarkable intellectual career. It is notable also for the experience which prepared Mr. Elliot to write it.

> It has been my singular fortune (or fate) to have read through the whole of Spencer's works twice at an interval of fifteen years, and each time in the midst of a great war. The first reading in fact was carried out on active service on the South African veldt, where not infrequently I had little other baggage than a toothbrush and a volume of the "Principles of Psychology." There exists in the English language no more trenchant indictment of war and militarism than is contained in the "Study of Sociology." Yet it was my lot to read that work many miles from any inhabited town, in momentary expectation of an attack, and with revolver ready loaded in case of sudden need. . . . Once again during the progress of a war, have I read Spencer's furious declamations against warlike and military activities. . . . Yet still the thought arises, that, if Europe had followed Spencer, this war could never have occurred. . . . The spirit of Treitschke has triumphed over the spirit of Spencer—the metaphysics of Germany over the common sense of England.

It is strange in how short a time the achievements of Herbert Spencer should assume a retrospective interest. Even at the time of his death in 1903 the zenith of his fame had been passed; and foreign reviewers commented upon the indifference of England to his loss. His chief contributions had been so thoroughly absorbed in the unparalleled acceleration of scientific thinking of which he was an initiator that the debt carried little sense of personal obligation. Many of his principles had become common knowledge, and his "highly original suggestions had degenerated into platitudes." The tone of his own comment upon his career is spiritually as well as neurasthenically depressed: the devotee of authorship must be prepared for financial losses, for heavy penalties, for privations and denials of human pleasures, for disappointment in the satisfactions of fame.

Of Spencer's life and personality little need be restated to set the philosopher in his position twenty years after. His education was irregular and self-directed; he had no academic associations; he was constitutionally idle and temperamentally rebellious. He was coldly intellectual, strongly self-centred and self-contained, and emotionally barren. He avoided social relations beyond his control, and accepted the Athenæum as his retreat, with music and billiards as diversions. He lived and wrote largely in boarding-houses, and in many ways reflected the bourgeois attitude of his neighbors. He accepted few public dinners or honors; he declined, while in this country, an attractive offer to lecture, saying that he had no desire to make a show of himself. His life was that of his books; "his works were much greater than himself; and all the best of him will be found in his philosophy." The formative fact of his *modus vivendi* was his neurasthenic state, doubtless aggravated by unwise yielding to its impositions and a prejudiced attitude to the proper care of his teeth. "He could not read Kant from the same mental peculiarity that he could not have a tooth extracted: in both cases a subtraction from his own personality was involved." Beginning his career as a civil engineer, he soon turned to the writing of books (issued largely at his own risk), setting forth his ideas and the foundations of his system. Legacies from relatives enabled him to survive the attendant losses; and the subscriptions of friends, to continue the enterprise. American support helped him greatly. His eighteen volumes were, for the most part, dictated, and often the dictation was continued for a few minutes only at a time, the intervals being spent in restoring or easing the circulation in his brain. The limitations of authorship and of living for the neurasthenic (Spencer wore ear-pads to eliminate controversial conversation), and the consequences of sensitiveness in human relations, have rarely been more singularly expressed than in the "case" of Herbert Spencer.

Of Spencer the biologist, the psychologist, the sociologist, the moralist, the philosopher, the writer on education and social institutions and reforms, it is Spencer the reformer whose work has endured unassailed. Spencer survives as the exponent of liberalism and the prophet of pacifism. Mr. Carnegie was moved to give his millions for the cause of peace by the arguments of Spencer. It is still true, however, that this practical consequence of his views, though it stands out conspicuously in a twentieth-century estimate of his work, does not overshadow the intrinsic value of his thought and the type of his achievement.

The mind of Spencer, like his character, was a singular instrument. It needed but a few guiding principles for its direction. In the main these were two: Evolution for the view of the universe, and Liberty for the guidance of human affairs. These make the system in a gigantic,

deductive unfoldment. Even the "Sociology," with its array of corroborative facts, was, in Mr. Elliot's opinion, only retroactively inductive. In his contribution to evolutionary theory Spencer was an anticipator as well as a pioneer, but he was an individualist even in that,—the distinctive nineteenth-century movement. The principle of increasing differentiation sufficed, and the inheritance of acquired characteristics (his chief error) was adequate to supply the material for variation and selection. "The truth is that Spencer had the makings of a fanatic, and herein lie both his strength and his weakness. The stream of thought in a fanatic is a narrow one. Nothing counts outside the province on which attention is concentrated." Within that province it is a magnet, picking up everything that such a magnet can hold.

On the side of political affairs Spencer distinguished between governments that govern much and those that govern little. The former subordinate the individual and in them wars are common; they are of the military type; in the others, peace is the rule, and they conform to the industrial type. The industrial has most of the virtues, the military most of the vices. The main virtue is great individual freedom. Spencer carried the doctrine of non-interference by the state to the extent of regarding it as a mistake for the government to have the postal monopoly, to regulate measures of health, to enforce education or factory-laws. All that should be left to private enterprise and the fate of competition. Strongly positive philosophically and individualistic socially, Spencer's convictions (prepossessions in some aspects) made for simplicity of solution, and for the overstatement of what was a truth in moderation. When they were enunciated, his positions seemed much more tenable than they now appear. It is easy in our richer experience to see their inadequacy, their exaggeration; it is not so easy to appreciate their startling originality and their remarkable independence of previous schooling and thinking.

It is intelligible that we should be less concerned in our radically reconstructed world with Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy," his biology and psychology and ethics and metaphysics—from all of which science has accepted what it could use—than with his contributions to the understanding of social forces. So far as Spencer submits to classification, he was chiefly a sociologist. His foundations reflect the accepted principles of his time, reflect them with a limited acquaintance with their setting in previous thought and with a national as well as a temperamental insularity. His ethics is hedonistic; his psychology, associational, in the limited English sense. In all these realms he has done his bit, sometimes with slight effect, sometimes with considerable profit. His most ambitious conception—the Unknowable—proved as negatively fruitful in thought as in expression. His psychological construction of the bond between reflex action and logical thinking stands as established. Similarly, his views of education—the most popular of his contributions—are still influential in the modern forms of emphasis on a return to nature, a fixed sense for logical value, and avoidance of formal scholasticism. The days of all-inclusive systems, sweeping the circle of the sciences with however modern a periscope, are over. They lasted from Aristotle to Spencer, and the last survey was worthy of its predecessors. The fertile thought that science is one remains; ethics and psychology, politics and sociology, even physics and biology, are held together by the unity of nature and the consistency of the mind's comprehension. Spencer's consistency, though not innocent of the quality of strain, is yet suggestive and sustained.

As a sociologist Spencer attempted far more thoroughly than in any other domain to supply the data for directive views which, according to Mr. Elliot, were already firmly fixed in his convictions. He surveys with much detail—for the most part contributed by others—the forms of society in primitive and imperfectly evolved communities. In his interpretations he carries his guiding principles with him. As Mr. Elliot pointedly remarks, he makes primitive philosophers miniature Spencers, and primitive mythologies miniature synthetic philosophies. Dealing in the main with primitive modes of thought and their later expansion—such as his "ghost theory" of religion—his central interest is fixed upon the social forces that determine the life of a people and the direction of its activities. He concludes that the largest distinction of social life is that between the organization of society for peace and its organization for war. And that distinction may stand with unexpected pertinence to-day. With deep antipathy to militarism, he sees in it the enemy of industrialism, which is the activity of peace. The case of Germany completely refutes his conclusion, though this was not true of the Germany of his day. As in so many other relations, Spencer has confused the spirit and the background of endeavor with its formal appearance. That has ever been a radical idol; in its extreme manifestation, the fanatic's fallacy.

Liberty comes forward as the redemption of mankind. But—again citing Mr. Elliot—liberty should not be a dogma (as to Spencer it frequently was), but "an atmosphere of social thought." In contrast Spencer's deduction in favor of the complete freedom of women as a consequence of his social philosophy is about to be realized by the cruel indirection of his much-hated war.

Herbert Spencer under the test of the world war makes very different reading from Herbert Spencer as the calm occupation of a philosophic mind. He becomes prophetic not only of the pacifist doctrine (of which America is the most influential protagonist), but also of the reconstruction of thought with reference to social control, which is to be our chief business after the war and that of the next generation. Spencerism will contribute to the responsible thinking and doing of the future, to the maintenance of confidence as well as to distrust of former errors. National philosophy is inevitably and properly dominant in revolutionary times. As between Nietzsche or Treitschke and Spencer, there is no hesitation in the Anglo-Saxon liberty-loving mind. It is a tribute to the sterling value of Spencer's *Weltanschauung* that it is congenial to an international formulation.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

An American Humanist

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM. By Paul Shorey. (The Atlantic Monthly Co.; 60 cts.)

It is difficult to appreciate the admiration which the editor of the "Atlantic" feels for Professor Shorey's "eloquent defense of the classical tradition." This little book is indeed, as Mr. Sedgwick says in his preface initiating the "Atlantic Monographs," "sharp and glittering." But such adjectives are dubious praise for a partisan of humanist learning like the Chicago professor who has supposedly become saturated throughout a long and scholarly life with the immortal poise and mellowness of the classics. Not sharpness and glitter do we expect as fruits of such an intimacy, but those qualities of "lucid rationality and precision, their urbanity, their sanity, their common sense, their humanized and humanizing emancipation from 'primitive foolishness,' parochialism and fanaticism" which Professor Shorey claims for that Latin literature he is struggling to save. From his own writing, however, these qualities are almost pretentiously absent. Nothing could be less urbane, less rational and precise, than this strident polemic. The book is an incoherent and angry jumble of appeals to classical authority, attacks on Mr. Flexner and the "new" psychologists, complaints that President Eliot and the other assaulters have ignored the arguments of Professor Shorey and his friends, and dark imputations against the "sullen jealousy" of those of us who are trying, he says, to "control American education with the political efficiency of Prussian autocracy and the fanatical intolerance of the French anti-clericalists."

This shrillness of tone is not any mere sudden heightening of the emotional pitch. Crassness permeates the book like bad blood in a neurotic child. The professor's leading argument for the study of Latin is that it is an "almost indispensable form of mental discipline for the speakers of such a language as ours," and that, at its best, it ministers to "the final mastery of English for highest artistic and philosophical ends." Listen to a sentence from Professor Shorey's book, and judge for yourself the "mental discipline" and "mastery of English for highest artistic ends" which may result from a long and studious "humanistic" life:

"Its disintegrating and deliquating effect on the logical functions of young minds compelled to attack it without the protection of a gasmask is a thing imagination boggles at."

This beautiful example of Professor Shorey's humanistic style refers to the literature of educational psychology, of which he seems to have read only the crudest examples. Of the really fruitful and very recent work of Dewey, Hall, Terman, Cubberley, Hetherington, Wells, he is evidently as ignorant as he thinks his opponents are of his own arguments. The difference is that to ignore his case means only to ignore *a priori* speculation, while to ignore present-day educational psychologists is to ignore a serious and most suggestive effort toward objective and incontrovertible evidence.

Here is another passage:

"There is ample time for both science and Latin in a rationally constructed curriculum. There is not time for both and for the dementia praecox of premature preoccupation with pseudo-science. But real science is hard work,—almost as hard as Latin; while the science of the talking delegates of science is a soft snap."

That second sentence must be read aloud to get its full barbarous flavor. What are we to do with a mind that, in a defence of the cul-

tural influence of the classics, talks about gas-masks, dementia praecox, and soft snaps? And in comparison with some of Professor Shorey's utterances, the slangy staleness of this passage is mild.

Now it is exactly the argument of the advocates of the "modern school" that when even a lifelong exposure to the classical languages and literatures results in a mind so thoroughly uncultivated as Professor Shorey shows his own to be, it is a waste of time to continue these studies as an integral part of the education of American youth. Professor Shorey is only an extreme example of his class. No American thought, criticism, or literary art of any creative value whatever comes from these guardians of the classical tradition, who are given to expressing themselves with an incoherence of thought and an insensitiveness to style that we should complain of in modern journalism. It is the lip-service to "the fair things of beauty" which our professors of literary studies render while they aridly betray them in work and thought that has earned the contempt of a younger generation and driven literary studies into limbo. It is the custodians themselves who have done more than anyone else to discredit the classics. The true lovers have only the professors to blame and not those of us who have revolted at sterility.

Professor Shorey thinks that the main issue is "the survival or the total suppression, in the comparatively small class of educated leaders who graduate from high schools and colleges, of the very conception of linguistic, literary and critical discipline; of culture, taste and standards; of the historic sense itself; of some trained faculty of appreciation and enjoyment of our rich heritage from the civilized past." This is grotesque. None of these values are now being acquired from literary studies in high schools and colleges by even "the comparatively small class of educated leaders." Our younger educated leaders have found their intellectual heritage in the study of history, politics, and modern philosophy, not in the study of the Latin language or anything that flows mystically from it. Furthermore, not even the most furious "modern school" proposes to exclude the great ancient literatures. In implying this, Professor Shorey is far more unfair to the modernist than any modernist has been to him. Even the terrible Mr. Flexner distinctly admits into his "modern school" the best translations of the ancient classics for reading and enjoyment. Nobody intends to suppress these great books. Nobody intends to suppress "critical discipline, culture, taste and standards, the historic sense itself." The issue, however, is exactly as Mr. Flexner has stated it—whether the study of the Latin and Greek languages automatically produces these desirable qualities. The contemporary verdict is emphatically that there is no discoverable relation between linguistic studies and the attainment of a cultivated mind.

As long as there are public libraries with Latin grammars, or as long as there are people who know and love Latin, the industrious child with a turn for it will have adequate opportunity to learn the language. Four school years of effort to give heterogeneously endowed children even a smattering of Latin have proved in the American school to be sheer futility. Acquaintance with the old literatures, however, is still an essential part of education in taste. How is that acquaintance best to be obtained,—through the opaque medium of a complex language and the child's own barbarous and halting translation, or through reading of the best translations, themselves finely tempered pieces of English prose? Which is more likely to bring "mastery of English for artistic ends," and the awakening of the imagination to "things of beauty" and large ideas? Who has done more to make the classics known and felt by Americans, Professor Shorey with his polemics and his frantic struggles to keep Latin in the secondary school, or Gilbert Murray with his translations of the Greek plays into exquisite English verse, which made possible those stirring performances that gave delight to thousands of modern Americans?

If Professor Shorey were really a humanist, would he not be content to let the languages die, if the literatures could be kept so vitally with us, serving culture as they will in a modern school which treats them as literature and not as philology? But he is not really a humanist. He is a professor, angrily defending his lifelong business. He is a proprietor, protecting a vested interest. It seems to give him comfort that idealists in every age have tilted quixotically at what they called impractical and verbal forms of education. Our little system, he thinks, will also have its disillusionment. It is queer comfort. For the more obvious and encouraging moral is that there have always been men of insight to struggle against the tradition and the Paul Shoreys of their day. This moral might only whet our ardor to make this "modern school" veritably the final coup. Now that the "defense of the classical tradition" has been so

palpably revealed in Professor Shorey as the peevish stand of a professorial "die-hard," real lovers of the classics will pray to be spared so prejudicial a defender. The "Atlantic" has done a disservice in stirring the dead bones of this controversy to rattle again. It may be, as the editor suggests, the last rattle heard in our lifetime. I sincerely hope it will be. The classics will not die for want of the striking of such blows. Their precious qualities are safe in the most modernist of schools. Meanwhile even the radical will regret that the polemics of the classical tradition should go out in so tasteless a splutter as this first of the "Atlantic Monographs."

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Three English Poets

POEMS. By Ralph Hodgson. (The Macmillan Co.; 75 cts.)
STRANGE MEETINGS. By Harold Monro. (The Poetry Bookshop; 1s.)
PEACOCK PIE. By Walter de la Mare. (Henry Holt & Co.; $2.)

If there is one respect in which contemporary English poetry is conspicuously and consistently superior to contemporary American poetry, it is in the lyric. While their more adventurous fellow-craftsmen in America have been experimenting, perhaps a little recklessly, with narrative, epic, and symphonic verse, and with bizarre arythmics and insoluble self-symbolisms of all sorts, the English poets, with one or two exceptions, have held more clearly to the lyric tradition. This is not the cause, as some appear to think, for either heartburnings or self-congratulations. Poetry is poetry no matter where or how it is written, art should not be regarded from a narrowly and selfishly national standpoint, and we should be as ready to applaud a foreign artist as an American. As a theory, this is of course a platitude; as a fact, it might in some quarters be regarded as an alarming novelty, or even treason. As a practice, moreover, it meets opposition because it demands the application of a high degree of fair-mindedness and intelligence. One must face, in all foreign art, a considerable divergence from one's own in temper and method; and face it with understanding. It is different, but is it necessarily inferior?

These problems have been often raised in the last few years over the question as to the relative merits of contemporary English and American poetry. Foolish things have been said on both sides of the Atlantic,—the patriotic instinct has been as vigorous and cloistral in "Poetry and Drama," of London, as in "Poetry," of Chicago. In general the failure has been one of understanding, aided in some cases by a disposition to condemn, *a priori*, without consulting the evidence. It is encouraging to see signs that this attitude is breaking down. The fact that the whole poetic firmament is in such a state of chaos has of itself made it necessary for critics to discard easy traditional theories and employ methods a little more empirical. This has resulted in greater fairness to the individual—it has even gone so far, at times, as to indicate complete anarchy, in which bad was as loudly acclaimed as good. The upshot, however, has been the establishment of a middle attitude of good-humored, first-hand analysis, toward foreign art as well as domestic.

It is with this attitude that we should approach the work of Mr. Hodgson, Mr. de la Mare, and Mr. Monro. If we have developed a taste for work more racily American, more conspicuously of the place and moment, we may conceivably feel that we are stepping back two or three decades when we read, for example, the poems of Mr. Hodgson. We should not allow this to prevent our enjoyment of their unique charm and originality. Mr. Hodgson is that rarity in these times, a poet of very small production, and of production on a uniformly high level, a poet who had already earned a reputation before the printing of his first book. His range is not wide. A single tone dominates nearly all the twenty-five poems in this book—whether in the narrative lyrics, such as "The Bull," "Eve," "The Song of Honour," and "The Gipsy Girl," or in the simple lyrics, such as "Time, You Old Gipsy Man," and "Stupidity Street." The metrical variety is not great, the melody is always simple; but Mr. Hodgson possesses a genuine gift for modulation which carries him safely over inversions that to others would have proved fatal. If Mr. Hodgson's abilities stopped there, his verse would be charming, but empty; these are matters of the voice merely. But Mr. Hodgson's chief value lies rather in what he has to say. There are two arts in poetry: the art of precisely saying what one has in mind; and, even more important (though less regarded), the art of excluding from one's conception all that is not of pure value. It is particularly in this latter respect that Mr. Hodgson excels. His mood is always perfectly clear; the terms by which he states it have a

delicate and sweet precision. Seldom is there a waste idea, seldom a waste line. Mr. Hodgson does not, like many poets, have to take a running start, only to generate lyric speed when half way through the poem; neither does he exhaust himself altogether in the first stanza. On the contrary his poems have that clear certainty, from beginning to end, which constitutes excellence in art. This would of course be a dull perfection if it were not for the quality of cool magic which is woven everywhere through Mr. Hodgson's work, varying all the way from the twinkle of whim, as in "Eve," to the graver tones of "The Song of Honour." In general, this magic is not so much the magic of beauty as the magic of unaffected truthfulness,—vigorously phrased, naïve, sincere. One feels little trace of artifice, even in so fluent a lyric as "Eve." And a large part of the effectiveness of "The Bull" is in its honest matter-of-factness.

The most arresting feature of Mr. Hodgson's work, however, is the feature which is most likely to give radical Americans the impression that he is old-fashioned: the fact that though he is essentially a lyric poet (preferring a lyric which is narrative) he is none the less essentially objective,—never, or seldom, speaking in his own voice, or developing, psychologically, any personal or dramatic viewpoint. This is an attitude which predicates poetry as a something separate from our own tortuous lives, a something additional, perfect in itself: a something to turn to for delight, which shall take us, not deeper into ourselves, but away from ourselves. This attitude adds to the charm of Mr. Hodgson's work, but it is also, in a wider sense, a weakness. It means that the greater part of human experience must remain unexpressed by him. It means that his work, in spite of its realistic or objective method, is in the last analysis decorative rather than interpretative. Poetry of this sort is not a window through which one may see, but a picture hung on the wall. It aims by every means known to the art to combine æsthetic patterns which shall delight us with their color and texture; but it never strikes at us through our emotions. The pleasure it affords us is serene, cool, detached. Itself produced by no very intense emotional disturbance in the poet's brain (beyond the pathos of creation) it has in consequence no power to disturb the reader. It does not reach forward or backward in human experience. It is, in fact, all treble, and no bass. The darker chords of intellectual and emotional frustration which shake the centre of individuality itself, and which in the past have given us our greatest poetry, are here untroubled. In this respect Mr. Hodgson, Mr. de la Mare, and the Imagists, antipodal as their methods are, all share essentially one purpose.

The work of Mr. Monro is from this standpoint the direct antithesis of Mr. Hodgson's work. Mr. Monro is, if the expression may be used, a psychological realist. If he is by no means the equal of Mr. Hodgson in point of lyricism or natural magic or roundness of form, he more than makes up for this in greater richness and variety and in what must be called, for lack of a better word, the quality of humanness. It is daily, personal experience that interests Mr. Monro—personal experience viewed from the individual centre, observed almost religiously as it flows from moment to moment in the stream of consciousness. This is in the strain which is perhaps the richest in potentialities among modern tendencies in poetry. To a considerable extent it implies the transference of the method of the psychological novel or play to poetry: in the end it is nothing less than a poetic study of consciousness itself. In this respect Mr. Monro's method is right rather than successful. His speech, if robust, is crabbed, muttering, and laborious. His preoccupation with the profound trivialities which make up our lives, though often fresh and delightful, as in parts of the two series called "Week End" and "Strange Meetings," sometimes merely results in amiable catalogues, humorously tinged with panpsychism. Along, too, with a good deal of real imaginative richness Mr. Monro displays an unfortunate tendency to push quaintness and whim to the verge of preciosity. Should a train, for instance, be said ever to "tittle tattle a tame tattoon"?—This is an example of a good idea not quite successfully brought to birth. It should be added that Mr. Monro does not do this often, and that, in general, his work has an intellectual saltiness of originality which makes it satisfactory and often delightful reading. And as was said above, it gains in suggestiveness because it is in a strain, as yet infrequent in modern poetry, but probably destined to great importance: the strain of psychological realism; although Mr. Monro cannot be said to have taken that method either far or subtly.

Mr. de la Mare, presumably, needs no intro-

duction. His "Peacock Pie" consists of lyrics ostensibly for children; in reality it contains some of the most delightful work he has done. It is doubtful whether any other living American or English poet can weave simple melody as deftly as Mr. de la Mare, melody both as regards words and ideas. If after a century has passed one may recall Leigh Hunt's categories of imagination and fancy as the two springs of the poetic, it would be no violence to say that Mr. de la Mare's power over us is rather in fancy than in imagination. It is delicate, elusive, impalpable; over the simplest lyrics hangs an overtone of magic. And now and again, as in the "Song of the Mad Prince," this magic reaches a grave intensity which strikes well to the marrow of things. Mr. de la Mare is not an innovator, and his scope is not great; but within his scope he has no superior.

If after a reading of these three rather typical English poets we recall as contrast the dominant notes in contemporary American poetry, certain differences stand out conspicuously. Despite the fact that Mr. Monro manifests a slight orientation in a new direction, we may say that these poets, like most contemporary English poets, hold more or less surely to the main poetic tradition, in particular as concerns the theory that lyric poetry is a decorative rather than an interpretative art, and that its affair should be, primarily, the search for and modulation of beauty, with or without regard to its nearness to human experience. The result is that from a purely literary viewpoint English poetry of the present day is much more perfectly finished, much maturer, than American poetry. On the other hand, it loses proportionately by this very fact. By comparison with contemporary American poetry,—which is more empirical, drawing more boldly on the material of a wider consciousness, without so sharp a literary distinction between the poetic and the non-poetic, and more richly experimental as concerns questions of form,—English poetry appears at once thinner and more "literary." It does not seem to relate so closely to the complete life of the individual. It becomes obvious, in view of this contrast, to hope for some sort of fusion of the two methods. Will the poet arise who will have no occasion for envying either "this man's art" or "that man's scope"? It appears to be only a question of time.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Religion of Patriotism

HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Vol. II. (Robert M. McBride & Co.; $3.25.)

The German youth entering the University of Berlin is met at the door by a huge statue of Treitschke, standing in a flamingly heroic attitude. On his shoulder is perched the imperial German eagle, intently gazing into his face.

There is every reason why the German eagle should listen to what Treitschke has to say, for what he says is balm to its soul and music to its ears. The German Michael would have been better off if he had not listened to Treitschke, but the German eagle, patriotic, imperialistic, and rapacious, did well to press him to its bosom.

Take, for example, this second volume of Treitschke's *magnum opus*—his "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." It deals with a dull period and—to a liberty-loving man—a disconcerting period. From 1815 to 1819, Germany was losing the high-strung heroism of the Wars of Liberation and was busy planting potatoes, for the simple reason that for the time being potatoes were more needed than heroism. Now, other peoples have planted potatoes without saying anything about it. Not so the Germans. When a German plants his potatoes or drinks his beer and smokes his pipe, he is engaged in a good old German custom. He is performing a task, noble, patriotic, and almost religious. At least, one would think so after reading Treitschke. It is true that he is hard put to it to reconcile this unheroic period with his heroic bluster. In fact he does not hesitate to show his contempt for it on one page while growing sentimental over it on the next. For so he oscillates between heroic brutality and tribal sentimentality.

Yet Treitschke has a keen eye and a sharp tongue. He sees the Germany of 1815-19 passing through a silent crisis. He sees that the particularism which made possible the division of Germany during the Napoleonic ascent is again coming to the top and with it the antiquated feudal organization which Napoleon had greatly damaged but not totally destroyed. His problem is how to condemn this particularism,—for Treitschke is an arch-imperialist,—to get rid of it and still keep the old feudalism. Treitschke's *Weltanschauung,* which comes out so glaringly in his controversy with Schmoller, is intimately associated with the maintenance of a monarchical and aristocratic order. Life to him means the

keeping up of the heroic paraphernalia of a military social system, on which is built a rigid division of classes, devoted to the carrying out of the classical ideal of life—with a German accent. For his ideal of national heroism he needed a united Germany, which involved the break-up of the old princely organization. For his ideal of a "cultural" nation he needed the old feudal organization. How solve this problem? Treitschke does not solve it, but he makes a spectacular attempt.

He begins by denouncing the eighteenth century and Rousseau. To do so was and is quite the fashion in Germany. The spirit of the eighteenth century was one of cosmopolitan liberalism and international good will—a spirit utterly at variance with the efforts at national self-sufficiency predominant in the nineteenth. The eighteenth century also believed that unaided human reason could frame schemes of human welfare without recourse to the accidental historical experience of any people. This unhistorical procedure had the effect of alienating the feelings of the student or reformer from the particular past of a particular people. The moment history was turned out of doors, Germany said farewell to the particular feudal experience which was so dear to the heart of Treitschke and his reactionary Germanophiles. This, of course, they could not tolerate. Since the international spirit of the eighteenth century carried with it also ideas of constitutional reforms, such reforms are, naturally, viewed as a recurrence of the "Jacobinism" of the earlier period, and therefore sternly opposed. Treitschke's opposition goes on the path of a particular God-given characteristic of the German people which does not comport well with the notion of constitutional reforms. The idea that the opinions and convictions of the common people should be consulted in matters of government, and that on these matters they should be considered the court of last resort, seems to him to be a proposition so utterly ridiculous, so extravagantly absurd, that he laughs himself sick over it.

This attitude comes out very clearly in his treatment of Rotteck. Rotteck was a historian and political scientist of Württemberg who represented the cosmopolitan-democratic ideas of the eighteenth century. He had a good deal to do with directing his country early on the path of constitutionalism. He was a man of great humanitarian enthusiasm and highly respected in his own community. Treitschke treats him with amused contempt. He speaks of him as a parochial Philistine and a scientific hewer of wood and drawer of water, and accuses him of "spurning the historical world" because of his espousal of liberal ideas. The possibility is not precluded of Rotteck's having been all these things in spite of his liberal ideas, but it is clear that in Treitschke's estimation he is a Philistine and a hewer of wood because of his liberal ideas. Treitschke seeks the heroic everywhere and at all times, and Rotteck was unheroic enough to take account of the immediate humanity of the people about whose destinies he was writing and philosophizing. This seems to our historian a most glaring perversion. A pretty pass shall we have come to if we allow mere human beings to interfere with the God-appointed destinies of the state! Of course what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. What Treitschke says of Savigny, the darling of the historically minded, cannot be applied to Rotteck. When Savigny, with consistent *Historismus,* says that law must always remain the product of the unconscious social forces and national intelligence, Treitschke firmly but respectfully (of course!) begs to differ with him, asserting that "law is actually determined not by national intelligence but by the national will,"—which national will, if it means anything, means precisely what Rotteck was trying to express when he insisted that an enlightened public opinion must have its share in framing its own laws and its own social and political organization. But then, what Treitschke probably means by national will is the will of His Majesty the King, expressed by His Excellency the Chancellor to His Honor the Bureaucrat.

On the whole, one rises from a reading of this volume of Treitschke's "History" with a feeling of having listened to a very able apologist of a reactionary, one-sided, and autocratic order, parading under the guise of progress and heroism. One cannot escape, however, a feeling also of disgust at the diseased passion to prove Germany great in all things and at all cost. When Treitschke speaks of the work of German scientists, which at that period was a sad affair at best, one gets the impression that to him scientific work is a matter of patriotism; the scientist is something in the nature of a patriotic fighting-cock whose business it is to overtake and beat the scientists of other nations. He sets it down to the particular credit of Germany that Humboldt was well received in scientific circles in Paris, and forgets that Humboldt had to go to

Paris because he could not get a hearing in his own land and because the field of scientific endeavor in Germany was an intellectual Sahara. English readers will not fail to be amused when he tells them that "Walter Scott, the most fruitful and best-loved poet of the age, went to school to Buerger and Goethe"!

Let the German eagle, by all means, look gratefully into Treitschke's face, for he has done a good job, better than the historians of other nations have ever done. As long as history is looked upon as the proper field for the exhibition of patriotic animosity and sentimental turbulence, we shall have no right to object to Treitschke. He is only doing what they are all doing, doing it a little more crudely, more bluntly, more revoltingly (to the outsider), and consequently more effectively. The difference between them is only a difference of degree and not of kind.

MAX SYLVIUS HANDMAN.

Gorky

IN THE WORLD. By Maxim Gorky. (Century Co.; $2.)

An attentive reader of Gorky might have seen that he was prepared to write this amazing book. If all good fiction is a kind of autobiography, Gorky's fiction is often avowedly just that. He likes to enter directly into his tales, showing us this or that episode precisely as if it had gone on under his own eyes—as, no doubt, more than one actually had. And in those tales and sketches, so casually and vividly handled as to resemble bits of the actual seized almost at random, he has known how to find the evocative word, to summon a mood or stamp an impression on the mind, and pass rapidly on to something else. Swiftness and brevity—these are great virtues in a man who is going to tell us the story of his life. They fill us with assurance at the outset. We can trust him not to bore us by piling up detail or losing his way among the labyrinthine windings of formal autobiography, in which there is neither perspective nor any merciful sense of values. Nor does Gorky disappoint us. Everywhere in this, the second, volume of his Life, one finds the shining virtues of brevity, concreteness, vigor—always unfailing vigor. That there is also a moving sincerity goes without saying, since Gorky is in the great Russian tradition.

The first volume carried us up to Gorky's twelfth or thirteenth year, to the time when he left the house of his grandfather. The second volume, thick as it is with impressions and rich in the material of character, gives us two or three years only of his life in the world; when we take leave of him, he is just setting out for Kazan, in the futile hope (as we shall hear later) of getting an education for nothing. Thus it is still almost a child's world in which we are moving—a world seen with that fascinating mixture of sophistication and simplicity which his genius made possible. Gorky was restless and passed from place to place, always wretched, trying to find a world which he could reconcile with his dreams. As door-boy in a shoe shop, drudge in the house of an architect, dish-washer on a Volga steamer, apprentice in an icon-painter's establishment, he was beaten and bedeviled and dragged through the foulest backwash of life. It was a brutal experience that might well have turned him into a brute—an experience, so far as one can see, that offered little enough to the future writer except the maturity that suffering brings. But in such cases talent is almost everything, and certainly no talent could have set itself more sharply and decisively to work. Gorky was a born novelist, for whom the special enigma of character never lost its torturing fascination; he had already begun to observe, not coldly and critically but with a brooding and terrible intensity. He observed that he might learn, but with no detached and purely intellectual passion. On the contrary, he was quiveringly responsive to suffering; the sight of cruelty, he tells us, roused in him a physical repulsion that swiftly transformed itself into a cold fury. He had a "fastidious dislike of unhappiness, illness, and grievances." And these things, with many more abominations, were always under his eyes. The dulness of life, which oppressed his companions, weighed too upon him and desolated his heart. He was prepared to understand the profound melancholy of a people tormented by the riddle of existence—a melancholy growing less out of the weight of external conditions than out of a deep intuition of the futility of man's fate, the sense of life flowing past, eluding the clutch, dropping at last into the void. Why struggle against the inevitable?

"Don't struggle, don't hope for anything, for the grave and the church yard let no man pass," says the mason, Petr; and Uncle Yaakov sums up his life in a few contemptuous phrases: "Take myself, for instance; what has my life been? I look back on it with shame, everything

by snatches, stealthily; my sorrows were my own but my joys were stolen. Either my father shouted, 'Don't you dare!' or my wife screamed, 'You cannot!' I was afraid to throw down a ruble. And so all my life has passed away, and here I am acting the lackey to my own son. . . But, even without that, why was I born? What pleasure have I had in my life?" Whatever one may think of this characteristic Russian pessimism, it is solidly based: it complains, not of the transitory and the remediable, but of the unsatisfactoriness of first and last things. It expresses a deep, philosophic discontent.

Is this sombre mood Gorky's own? It is hard to say. I confess I had thought so from a reading of the tales and novels in which he seems obsessed with the hideousness of life. But here he tells us that he was often troubled by the thought that "sorrow appealed more than joy to the hearts of these people." He himself struggled against the "dreamy Russian sadness" and often desired to cast a spell over the whole earth which would cause everyone "to be swept by a joyful whirlwind, a festival dance of people. . ." In fact, there were two men in him. One was aware of only too many abominations and obscenities and had come to view life and people "distrustfully and contemptuously, with a feeble pity." He wished only to escape from the world of men. But the other, nourished on books and dreams, "loved and pitied actively." This is the Gorky who can look to the future hopefully and call himself a lover of humanity. "All that is good and human in our hearts and brains needs renewing."

That he loved and pitied actively there can be no doubt. This book is full of the beautiful evidence of it. The intuition of genius carried him deep into the heart of the strange Russian nature, and one cannot read his report of it without becoming oneself more human. The heroic figure of his grandmother, which dominated the first volume, appears here only occasionally but the impression is even deepened. One feels that this strong and good woman was the great formative influence in Gorky's life and that the sweetness and soundness of her nature explain in great measure the miracle by which the lonely boy escaped shipwreck. But there are other figures hardly less striking. The fat cook of the Volga steamer, who encouraged Gorky's passion for reading and gave him books; Yaakov, the stoker, "with his ape-like hands," before whose eyes life burned "like the flame of the stove beneath the boilers"; Petr Vassilich, the pious and scoundrelly "valuer" of icons; "Queen Margot"; Gorky's step-father, a decayed aristocrat dying of consumption—all these walk into and out of the pages, preserving their secrets, filling us—as they filled the boy—with a troubled sense of what is deepest and most ambiguous in human character. And for Gorky, as for us, the mystery remains. That it tortures him sometimes, who can doubt? For when Yaakov Shumov went away, rolling from side to side like a bear, Gorky was aware in his heart of an uneasy and perplexed feeling.

"And what sort of man was he—Yaakov Shumov?"

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

The American Constitution

THE AMERICAN PLAN OF GOVERNMENT. By Charles W. Bacon and Franklyn S. Morse. With an Introduction by George Gordon Battle. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.)

"There come crises to all nations—times when actions taken or policies adopted will vitally affect the lives of future generations. At such times men are forced to think—to go back to fundamentals—to re-examine the foundations of their institutions. For the United States this second decade of the twentieth century is a period of crisis." These words from "The American Plan of Government," by C. W. Bacon and F. S. Morse, two lawyer-graduates of Harvard, make an even stronger appeal than when written several months ago. At this time, thinking Americans are turning to the Constitution to find out whether or not a plan of government adopted 127 years ago to give the people of thirteen little republics a central government is strong enough to protect them from internal dissension and foreign aggression, whether or not that Constitution is still sufficient for the management of the business of a nation which uses commercial and industrial machinery not dreamed of in the constitution-making era. To say, therefore, that this is a timely book is trite; perhaps it is better to express our appreciation for having just now such "an interpretation of the Constitution of the United States by accepted authorities," the authority followed being, for the most part, none other than the Supreme Court of the United States. When decisions of this court on constitutional questions are unavailable, recourse is had to decisions by state courts and to constitutional writers of repute, including Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and Joseph Story.

The purpose of the book is to show the real meaning of the Constitution and its actual working as a plan of government. To do this, the authors take up the Constitution clause by clause —at times almost word by word—interpreting the one and defining the other in the exact words of judicial decisions. Herein lies its library value, for it puts within reach of the general reader a great fund of exact constitutional knowledge hitherto accessible only to the lawyer or to the trained investigator. All references are to original sources, long, involved decisions and irrelevant details being omitted, so that definitions are clean-cut and unmistakable. On each constitutional question, the authors select, as a rule, a single leading case and present only so much of the decision in that case as contains the desired definition. Not all provisions of the Constitution, however, can be treated adequately in this summary manner, for the meaning of some has been extended gradually by judicial interpretation in successive decisions. The interstate commerce clause, for example, has grown in meaning so that the power of Congress has come to include control of the navigable waters of the United States, the regulation of railroad rates and articles of commerce, and the forbidding of combinations and contracts in restraint of trade. On the meaning of other provisions of the Constitution, the Supreme Court has sometimes disagreed even to the extent of reversing itself, as in the Legal Tender and the Income Tax cases. In the discussion of such constitutional provisions, the authors trace the history of their interpretation by presenting a series of decisions.

"The American Plan of Government," in spite of its rigid accuracy and exactness of definition, is an easy and interesting book to read, and this was made possible by a novel plan of presentation. This consists of prefacing each citation with a statement of the facts in the case that shows how the word or phrase in question came to be carried to court for interpretation. These statements of fact, many of them of historic note, others of human interest, show how constitutional principles are applied as rules of action to the affairs of everyday life. Without such statements, knowledge of the Constitution would remain abstract and theoretical; with them, it becomes concrete and practical. The book shows the general reader how our national government rests on a great, living body of constitutional law, broader and more vital than the original Constitution from which it sprang, but which, designed for the United States of the Revolutionary era, has endured with surprisingly few changes for over a century and a quarter. We see the present Constitution of the United States as a system of constitutional law that, largely through judicial decisions, has grown up about it. The growth of the United States in extent and power and the increasing complexity of its national life have demanded a progressive modification of its plan of government. New conditions have demanded new laws or new applications of existing laws, with the result that again and again the courts have been called upon to measure each new law or new application, and the standard of measurement has been always the Constitution. The ever-growing body of decisions in such cases forms the system of federal constitutional law on the authority of which rests our national government of to-day.

Librarians to whom come requests for such information as this, will appreciate the value of "The American Plan of Government," a book which should be found in every library, large or small, for it has to do with the fundamentals of American government, a subject of absorbing interest in these stirring times. Strange to say, there is no similar work in existence.

FREDERICK WARREN JENKINS.

Progress in Education

EDUCATION AND LIVING. By Randolph Bourne. (The Century Co.; $1.25.)

The majority of Americans are not, as so many people aver, apathetic in regard to the war: they are apathetic only in regard to the violation at home of those principles for which they are setting out, so very gallantly, to fight abroad. The sentencing to imprisonment of a young man whose crime was the circulating of excerpts from the Declaration of Independence, the lynching of a worker because he was in opposition to the emotional tendencies of to-day, the advocacy by a senator (Mr. Harding) of a dictatorship for this country,—such things have called forth little reproach and less criticism. Why? Because the schools of the past have taught their students, as most of the schools of the present are teaching them, not how to think, but how to accept thoughts already hardened into formulas; not how to evaluate events and actions, but how, if the former be unpleasant, to ignore them, and how, if the latter be performed by those in temporary authority, blindly to sanction them. This will explain the apathy

of the multitude as well as the muddle-headedness of the so-called intellectuals; and it will explain, furthermore, why Mr. Bourne's book, "Education and Living," has not only a pedagogical, but also a distinctly topical, interest.

The author's observations are of what others have done; and, for that very reason, coupled with his liberal inclinations, he is able to present the fairest, the most impartial, description of the numerous educational experiments now making in America. His marshalling of them is impressive; his review of them, concise, lucid, constructive. One may therefore assert that "Education and Living" is the best handbook for teachers that has thus far appeared. Few of us have had the opportunity to travel the country over in search of such material as he gives us; and hitherto we have had to rely upon scattered or inadequate information.

The only serious fault to be found with this book is that it is either too comprehensively titled or too exclusive in confining itself almost entirely to the grammar and the high schools. Though the scholastic "groundwork" is certainly superior to the succeeding work, it is, equally certainly, not so "excellent and thorough" as Mr. Bourne believes it to be. Furthermore, the author is too brief and cursory in his treatment of the colleges; and his remarks about the undergraduate are superficial. Anyone who has had intimate contact with the freshmen at one of our universities will have discovered something very different from what Mr. Bourne calls the "baffling resistance of the undergraduate mind." He will have discovered, on the contrary, an eager receptivity, a surprising and delightful intellectual buoyancy. It is only after the undergraduate has been thoroughly stupefied by his professors that he becomes impervious to ideas, points of view, interpretations.

Mr. Bourne is, of course, right in putting the emphasis on the worse-than-wasted years that succeed the primary school, and he is right also in his condemnation of the methods that make recitations merely "a skilful guessing on the part of the child of what the teacher wants him to say." This is due to the fact that the method natural to the child is absolutely reversed: instead of being allowed to use his teacher as a medium of knowledge, a source from which he may, in his curiosity, draw, he is set difficult and usually uninteresting tasks which test only his ability to memorize and the docility of his character. And this strange reversal is driven so far that in such a subject as history, for instance, he is forced to begin, not with facts which might entice his attention, but with events so distant in time that he cannot bring them into any sort of relationship with himself. . . Any criticism of this procedure is met with the old statement that it is necessary for discipline, though it is easily demonstrable that the greatest concentration, the most protracted effort, and therefore the most and best discipline, are obtained when the child is stimulated to his studies by his own inquisitiveness and sympathy.

How different from the old-fashioned methods are those described in "Education and Living"! The variety of the new experiments—if anything so successful can still be considered experimental—is astonishing, though all of them are based on Professor Dewey's well-known dictum that the child can be educated only by concerning himself with what has meaning to him as a child, and not with what may have meaning to him later as an adult. The most significant thing about these experiments is that they are not confined to private schools where the equipment may be exceptional. Mr. Wirt has shown in his now famous Gary system that rational methods may be applied in large public schools as well.

It is unnecessary here to particularize further: we need only refer the reader to "Education and Living" with its detailed exposition and criticism, and to note the fact that Mr. Bourne's discussion of vocational education is probably the soundest on record. It may, however, be well to call attention to the chapter entitled "Education in Taste," in which the author seems to misconceive the very nature of taste. He contends, with truth enough, that the teacher should not impart to his students judgments of works of art; but he bases this contention upon the extraordinary notion that "we should never have enough Matthew Arnolds to go round." A host of Arnolds speaking in sentences that crinkle like an academic gown, favoring pupils with standards by which to determine the "best" in literature and with dogmas concerning "the grand style"—surely, nothing could be more efficacious in producing children wholly lacking in taste. It might, however, obtain for us what Mr. Bourne seems to desire, "strange and vigorous expressions like the contemporary architecture and sculpture of Germany," which are in reality only copies, heavy vulgarizations of French genius. This exception noted, "Education and Living" is to be recommended to everyone interested in the subject. BAYARD BOYESEN.

Mythology in the Making

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Vol. VI: Indian, by A. Berriedale Keith; Iranian, by Albert J. Carnoy. (Marshall Jones Co.; $6.)

The mythology of India possesses unique interest, not only on account of its antiquity, but because of the continuity of its literary records. For over three thousand years its steady growth, as well as its degenerative tendencies, may be traced in a series of voluminous writings, beginning about 1500 B. C. with the "Rig-Veda," and coming down through the "Brāhmanas," the "Epics," the "Purānas," and the Buddhistic writings, to the literature of the present day.

In that portion of the sixth volume of "The Mythology of All Races" devoted to Indian mythology, Dr. A. Berriedale Keith has with infinite skill cut a swathe through what seems an inextricable tangle of mythological detail. He keeps in mind constantly, the general trend of Indian mythology toward pantheism and its final flowering in the philosophy of the Absolute. At the same time he describes with fascinating lucidity the characteristics of the multiple gods, who grow to be more and more the symbol of spiritual forces. Even as early as the "Rig-Veda," there is a hymn, referred to by Dr. Keith, addressed to the Creator of Heaven and Earth, of the waters and all that lives, who is designated impersonally "the Golden Germ." It is repeatedly asked in the hymn, "What god shall we adore with our oblations?" At the end of the hymn he is called Prajāpati, "the Lord of Creation." In Dr. Keith's opinion, "This passage is the starting point of his great history which culminates in the conception of the Absolute but personal Brahmā."

In dealing with the succeeding stage of the development of Indian mythology, the author bases his descriptions principally upon the Brāhmanas, or explanatory texts, attached to the Vedas.

He traces the development of the conception of Prajāpati, showing how this god might have become a greater figure among the Indian popular deities had not the philosophic spirit which conceived him soon gone beyond the original idea and translated the male form, as too personal for the expression of the Absolute, into the neuter Brahman Sayambhu (Self-Existent Prayer), thus opening the way for the "Upanishads."

Besides the development of the philosophic idea of the Absolute, the Brahmanic period sees the evolution of the idea of Heaven and Hell, and also that of Reincarnation, found first in the "Upanishads." It reaches its highest pinnacle of thought in a later Brāhmana, which holds that the man who attains true knowledge of the nature of the Absolute thereby wins freedom from rebirth and union at death with the Absolute.

In the "Epics," the imaginative bent of the Indian mind is especially prominent, though the gods show the influence of the strong philosophical tendencies in the fact that they are no longer independent, eternal entities. They have become manifestations of one infinite power, emphasized by the doctrine of the "Ages of the World" in which the Absolute reveals itself. At the expiration of three ages, each succeeding age being worse, everything is again absorbed into the Absolute for twelve million years, and is remanifested in the course of fresh ages.

Vishnu and Siva are the only gods who retain a degree of real power. Upon these gods the Indian imagination expends itself in the usual riotous manner. Siva is said to appear in as many as 1008 forms. Vishnu has a thousand names, and appears in many avatars, one of the most important being Krishna, who is later the god celebrated in the "Bhagavad-Gita." Rāma, whose exploits fill the epic "Rāmāyana," is another important avatar of Vishnu.

In his chapter on Buddhism, Dr. Keith opposes the view held by some scholars that Buddha was merely a man and his system originally a purely ethical system, though this is certainly indicated by its discarding of the earlier doctrines of the soul and personal immortality. Even in the earliest texts Dr. Keith finds evidence that Buddha was regarded and regarded himself as a divine being. His arguments here do not convince. Rather does Buddha seem to regard himself as a type of the Beyond Man, neither human, in the ordinary sense of the word, nor divine.

The remaining chapters are given to the Jains and modern Hinduism. The mythology of the former possesses interest because of their doctrine that time is endless, and that successive reincarnations finally bring man to a place of conscious bliss, formless but consisting of life throughout.

Finally, in modern Hinduism, there is an indescribable confusion of sacred beings and objects, all brought into harmony by the pantheistic philosophy and the idea of the Absolute, which is now conceived of as feminine in its nature.

The personifying tendency which, with a tendency to metaphorical interpretation, is the formative element in Indian mythology from the earliest times, is still at work, and among the objects of worship are found plows, yard-measures, pickaxes, lions, tigers, and holy men. On the other hand, Vishnu and Siva still retain their importance, though in the refined philosophy of the cultured they are manifestations of the Absolute.

Dr. Keith makes clear the development of philosophical ideas and yet preserves so much of the mythological drapery in which these ideas are clothed that the book possesses the double quality of scholarliness and fascination. By recognizing the close connection between mythology and religion, he has greatly enhanced, in my opinion, the interest of his subject.

Dr. Albert J. Carnoy, in his treatment of Iranian mythology, adopts a different plan from that followed by Dr. Keith. He restricts his definition of myth so that it excludes all that is properly religious, historical, or archæological, and attempts to give the myths and "nothing more" in Iranian traditions. In accordance with this plan he has emphasized especially the romantic aspects of the myths, though philosophy and religion are continually breaking through the purely imaginative elements. He gives, for instance, an account of the dualistic religious principles of the Iranians, and of their origin in the cosmic conflicts of sun and storm or light and dark, which are characteristic of Vedic mythology. The Iranian mind, he says, seized especially upon the element of conflict and elaborated upon it, carrying it into the moral and spiritual world and also into romance and history. Professor Carnoy illustrates these lines of development with many verse translations from the "Avesta" and the "Shāh-Nāmah." He also notes interesting parallels between the mythologies of Babylon, India, and Iran.

In conclusion he shows that his conception of a myth is enlarged beyond the idea that it is merely the beginning of science in an attempt to account for some phenomenon of nature. He declares that, besides giving an explanation, it tries to give the explanation picturesquely. Thus we see added to the popular definition of myth the æsthetic element. Is it not reasonable to say that there is also present in myth-making the very source of religious aspiration in the search for the Cause?

The fact that in every volume of this series thus far examined, the writers have not succeeded in making a clear demarkation between myth and religion surely indicates that religion is something more than ritual, or rather that ritual is a crystallization of the religious element in myth-making. The remarkable continuity of the religious development of Indian mythology toward the conception of the Absolute—the primal cause of all things and of which all phenomena are but manifestations—seems to point to a primeval instinct in man to search for that cause and conceive of it in imaginative symbols of godhood.

Like the other volumes, this one is rich in valuable illustration. A good bibliography and notes, chiefly bibliographical, complete these eminently satisfactory treatments of two great mythologies.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

The Relaxing Grip of Prussianism

SCIENCE AND LEARNING IN FRANCE. Edited by John H. Wigmore. With an introduction by Charles W. Eliot.

A nation that wills to impose its culture on other peoples must begin by believing thoroughly in its own superiority. Confidence is at least half the battle. A cult of the national life and habits of mind has to be established, a whole ritual of pious observances erected. For superstition works even in the lofty realm of the intellect, and scholars, as the war has shown us, are not creatures of pure reason. Germany had such a cult. She cherished an ambition for intellectual primacy. She willed to dominate the world not through the crude instrument of war alone, but through the "peaceful penetration" of scholarship and the prestige of great names. In America, certainly, her "peaceful penetration" enjoyed an immense success; the influence of German universities and German methods was enormous, the respect for German scholarship unbounded. It was, as we see now, an undiscriminating respect—a respect founded in good part on superstition, as the extraordinary deference shown to Eucken a few years ago made abundantly clear. A nation that could produce William James and John Dewey should have had a better eye for philosophers. But the prestige of the label "Made in Germany" was as great when attached to scholars as to chemicals.

Nor is it hard to account for that prestige. Germany, with a realistic sense which it would be idle to deny, understood better than her rivals the requirements of the new industrial age which

was dawning. She divined the increasingly important rôle which expert knowledge would come to play. She saw how the development of industry must wait on discoveries in the laboratory, and she put science in harness, so to speak. She was not hampered by the old-fashioned idealism that would keep science pure and undefiled by keeping it out of the factory. The human material with which her organizers had to work was excellent. The German is by nature patient and diligent; he loves and respects learning. All that was needed to give Germany an undoubted lead in producing scientists and investigators of the second rank was organization on a wholesale plan and the official encouragement of research. That organization she undertook and accomplished, with results that have been open to study for a long time. That her methods in scholarship produced excellent results, no sane man would dream of denying. But to claim intellectual primacy because of a marked superiority in the second line of achievement will hardly do. It sounds arrogant, when it does not sound absurd. And the methods themselves—indispensable as they are now recognized to be—are subject to quite serious objections if they are not applied with a constant critical scrutiny of the results. The test to apply is a rigorously pragmatic one. Where mere industry in the collection of facts—facts of any order—is valued for itself, the door is thrown open for mediocrity to enter. Those "Culture-Philistines" at whom Nietzsche raged are only too likely to give the tone and adjust the scale of values by which merit shall be measured. And one knows how the prevailing type fixes the standard of measurement. In our own universities, partly as a result of the uncritical adoption of German methods, the collectors of negligible facts and musty gossip, those busy journeymen of learning, have multiplied intolerably, and an appalling amount of sterile and frivolous activity has passed itself off under the name of research. If you doubt it and have a courage amounting to suicidal recklessness, make a wager with yourself to read all the doctor's theses published by a single great university in a year. It would be pleasanter, perhaps, to face Kultur directly in the trenches.

The war, which is challenging so many institutions and shibboleths, has demolished the myth of German intellectual supremacy. The famous manifesto of the "ninety-three German professors" was a blow to German prestige—a blow from which it will hardly recover in our time. It was a miracle of ineptitude, as blunderingly conceived and as stupidly drafted as any document fathered by the Foreign Office. It was manifestly not the product of pure reason. A new orientation has become inevitable, and "Science and Learning in France" is one of the first tangible evidences of a change of heart.

This book, edited by Dean Wigmore, of the faculty of law at Northwestern University, with a preface by Charles W. Eliot, emeritus president of Harvard University, is the work of the foremost scholars in the various departments of learning in America. It is a tactful book. It makes no invidious comparisons. On the contrary, it expressly recognizes the high intellectual achievements of German scholars and thinkers. But it seeks to restore a lost perspective by calling attention to the distinguished work of French scientists in our time and reminding us of the distinctive qualities of the French mind. Our relative indifference to French culture has been a serious loss. We have ignored to some extent the great contributions to science made by the lucid and imaginative French intellect. The free experimental impulse, the absence of prejudice, and the strong democratic bias give us an atmosphere in which progress is possible. It isn't pure sentiment that attaches us to the French people; it is really a deep if vague consciousness that we have set out on the same adventure and are committed to the same political and social programme. It is a "consciousness of kind." Nevertheless, there is not a hint of propagandist ardor in "Science and Learning in France." Such ardor would be an insult to France, which needs no commendation beyond the simple record of achievement. Everywhere in this book Western culture is recognized as international—a growth to which all the peoples have made important contributions. What was attempted was a brief, judicial survey of the contributions made by eminent French thinkers, with special emphasis on the work of men now living or so recently dead as to belong to the modern period. Every field of scientific and literary investigation is covered by a committee of American scholars. The scheme of the work embraces a swift historical summary of the labors of French investigators in each department,—philosophy, astronomy, the social sciences, biology, and so on,—an account of the significant contributions of living men, and an outline of the courses offered in the various universities, together with the special facilities for research. In short, the book is a compendious introduction to the intel-

lectual world of France, intended to serve as a guide for students who may be planning to work for a doctorate abroad. But it should serve the broader purpose of acquainting the general public with the brilliant achievements of contemporary France. It is an impressive book in the mere list of famous names of the living or quite recently dead—Henri Poincaré, Berthelot, Becquerel, Curie, Tarde, Durkheim, Letourneau, Bergson. . . In the face of such evidence of fertile activity as the mere names afford, one finds it hard to understand the vulgar notion that prevailed before the war that the French talent had exhausted itself. For this notion there was substituted later the equally preposterous one that the war had renewed French manhood. In truth, I think there is some need for Americans to read "Science and Learning in France."

One should add that the book was planned and begun a year and a half ago, while the United States was still a neutral country; it is in no sense, as the editor quite superfluously points out, a "pro-ally document." It is simply the result of a conviction formed by American scholars that the time had come for restoring French science to its "place in the sun." A society has been formed for establishing American fellowships in French universities on the basis of competitive examination, and we seem in a fair way to readjust the balance. C. H.

Edith Wharton

SUMMER. By Edith Wharton. (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.)

Within the memory of a not very aged reader of American fiction there have been a few wonderful moments, moments when one has realized, perhaps without clear, critical consciousness, that something important has happened. Such unforgettable moments are one's first reading of "Roderick Hudson," and "A Modern Instance," and "Huckleberry Finn," and "A New England Nun," and "The Red Badge of Courage," and "Sister Carrie" (the promise of that book has not been fulfilled), and two books by Mrs. Wharton, "The Greater Inclination" and "The Touchstone." In those days, the end of the Nineties, most of the established literature of the world was still unexplored, and a new arrival from New York had to compete with the world's inexhaustible masterpieces and also with contemporaneous English fiction, especially the two gods of the undergraduate, Stevenson and Kipling. Mrs. Wharton dawned upon our ignorant but eager appreciation, a little bewildering to our immaturity because she was so mature and sophisticated. Henry James and Meredith had educated us to read her intelligently (though we had only begun to read them), and if our admiration was boyish it was genuine. I remember distinctly the emotions of surprise and delight at the appearance of a new writer, an American writer, whose first work showed the competence and finish of a practiced hand.

Then followed, at intervals sufficiently long to indicate careful workmanship, now a novel, now a collection of short stories, all of unvarying excellence. But there was another sense in which the work was unvarying, another interpretation of the moderate rate of production. Though the plots were ingenious, original, not cast in one mold, the kind of life so acutely and deeply studied was a limited, even thin, upper layer of society. Was her material restricted? She saw far, she penetrated to the bottom of a soul, but could she see broadly? Was her knowledge of life at once cosmopolitan and class-provincial, like the outlook of Henry James? One of her contemporaries, Mrs. Atherton, I think, was reported to have expressed, apropos of "The House of Mirth," a somewhat envious fear lest Mrs. Wharton's vein should be exhausted, and to have suggested that her success was due, if not to her snobbery, to the snobbery of a public that liked to read about the high life. I doubt if snobbery can find an ounce of nourishment in the gray pathos of the story of Lily Bart. And as for her creator, a woman who is born to the social purple and to the intellectual purple, whose attitude toward her own class is tragic and ironic, who treats with a fine disdain just those qualities and privileges of the upper ten which the next four or five tens admire and emulate, is the shrewdest possible foe of snobbery. The powerful final answer to these questions was that amazing masterpiece, "Ethan Frome." And the answer is reiterated by "Summer."

Before "Ethan Frome" New England fiction was virginal. The stork preceded the doctor, but nothing preceded the stork. A doubtful exception is "The Scarlet Letter," in which the sorrow of illicit love is covered by a romantic veil. The exquisite stories of Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins give delicate expression to as much as the shy New England characters would have wished to tell of themselves. These stories show the grace of narrow lives, the charm and humor

that can flourish amid rural poverty. By not making the deeper passions articulate the authors are precisely true to New England character. There are two kinds of suppression; one is the suppression of life by the author's ignorance or reticence; the other is the suppression of feeling by life itself. Passion beats against obdurate facts and falls broken and bleeding. This contest must be studied objectively, for the characters do not understand what is happening to them. The author understands, and sitting omniscient and Olympian at the right-hand side of Fate, contemplates their lives; at the same time he enters into each life with immense tenderness. This is the greatest achievement of that kind of imagination which creates fiction. The combined power of impartial contemplation and sympathy makes the genius of Thomas Hardy and it makes the genius of Mrs. Wharton as it is found in "Ethan Frome" and "Summer." For she cannot play with these people, as she plays with her people in New York society, shooting her own ironic shafts at them or analyzing them in terms of their own sophisticated talk. Her New England people are elemental, victims of circumstance (so also, of course, was Lily Bart), and they must be left for the irony of life to deal with. At the same time there is no cold detachment. A woman who had been reared on a bleak New England farm could not have a more intimate comprehension than has Mrs. Wharton of its pitiful details and lonely aspirations. And the New England woman's knowledge would not be so wise or so wide, for it would not include so much of the rest of life as to give by comparison a full realization of bitterness and frustration.

For the tragedy of "Ethan Frome" and of "Summer" is not a shattered love affair. That experience is so common that everybody has known a case or two among his own friends. The tragedy is the defeat, the spiritual death, of natures that have not merely capacity for strong sexual passion but the capacity, which passion indicates, to grow and make something out of better circumstances than chance happens to permit.

The saddest thing in New England, and no doubt in some other parts of the world, is the contrast between the spendor of the landscape and the aridity of some of the life that mocks its loveliness. A distinguished painter who knows the New England scenery but not the New England people told me that he admired "Ethan Frome," but he could not believe that such people lived—they would all be dead by murder or suicide. Well, the only answer is that though murder and suicide are not unknown in rustic New England, Judge Brack was on the whole right: "people don't do such things." They live along, like Ethan Frome and his two women, after an abortive attempt at murder and suicide; or like the girl in "Summer," after the wreck of passion, they drop into a life of more or less comfortable resignation. For her, at the end of summer, there is an autumn of peace. The story, in its beautiful natural setting, is mellower and gentler than "Ethan Frome," which might have been called "Winter."

In her feeling for nature Mrs. Wharton is a poet. My friend the painter tells me not to mix up the arts, and says that words cannot describe. Perhaps they cannot, but they do. I could prove it by many quotations from "Summer," but it is better for you to read the book and see whether I am wrong in regarding it as a marvel of composition. The descriptions have the same continuity with the narrative that trees have with the road they shelter. Mrs. Wharton is at once direct and subtle. She unfolds with perfect lucidity the complexities of human nature. Her sentences are so beautifully sequential that sometimes a passage seems to straighten out, tense and flexible, like a taut wire; and the vibration is the sound of life. JOHN MACY.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

It is the astonishing combination of the modern and the mid-Victorian that fascinates the reader of William J. Locke's "The Red Planet" (Lane; $1.50). A well-ordered globe is Mr. Locke's, an England rubber-tired and ball-bearing, not the dusty and irresponsible country of Mr. Britling. The Major, an English Gentleman, is the rosy lens of the picture, and through his eyes we measure the charm of Betty, Sir Anthony's temper, Marigold's discretion, and the psychology of Colonel Boyce. This last is the book. Conrad's "Lord Jim" spent his life in passionate overproof of his courage in consequence of a lapse of it on his first voyage. Leonard Boyce spends other people's lives in the same effort. And we are not sure that Boyce is not one of the most virile men that Locke has ever drawn. We feel the Major's repulsion, we wonder at Betty's tenacious allegiance, and we smile at the adoration of Mrs. Boyce as we watch Leonard's mouth when he stands at the window with his loaded cane. But curiously, the reader feels his charm in spite of all dislike,—

the sympathy that brought the crowd to tears when his blind eyes could not help him put down the casket. We are won by his "glorious defiance." Betty, the generous, the courageous, the independent, is the usual delightful Locke heroine. She rushes through quiet Wellingford in tumultuous glory. Phyllis fails to provide enough color to warrant her obstinacy. Althea, dead before the book opens, is the most convincing of all,—a hollyhock in an English garden. It is easy to forgive the sentimentality of "The Red Planet." In spite of the clockwork and the blue sky, there is the real story of a man's life.

The tendency in modern metaphysics and philosophy has been toward the recognition of a soul in the chaos called man. Mr. George A. Dorsey evidently does not share this prejudice. In his "Young Low" (Doran; $1.50) the young gentleman of the title rôle, obsessed by sex, journeys self-consciously through twenty-eight years of life in different parts of the traveller's globe, and is left at the end of the book to go back to America and start all over again. The partners of his life vary interestingly. The girl at home, naturally, is not only stupid but old-fashioned; the strictures from which Young Low escaped have bound her forever. A Hungarian Jewess is abject and adoring. Alexandra Lanfiere, whose charm is difficult to discover, proves a convenient vehicle for a large number of feminist theories, to which Young Low plays enthusiastic Rollo. It is unfortunate that the really excellent presentation of matter should be marred by a vast amount of modern Freudian dogma, which has not yet worked down to reasonable proportions. Much of it is still fermenting, and defies digestion. There is notable ease and grace in description and narrative, and with the growth of sympathy and understanding the author may be expected to produce something on a much higher plane.

F. W. Bain's latest romance, "The Livery of Eve" (Putnam; $1.50), would make a delightful ballet. There is the proper theatrical contrast between Keshawa, the handsome king, and Kamarupa, the hideous barber. Both are enamored of the seductive water sprite Aparajita, but The King may not acknowledge his love for a woman and the barber can never hope to gain any woman's toleration. Aparajita instructs the barber how to distenant the king from his handsome body and assume that body himself, and afterwards she tricks him into giving up the king's body for an instant so that Keshawa, who has been led to admit his passion, may have a body handsome enough to woo her in. The scene in which the seductive water sprite, weeping over her dead fish, induces the barber to abandon his borrowed body would be delightful in such a ballet as the Russians stage for us.

But however charming and picturesque it may be, Mr. Bain's latest story is not likely to add to the unique reputation which he has gained among discriminating readers. It is slight—indeed, on the lips of any but an Indian storyteller with a perfect rage for "making the comparison," "The Livery of Eve" would be a mere short story. It comes out of a conversation between the Moony-crested God and his spouse the Daughter of the Snow, and out of a conundrum that he propounds—which of the three beings, Keshawa, Kamarupa, or Aparajita is to be blamed as the thief? The Moony-crested God beats his spouse in casuistry, but she has had the satisfaction of hearing an agreeable and ingenious tale.

Mr. Bain is one of the initiators in the literature of to-day. When he wrote the delightful "Digit of the Moon," he discovered for us a novel sort of romance—a romance that was neither European nor Arabian, but Indian and distinctive. He took Sanskrit romance with its mythological background and its copious comparisons, its intellectual subtlety and its limited psychology, and infused into it an element of humor. By virtue of his humor he has made this alien literature delightfully entertaining. To many minds a great deal of the entertainment comes out of the sympathetic perception of the curious Indian mind. No other European writer gives us such a sense of being absolutely at home with the Pundits. Kipling, in comparison with the author of "A Digit of the Moon" or "A Draught of the Blue" or "Ashes of a God," seems to be a Cockney interloper.

Two sympathetic views of the race-problem are presented by Mr. Paul Kester in the novel "His Own Country" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50). All the traditions of the South, and its prejudices, all the arguments of the negro, and the evidence of the possibilities of his race have been carefully woven into this tragic romance. As a novel, the story is interesting; as a psychological study and as a thought-provoking introduction to more serious consideration of the future of the colored race in America, it deserves attention. To offset the prolixity and occasional stiffness there is a sincere and wholesome study of conditions and atmosphere that cannot fail to impress the reader.

There is no especial enlightenment concerning the "misunderstood Americans" of the southern mountains, to be derived from "The Master of the Hills," by Sarah Johnston Cocke (Dutton; $1.50). The book proves, if it proves anything at all, that an author may be fairly truthful in regard to history, geography, and dialect, and yet completely miss the essential characteristics of a people—the things that give them life, and their story the savor of reality.

Briefs on New Books

Raymond, or Life and Death. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Doran; $3.

To review this volume is a painful task however considered. One hesitates to wound the sensibilities of the writer, not as a man of science, but as a father who has lost in the chance of battle a peculiarly promising and beloved son. The book begins with a brief record of the life and services of young Raymond Lodge and includes estimates of his character by comrades and some of his letters from the trenches. They tell what is a sadly familiar story: much bravery, admirable self-command, an engaging personality, a strong sense of duty,—and the fatal rendezvous with death. The bulk of the volume is an account of seances with various spiritualistic mediums, in which the dead son speaks and, to the satisfaction of Sir Oliver and other members of his family, gives evidence of his acquaintance with the thoughts and incidents of his life on earth. Other distinguished Englishmen who have entertained similar beliefs also communicate. When one observes the loose conditions under which these seances are held, the far-fetched conclusions by which the evidence is made "evidential," the overwhelming prepossession of the sitters in favor of the belief, the absence of precaution to guard against fraud, and then recalls the endless series of similar sittings that have demonstrably been fraudulent and the vulgar deceptions by which the mystification has proceeded, one cannot render any other verdict than that this book is pernicious in the first degree. It is a shocking example of how an intellect trained to fine reasoning in physical science utterly breaks down in the presence of an emotional psychological situation. One can hardly be satisfied merely to pity; one must condemn. For reason is too precious a matter to be sacrificed in the worthy cause of charity. The conscientious reviewer closes the volume with a sense of regret that it was written.

The Moderns. Essays in Literary Criticism. By John Freeman. Crowell; $1.75.

A book professedly devoted to "the moderns" and opening with an essay on Mr. George Bernard Shaw might be expected to continue with another on Mr. Chesterton and to discuss no writer born earlier than the last half of the nineteenth century; but Mr. Freeman's list embraces Mr. Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Coventry Patmore, and Dr. Robert Bridges. The other names (Shaw, Wells, Maeterlinck, Conrad, and Francis Thompson) just form a majority, and hence may be considered to justify the book's title. The company as a whole illustrate the breadth and comprehensiveness of the critic's sympathies and give promise of a wholesome catholicity in the tone of the essays. In his opening paragraph Mr. Freeman calls attention to "the modesty lurking in his [Mr. Shaw's] defiant egotism," and then, inevitably enough, confronts us with such exhibitions of audacity, self-assertiveness, and lack of reverence (in the accepted sense) on Mr. Shaw's part, as to leave us wondering what room is left for the alleged modesty. One feels a little as one might in turning from Dixon Scott's elaborate exposition of "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw" to witness a performance of "Misalliance" or "Getting Married." By an odd trick of the mind Mr. Freeman is somehow reminded of Bunyan when he contemplates Mr. Shaw. All of which goes to show the danger of falling into paradox when one ventures to handle this paradoxical genius. Henry James impresses the author as having "the most original mind of our time"—which would be more convincing from one who had not already devoted more than twice as much space to the startling originality of the "modern" just mentioned. But he writes with discernment of the gifted and subtle novelist.

Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers. By G. F. Abbot. McBride; $3.

The world-war had its beginning in the Balkans, and the southeast has never ceased to be the principal theatre of its diplomacy and a main scene of its armed combat. Germany's chief aspiration lay in the direction of the Ægean; and one of the reasons why the Entente nations were unwilling last December to enter upon peace negotiations was that the Turkish alliance and the Roumanian collapse had brought this German aspiration to approximate realization. A timely book, therefore, is Mr. Abbot's "Study in Friendship and Hate." Mr. Abbot has written earlier volumes on both Turkey and Greece, and his high qualification to discuss the kaleidoscopic politics centring about the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean has been well proved.

The present book consists of two series of chapters. The first sketches lightly, but with a sure hand, the relations of France, Russia, England, and the Germanic powers with the Turks; it concludes with an interesting description of the perplexity of Turkey at the outbreak of the present war, and a statement of the considerations that finally induced the Empire to cast in its fortunes with the Teutonic side. The second series of chapters deals similarly with the relations of the greater powers with Greece, and with the difficulties of the position into which the Hellenic kingdom was brought by the war. The Turks went into the war on the Teutonic side, the author says, for the simple reason that Germany outbid the Entente nations. The best

that England and her allies did was to promise unimpaired independence and integrity as a reward for neutrality; and England gave offence at the outset by seizing two Ottoman battleships which were just ready to be delivered to the Porte by their English builders. Germany, on the other hand, made up the gap in the Sultan's fleet; plied the starving state with gold; kindled the Turkish imagination with visions of an Ottoman Empire supreme in the East, as the German should be supreme in the West; and, above all, pushed the telling argument that if Russia came out of the war victorious, Turkey would be doomed. Mr. Abbot is strongly of the opinion that notwithstanding these odds, Turkey might have been kept neutral by good diplomacy, for he says that the Sultan and Grand Vizier were opposed to a war policy. The fault, he thinks, lay not with the British ambassador at Constantinople, but with the Foreign Office, and arose from adhering too slavishly to the policy of aloofness toward Turkey dictated by the Anglo-Russian entente.

A final chapter, entitled "The Moral Suasion of Greece," is perhaps the best in the book. It lays bare the fundamentals of one of the most tangled situations for which the war has been responsible, and shows that the struggle was the last thing the Greeks "wished for or were prepared for."

State Sanitation. By George Chandler Whipple. Harvard University Press.

Pioneer work of a constructive type in sanitary engineering, especially in the fields of sewage disposal, the development, protection, and care of water supplies, and the prevention and control of pollution of streams by sewage and industrial wastes, has marked the history of the Massachusetts State Board of Health to a degree unusual among governmental agencies. With the rise of preventive medicine the activities of this board have been turned toward the prevention of epidemics, the control of contagious diseases and the preparation and supply of antitoxins and vaccines.

The history of this board is a record of the vanguard of socialized medicine in the United States. Its successes have inspired other states to action and its officers have been widely recognized as leaders and advisors throughout the nation. For these reasons Dr. Whipple's account of the organization, its political and scientific vicissitudes and its various projects undertaken in sanitary and medical research form an interesting and stimulating record of American progress in state and municipal sanitation and preventive medicine. The first volume of the three projected in this work deals primarily with the history of the organization and republishes the "Report of the Sanitary Commission of 1850," a pioneer document of prophetic import in the history of American sanitation.

The Lovers. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Lippincott; $1.

Six years ago,—in the happy days before the war,—Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell looked across from her high windows in London into the garret of an old house across the way and saw two lovers clasped in each other's arms. It was spring when they settled in their attic, "with an easel, two chairs, and a mirror for all visible furniture," and no thought save for each other and the work that was to bring them fame and fortune. For a year she watched them playing and working together, preluding ten-minute separations with endless last words and kisses; then she saw them gradually losing their sublime unawareness of their surroundings, straying out of their lovers' paradise into the humdrum world of every-day, and finally leaving their attic and her ken. Presently she wrote a sketch about them, called "Les Amoureux" for the "Century Magazine" and the incident would have been closed, had it not been that Les Amoureux read the sketch and L'Amoureux came one day to bring Mrs. Pennell a book of his wife's verses and to explain that her lovers were lovers still, and had been touched and thrilled—not, as Mrs. Pennell feared, offended—at finding themselves portrayed by a sympathetic hand. Again the story seemed ended, but again there was a sequel: a saddened, widowed L'Amoureuse, bringing to the friend who understood and could make others understand, her hero-lover's letters, through which she wanted the world to read the tale of his bravery and devotion. L'Amoureux, a private, one of the first to volunteer, had fallen at Loos.

From his brief, scrappy, breathless letters Mrs. Pennell's sympathetic touch evokes a singularly vivid picture of the training of that first volunteer army and of its early days in the trenches somewhere in Flanders—days full of back-breaking labor and heart-breaking hardships and miseries and dangers. Because he was a true artist, L'Amoureux had the seeing eye and the thinking mind behind it; writing as a private, he records, unconsciously, the experiences of millions of newly made soldiers who leave the life that they know to come and go as they are bidden, for reasons that they know not, in support of policies that they do not understand. But for his letters, L'Amoureux would have passed, like most of his comrades, silently into the Great Silence. Because it is a true romance, "The Lovers" is a book to bring the huge, wasteful tragedy of war strongly home to its readers.

THE LIVING PRESENT. By Gertrude Atherton. Stokes; $1.50.

WOMEN IN WAR. By Francis Gribble. Dutton; $2.75.

Apropos of a conversation with Madame Camille Lyon in which that distinguished member of the French bourgeoisie accused her of being the most impatient of women, because, in going the rounds of ateliers and hospitals, she saw places and left them in such haste, Mrs. Atherton says of herself: "The truth of the matter was that I had long since cultivated the habit of registering definite impressions in a flash." This quality of mind, combined with a dramatic sense fostered through the practice of writing fiction, has enabled her to gather extensive material during her three months' stay in France (in the Spring of 1916), and to present a vivid picture of Frenchwomen in war times.

Mrs. Atherton was a sympathetic investigator of the work which Frenchwomen have done because she is a great admirer of the French nation, which she considers, obviously, as preeminent among the warring nations of Europe. That the attributes of the French, which she describes at length, belong to the women as well as to the men, is proved by the conspicuous examples of resourcefulness, self-abnegation, untiring energy, and spiritual exaltation which she cites among all classes—the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the working people alike. It is interesting to become acquainted individually with the women of France who are associated with the founding and carrying on of the great relief-works of which we were poignantly, but impersonally, aware. The *ouvroirs,* the *cantines,* the "comfort package," the caring for the *éclopés,* and the *réformés, Le bon gîte,* the systematic training of women to do men's work intelligently, the effort to rescue children of the frontier—all these and other splendid works are described. Mrs. Atherton is at her best when she confines herself to the concrete, and her portraits of French women have charm and piquancy.

That great social and economic changes will be the result of these women's far-reaching and hitherto unimagined activities, is Mrs. Atherton's opinion, and this question she discusses in the last part of her book under the general subject of "Feminism in Peace and War." At this point, "The Living Present" changes, in a measure, its character, for its author becomes discursive and resorts to generalities which are not always convincing. Mrs. Atherton's book, we believe, would have been more delightful, had she confined herself to portraiture and narrative, instead of undertaking, rather superficially, an abstract discussion of values.

Recently we have had our attention sharply drawn to the fact that women may fight as fervently as they administer to the needs of the wounded. Any preconceived notion that the Russian "Legion of Death" is an innovation, is quickly dispelled when one turns to Mr. Francis Gribble's "Women in War" and reads of the valiant achievements of "warrior queens" of the past. This is a historical account of the part which women of various nations have actually played in great battles, brought up to date by the mention of the exploits of certain women in the present war.

Mr. Gribble writes of Jeanne d'Arc in detail, and with an open mind attempts to give her a proper place in history, conceding neither to M. Anatole France that she was merely the tool of the clergy, nor to Andrew Lang that she was the great military leader he thought her. His searching desire for fairness toward Jeanne d'Arc gives one confidence in the author's estimate of other women warriors with whose reputation the reviewer is less familiar. He speculates less than does Mrs. Atherton on woman's "status." His viewpoint appears to be, in the main, historical, although he has some interesting theories to account for the significantly few German women who have distinguished themselves along military lines.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT. By William G. Shepherd. Harper; $1.

Not war events, but the adroit methods by which such events, despite censorship and red tape, may be related with promptness and piquancy and some approach to truth, for the benefit of newspaper readers, form the subject of Mr. Shepherd's crisp narrative. He is said to have been the first American reporter permitted at the British western front, and to have been the only newspaper man to witness the first battle of Ypres. He also reported the fall of Antwerp, and has had a varied experience at the German, Austrian, and Italian fronts. His story brings out well the three stages through which war correspondence has passed in the course of the present conflict, and he calls them the "free-lance days," the "dark ages," and the "stage of the new twentieth-century war correspondent." Lurid sensationalism characterized the first period, an unnecessary and vexatious meagreness of war news marked the second, and something like a happy medium between the riot of an irresponsible writer's imagination and the severe brevity of official reports seems to have been attained in the new era now entered upon. The book is an entertaining and apparently truthful account of a war reporter's trials and triumphs, and its author is an accredited correspondent of the United Press. He is an adept at adding the requisite touch of realism, but when he equips an Austrian locomotive with a cow-catcher, as

he does in his fourth chapter, the illusion is not heightened. However, we are willing to take the term in a generic and not a specific sense, and to commend his book unreservedly to the reader.

SECOND WIND. By Freeman Tilden. Huebsch; $1.

Present conditions are causing something of a movement back to the land, from which, we are becoming acutely aware, we draw our sustenance. Therefore Mr. Freeman's "Second Wind," which professes in a sub-title to tell "the plain truth about going back to the land," is a good book to read at this time, since it is written by one who evidently knows something about farming and is under no illusions as to the amount of hard work and, above all, intelligent work that successful farming demands. But whether the writer's "Alexander Hadlock," who got his second wind at sixty-two and exchanged the professor's chair for the farmer's hoe is a real person or purely imaginary, it would be hard to say. Perhaps he is a little of both. Perhaps the book is only another David Grayson adventure in contentment. It has some of the pleasing qualities also of such realistic performances as "One Way Out," "A Living Without a Boss," and "The Man Who Bucked Up." It certainly makes the sexagenarian Hadlock, with his iron determination not to be beaten and his courageous matching of his wits and pluck and energy against adversity, a very real and interesting character. A stony Vermont farm—"abandoned," of course—is the scene of his fight for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and of course the fight ends in victory for Hadlock, else the story would not have been told. Incidentally the narrative conveys considerable information about soils, fertilizers, dairy-farming, silos, ensilage, potato-bugs, and human nature, both rural and urban. There is not enough detail about the hero himself and the catastrophe that left him stranded and alone at sixty-two, to make him quite real to the reader, but he serves well enough as a peg on which to hang a pleasing and profitable disquisition on intensive farming.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Charles A. Ellwood. Appleton; $2.

The widespread interest in the psychological basis of social activities has led to a number of courses in social psychology, and these have naturally developed the need for textbooks. Such surveys frequently may be utilized to satisfy the interests of the general reader. For class purposes systematic exposition, with detailed heads of paragraphs outlining the subject, offered in acceptable prose, represents the requirement. Professor Ellwood has followed the traditional manner, and has produced a useful, well-ordered, and readable exposition. Thoroughly adequate when judged by class-room standards, the volume can hardly be said to be notable. Yet it is generally unfair to criticize textbooks by the standards of notable contributions. Indeed, some teachers hold that a textbook is not a place for distinctive and individual contributions, but is in the first instance a handbook of direct service to the student. The texts in social psychology offer the educational disadvantage that their subject-matter is not clearly defined or, when defined, is often a portion of another accredited domain. Sociology has practically sprung up in the unclaimed areas where the boundaries of several sciences failed to meet. It has also attempted to interpret the material of economics, of politics, of general social movements, and of psychology, from its own point of interest. Under this view of the function of social psychology, and the needs of the student, Professor Ellwood's volume may be recommended as a well-balanced solution.

THE FRAGRANT NOTE BOOK. Romance and Legend of the Flower Garden and the Bye-Way. By C. Arthur Coan, LL.B. Putnam's; $2.50.

How to know the flowers, intimately and lovingly, but not at all scientifically and botanically, is agreeably set forth in the rambling chapters of Mr. Coan's delightfully original "Note Book." Past the "lodge of the Dumb Porter" he leads the reader through "no city park in which the weary palmer need dread signs inviting him to keep off the grass and attaching strange and unusual penalties to the breaking of this or the plucking of that." It is a flower garden for one's most vagrant moods, fragrant with old associations and full of all sorts of pleasant surprises. Here one may listen to the tale of Narcissus from the beautiful youth's own lips, and revive one's memories of the folk-lore of the hyacinth, the Jack-in-the-pulpit, the Canterbury bells, Queen Anne's lace, monkshood, and many other flowers; and here is to be found a new explanation of the name borne by the foxglove: "The fairies play that these are gloves, because fairies can play anything, and to carry out the game they call them gloves too,—just 'little folk's gloves,' or if they are in a hurry, 'folk's gloves.' You see we have it all wrong. We call 'em *'Fox gloves,'* because we don't know any better. Fancy a fox with gloves on!" Poetry, both original and selected, profusely sprinkles the pages, and a set of "cold frames" at the end shows the origin of all these appropriate verses. Delicately tinted decorations cover the printed text, and a rural scene serves as frontispiece.

Casual Comment

French scrutiny of German scholarship is getting under way. It questions both the quality and methods of "Kultur"—and even its morality. Victor Bérard, in a volume entitled "Un Mensonge de la Science Allemande," attacks Wolf's "Prolegomena to Homer," a work which, on its appearance in 1795, established itself as the chief in a new field of doubt, and has imposed a rather stiff tyranny ever since. According to this author, it is now clear that Wolf borrowed right and left, and often forgot to specify his borrowings. He copied Villoison, pretending that he had worked on the same subject before him. He copied Merian, pretending that he did not know of this Swiss scholar's work previous to the completion of his own. He copied the Abbé d'Aubignac, a still earlier scholar, who was the first to deny the existence of Homer and the common authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey and who had put forward the hypothesis of independent tribal lays, and undertook to prove by false citations that the Abbé was but an old lunatic and that his conjectures were a mass of paradoxes and ineptitudes. The case of Wolf is put forward as representative: "No sooner did the human brain make a discovery or formulate a theory than Germany registered it, catalogued it, and contrived to profit by it and to boast of it as her own. . . . France imagined, created, invented. . . . Upon every Villoison that France produced, Germany at once let loose a Wolf who, equipped with all the appliances of organized science, busily fabricated intellectual 'merchandise,' until the world was aware only of the Germanic copy or counterfeit." Such testimony tends to put the Germans, along with the Japanese, among the imitative and assimilative peoples who "better the instruction" derived from the really creative races and who, besides becoming a general menace, gain greater reputation for "efficiency" and other things than the facts warrant.

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The wail that always accompanies the transfer of English books and pictures to America (or, more strictly, books and pictures which have been English possessions) does not fail in connection with the recent sale of the Bridgewater Library, got together by one of the earls of Ellesmere. A correspondent of "The Publishers' Circular" mourns the "lamentable fate of such a unique English heirloom being transported to America. . . To use the brute force of wealth at such a moment, for such a purpose," he declares, "is just a little bit like picking your grandmother's pocket at a family funeral." For this are we allies! Continuing, this spunky writer hopes that, after all, Mr. Huntington may intend, after exhibiting his spoils in "some important centre of the U. S. A.," to restore them (to the British Museum) as a memorial of the alliance of England and America in the great war. The editor who prints the above has his own hope: that "when Mr. Huntington's granddaughter marries the Prince of Wales' son he may endow her with that gem among his other worldly goods and bring the collection back . . . to its ancestral halls." To which flight of fancy one can only oppose the calm opinion that collections—of this sort or that—having served their purpose in an old country, may serve a wider purpose in a newer one.

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The English "Dictionary of National Biography" has been presented to the University of Oxford by the family of its late proprietor. This vast undertaking was initiated in 1882 by George M. Smith, at his sole risk and expense. From 1885 to 1900, under the editorship of Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee, the original promise of quarterly publication was faithfully kept; and three supplementary volumes, bringing the record down to the death of Queen Victoria, were published in 1901: sixty-six volumes in all, more recently issued as twenty-two. Mr. Smith himself died in this latter year, having brought to successful conclusion, without state assistance or subsidy, the largest of all national collections of biography. In 1912, his wife, to whom the property had been bequeathed, published three more supplementary volumes. This vast collection is described truly as a national asset, and it is gratifying to learn that Oxford will commemorate upon the title-pages of all new issues by the University Press, the name of its initiator and first proprietor and publisher.

* * *

May a periodical appear as often as it likes? Not in present-day England. "Notes and Queries," that well-known and long-serviceable monthly, has just been balked in an effort to convert itself into a weekly. Of course it took an odd time to make the change—or to try for it. Other British periodicals are appearing with maimed and scanted rites, or at lengthened intervals, or have discontinued altogether. "N. & Q." saw, however, a chance to take a different tack. A contributor of long standing had offered to purchase it, retaining the services of its time-honored sub-editor and those of its present proprietor as printer, and stood willing to gratify our intellectual curiosities fifty-two times a year instead of twelve. But the English Board of Trade had ordered that no person, without a license from the Board, should publish any new

magazine; and for the purposes of this order (dating from last June) the expression "new magazine or other publication" has been made to include, with a dogged stiffness quite British, any periodical intended to be published more frequently than at the date of its order. A way to save paper, perhaps; but no way to slake a community's intellectual thirst.

. . .

WILL THE MODERN BOOK LAST? Some years ago there was a well-founded alarm over the perishable nature of much of the leather used in book-binding. Today there is alarm about the paper—especially that recent invention, "art" paper, to whose perfectly smooth but non-absorbent surface so many illustrations, black or in colors, have been committed. There are thousands of works in existence from the early centuries of printing, often as perfect as when first produced, even in the hand-colored plates. What, it is coming to be asked, would be their condition now if they had been printed and hand-colored on paper made as our modern coated "art" paper is made? English paper-makers and publishers have been looking over the back files of such periodicals as have followed this method of illustration for thirty years—the limit of endurance set by some authorities; and they seem to feel (in the absence of expert opinion from chemists) that there is less danger from clay, or chemicals, or even from resin, than from the old and familiar enemy, damp. One hopes —or fears—that the only danger facing the vast number of illustrated works sure to follow in the wake of the great war is one already known and realized.

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A PLAN TO MAKE MUSICAL CELEBRITIES PROMINENT IN LITERATURE is involved in the project of the National Society of Music, now reaching fruition after four years, to publish a comprehensive work on "The Art of Music," with Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, of Columbia, as editor in chief. Some of the names of his contributors resound internationally, as those of Richard Strauss, Anna Pavlova, and Alfred Hertz. Others are those of well-known articulate forwarders of the art and themselves musicians, as Frank Damrosch and David Bispham. Still other names, as that of Ernest Newman, give assurance that the writer as such will have his desired and necessary prominence. All this coöperative endeavor is expected to produce a work that will be a standard American one on music, will also be international in scope and in point of view, and will educate students and readers in the essentials of musical appreciation.

Announcement of Fall Books

THE DIAL offers herewith the first of the publishers' lists of fall books. The present division includes books on the theory and practice of education and textbooks for schools and colleges. The second division, to be published in the issue for September 27, will give books of a more general character. The present list is compiled from data obtained directly from the publishers, and is as complete as conditions in the publishing business will permit.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

A Social Theory of Religious Education, by George Albert Coe, $1.50.—German and English Education, by Fr. De Hovre, $1.25.—Psychology, by Burtis Burr Breese, illus., $1.60.—The Exceptional Child, by Maximilian P. E. Groszmann, illus., $2.—Modern High School, by Charles Hughes Johnston, illus., revised edition, $1.75.—Teaching Elementary School Subjects, compiled by L. W. Rapeer, illus., $2.—A Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels, by Ernest DeWitt Burton and Edgar Johnson Goodspeed, $1.25.—History of English Literature by William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett, revised edition, illus., $1.35.—The Modern Student's Library, comprising The Ordeal of Richard Feveral, Pendennis, The Return of the Native, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Adam Bede, The Ring and the Book, Emerson's Essays (selected), Carlyle's Past and Present and Selections from his Writings, The Essays of Addison and Steele, 19th Century Letters, and 18th Century Poems; general editor, Will D. Howe, each 75 cts.—Natural Method Fourth Reader, illus., 56 cts.—Howe Readers by Grades: Books I, II, III, IV, V, at 28, 36, 40, 44, and 48 cts., respectively.—Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, school edition, edited by Florence Storer, illus., 45 cts.—Cicero's Orations and Letters, by Arthur W. Roberts and John C. Rolfe, illus., $1.50.—Elementary Science, prefatory note by John G. Coulter, illus., $1.—Commercial Geography, by Jacques Wardlaw Redway, revised edition, illus., $1.25.—Talks to Young People on Ethics, by C. H. Wilson, 75 cts. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

An Introduction to Educational Sociology, by Walter Robinson Smith, $1.75.—Statistical Methods Applied to Educational Problems, by Harold O. Rugg, $2.—Educational Tests and Measurements, by Walter S. Monroe, James C. DeVoss, and Frederick J. Kelly, $1.50.—The Profession of Teaching, by O. I. Woodley and M. Virginia Woodley.—Observation of Teaching, by Charles R. Maxwell.—How Children Learn, by Frank N. Freeman, $1.60.—Teaching in Rural Schools, by Thomas Jackson Woofter.—The Undergraduate and his College, by Frederick P. Keppel, $1.50.—The Teaching of Hygiene in the Grades, by J. Mace Andress.—The Teaching of English in the Secondary School, by Charles Swain Thomas, $1.60.—Argumentation and Debating, by William Trufant Foster, $1.40.—The Riverside Literature Series, including Tales from the Alhambra, by Washington Irving, adapted by Josephine Brower; The Wit of the Duck, and Other Papers, by John Burroughs, paper, 16 cts.; A Modern Instance, by William Dean Howells, 75 cts.—Readings in English Prose of the 19th Century, edited by Raymond M. Alden.—Shakespearean Playhouses, by Joseph Quincy Adams, illus., $3.50.—The History of Mediaeval Europe, by Lynn Thorndike, with maps.—Money. What It Is and

How to Use It, by William R. Hayward, 80 cts.—Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones, by Sara Cone Bryant, illus., $1.—The Cave Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, illus., 56 cts.—The Dutch Twins Primer, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, illus., 44 cts.—The Little Book of the Flag, by Eva March Tappan. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Educational Psychology, by Kate Gordon.—The Real Business of Living, by James H. Tufts.—Moral Values, by Walter Goodnow Everett.—Anglo-Saxon Reader, by James W. Bright, new edition, $1.75.—Lessons in French, by E. W. Olmsted.—Viajando por sud América, by Albes, abridged and edited with vocabulary by Jacob Warshaw.—Stories from Balzac, edited with vocabulary by Douglas L. Buffum.—Tartarin sur les Alpes, by Daudet, edited with vocabulary by Walter J. Peirce.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, by Molière, edited with vocabulary by Moritz Levi.—Las Tiendas, by Frontaura, edited with vocabulary by A. F. Whittem.—Leitfaden der deutschen Sprache, by W. H. Gohdes.—Gustav Adolfs Page, by Meyer, edited with vocabulary by R. B. Roulston.—College Physics, by A. L. Kimball, new edition, $1.75.—General Zoölogy, by A. S. Pearse.—The Human Body, by H. N. Martin, new edition, $2.75.—Commercial Letters, by John B. Opdycke and Celia A. Drew.—Organized Banking, by Eugene E. Agger.—A Trip to Latin America, by Ventura Fuentes and Victor E. François. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Educational Monographs (published in conjunction with The School Review and The Elementary School Journal).—The Administration of Secondary School Units, by Leonard V. Koos, $1.—The Kindergartens of Richmond, Indiana, by Alice Temple, 40 cts.—Types of Reading Ability, as Exhibited Through Tests and Laboratory Experiments, by Clarence T. Gray, $1.25.—Experimental Studies in Arithmetic, by George S. Counts, 75 cts.—Third-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools, by Ernst R. Breslich, $1.50 and $1.—Logarithmic and Trigonometric Tables and Mathematical Formulas, by Ernst R. Breslich, 75 cts.—Outlines for the Study of Agricultural Economics, by Edwin G. Nourse, 75 cts.—First Lessons in Spoken French for Men in Military Service, by Ernest H. Wilkins, Algernon Coleman, and Howard R. Huse, 50 cts.—First Lessons in Spoken French for Doctors and Nurses, by Ernest H. Wilkins, Algernon Coleman, and Ethel Preston, 50 cts.—Le Soldat Américain en France, by Algernon Coleman and Marin La-Meslee, 50 cts. (University of Chicago Press.)

The Principles and Practice of Continuation Teaching, by Charles H. Kirton, $2.25.—A Typewriting Catechism, 85 cts.—Medical Reporting in Pitman's Shorthand, by H. Dickinson, $1.25.—Naval and Military Shorthand Writers' Phrase Book and Guide, 75 cts.—Pitman's English and Shorthand Dictionary, centenary edition, $2.50.—Pitman's Shorthand Drill Exercises, 25 cts.—Shorthand Key to "Supplementary Exercises," Part I, 35 cts.—Hugo's Russian Grammar Simplified, $1.35.—Hugo's Russian Reading Made Easy, $1.—Spanish Verbs, by G. R. Macdonald, $1.—Rapid Method of Simplified French Conversation, by Valentine F. Hibberd, 85 cts. (Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Educational Survey Series: (a) Self-Surveys by Colleges and Universities, by William H. Allen, $3; (b) Self-Surveys by Teacher-Training Schools, by William H. Allen and Carroll G. Pearse, $2.25.—School Efficiency Monographs: (a) Standards in English, by J. J. Mahoney, 90 cts.; (b) An Experiment in the Fundamentals, by Cyrus D. Mead, 60 cts.; (c) Newsboy Service, by Anna Y. Reed, 90 cts.—Problems of Subnormality, by J. E. W. Wallin, $3.—Citizenship, by Milton Bennion, $1.—New-World Spanish Series: Teatro de Ensueno, by Martinez Sierra, edited by Aurelio M. Espinosa, 48 cts.—Paz and Pablo, edited by Addie F. Mitchell, 48 cts.—Poco a Poco, edited by Guillermo Hall, $1.—Ein Anfangsbuch, edited by Laura B. Crandon, 96 cts.—Standard Practice Tests in Arithmetic, by Stewart A. Courtis, card-cabinet edition, for 50 pupils, $6; for 20 pupils, $3.60.—Science for Beginners, by Delos Fall, $1.20. (World Book Co.)

Vocational Education (Handbook Series), by Emily Robison.—Coöperation of School and Home (Study Outline Series), by Clara E. Fanning.—Library Aids for Teachers and School Librarians, by Esther M. Davis.—Library Work with Children, by Alize I. Hazeltine.—The Children's Library, by Sophy H. Powell, $1.75.—Russia, History and Travel (Study Outline Series), Clara E. Fanning.—Russian Literature (Study Outline Series), by Anna L. Guthrie.—University Debaters Annual, Vol. III, compiled by Edith M. Phelps.—Debaters Handbook Series: Selected Articles on the Income Tax, by Edith M. Phelps.—New Poetry (Study Outline Series), by Mary Prescott Parsons. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

Theory of Knowledge, by Peter Coffey, 2 vols.—Education After the War, by J. H. Badley, $1.25.—The Public School System in Relation to the Coming Conflict for National Supremacy, by V. Seymour Bryant.—An Introduction to Special School Work, by Marion F. Bridie, $1.—Means and Methods in the Religious Education of the Young, by John Davidson.—The Upbringing of Daughters, by Catherine Durning Whetham, $1.75.—English Literature, by Herbert Bates, illus.—Selections from the Old English Bede, with text and vocabulary on an Early West Saxon Basis, and a skeleton outline of Old English Accidence, by W. J. Sedgefield, $1.20.—A Skeleton Outline of Old English Accidence, by W. J. Sedgefield, 40 cts.—Infinitesimal Calculus, by F. S. Carey, in two sections, with diagrams, first section, $1.80.—Differential Equations, by H. Bateman. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

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Modern School Houses, Part II, illus., $7.50. (U. P. C. Book Co.)

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The New Peerless School and Office Dictionary, edited by George J. Hagar, illus., $2. (Britton Publishing Co.)

Organizing the Smaller Sunday School, by Lester Bradner, paper, 50 cts. (The Young Churchman Co.)

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The original oil painting of William Shakespeare by Sir Godfrey Kneller, after the celebrated Chandos portrait, said to be the only one of Shakespeare taken from life, is now in the possession of Gabriel Wells, of New York City. The painting was executed about 1710, and for more than a century remained in the keeping of the Shakespeare family. It was displayed at the Ter-Centenary Exhibition at Stratford-upon-Avon. M. H. Spielman, the literary and art critic, in a letter, says of it:

I think this Chandos copy of special interest as it is the only one I have seen which is the exact counterpart, as to the head, of the celebrated copy that Kneller made and sent to Dryden. The proportions, expression, type of countenance and features are identical in all respects as to the departures from the original Kneller made. As the Kneller has never been shown within the knowledge of the present generation, this portrait may probably create special interest. I base my judgement on the proof provided by the photograph I have taken of the Kneller picture.

The painting is framed, the outside measurements being twenty-eight and a half by thirty-five inches. The portrait is strikingly brilliant, the tones being mellowed by age. As it is fully life-sized it produces the effect of life.

An edition *de luxe* of the complete works of "O. Henry" will be published by Doubleday, Page and Company for Gabriel Wells, and will be ready for distribution about the latter part of September. It will be in fourteen volumes, octavo, large type, and handmade paper. It will be limited to 1075 sets, and will contain material never before published, in addition to a volume of "O. Henry" miscellany, entitled "Waifs and Strays." This will have matter of great interest to the "O. Henry" reader, never before gathered together. Fifty of the copies will be reserved for finishing according to the specifications of the purchaser. The set will be fully illustrated in the photogravure process by pictures painted by Gordon Grant, the well-known artist, from types taken from real life. When the artist, in his prowling about the city, found a character that fitted the person of "O. Henry's" brain, he prevailed upon him by one means or another to pose for the illustration in hand. The issuance of this *de luxe* set is especially opportune at this time when "O. Henry" is being hailed both at home and abroad as one of the greatest literary artists of our time. In England the critics and public alike are vying with one another to do honor to him. Strange as it may seem, it has never been possible before to buy a complete set of "O. Henry" in fine binding, although millions of copies of his books have been sold. It is said that in England alone half a million copies of the one-shilling edition of his works have been sold.

James F. Drake, of New York, bought, through his London agent, $10,000 worth of rare books of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, at a recent sale at Sotheby's. The agent informed Mr. Drake that Sotheby's had obtained $50,000 for eighty colored prints that belonged to Mr. Barratt, a director of the Pears Soap Company. This sale lasted only one and a half hours.

A richly illuminated manuscript, "Pontificale" or "Missale," on 156 leaves of vellum of Franco-Flemish execution of the fifteenth century, was knocked down at Sotheby's in London the other day to George D. Smith, of New York, for $4000. It is written in large Gothic letters, red and black, eighteen lines to a full page, with musical notes. Nearly every page has richly decorated borders in compartments of natural flowers and fruits and conventional foliage interspersed with grotesque human figures riding grotesque animals, mummers with musical instruments and performing dogs, centaurs, demons, spearmen and archers, falconers, and shields bearing instruments of the Passion with angelic and animal supports. Some of the borders contain small square miniatures of scenes in the life of John the Baptist, of Saints Nazarus and Celsus, of the life, death, and legendary history of the Virgin, of the life of Saint Lazarus, of the martyrdom of Saint Leodegarius, shepherds and the heavenly host, scenes of the Nativity and the life of Christ, life of Saint Malachi, and of the Office for the Dead, besides several hundred decorative large and small initials and textual ornaments. It is evident that scribe, designer, and

decorator combined to produce a work of gorgeousness, the designs and decoration being evidently the work of the most eminent artists of the period. Two large miniatures occur before the Canon, one representing the Crucifixion and the other the Deity enshrined, a full-length figure in flowing robes of gold, with cherubim and seraphim behind the throne. Each of these miniatures is surrounded by deep borders of flowers and fruit, in which are introduced remarkable, grotesque figures and animals, having in the lower margin an emblazoned coat-of-arms of a prince bishop, supported by angels, beneath which is a Maltese cross. Other fine and large miniatures represent the three Marys at the sepulchre, the ascension of Christ, Pentecost, Christ celebrating the Eucharist with His disciples, the Trinity enthroned in heaven, the Nativity, and the offering of the Magi.

Two interesting letters of John Adams and John Quincy Adams have come into the possession of Patrick F. Madigan, of New York, who believes that they are unpublished. The letter of John Adams was written when he was vice-president under Washington, to General Winthrop Sargent, prominent in the Indian wars, 1791-5, and governor of the Southwestern Territory. The letter of John Quincy Adams was written when he was United States senator, and as a Federalist, to William Smith Shaw, nephew and private secretary of John Adams. The letter of John Adams is as follows, with his capitalization, etc.:

Dear Sir: Philadelphia, January 24, 1795.

I have received your favour of the 30th of November, and transmitted to Dr. Belknap, as you desire, the papers inclosed. The Utensils and ornaments represented in the Drawings are great curiosities, and seem to show more skill in Arts, than any of the native Indians, at this day, are possessed of. I am not enough in the habit of Antiquarian speculations to hazard any conjectures concerning them. I have never interested myself much in the inquiries concerning the ancient Inhabitants of this country, or the part of the world from which they first emigrated. I should not be at all surprised, if hereafter evidence should be discovered that America was once a Seat of Arts, Science and civilization: nor should I wonder if any one should prophecy that Europe, will cease to be what it is. and become as savage and barbarous as America was three hundred years ago. The temper and Principles prevailing at present in that quarter of the world have a tendency to as general and total a destruction, as ever befell Tyre and Sodom and Gemorah. If all Religion and governments, all arts and pioneers are destroyed the trees will grow up, Cities will moulder into common earth and a few human beings may be left naked to chase the wild beasts with Bows and arrows.

Printing they say will prevent it—But it would be very consistent with the present professed Principles to destroy every Type and Press as Engines of Aristocracy, and murder every Pen and Ink man as aiming at Superiority.

I hope in all events that religion and learning will find an Asylum in America: but too many of our fellow citizens are carried away in the dirty Torrent of dissolving Europe.

I thank you Sir for giving me an opportunity to see those Antiquities, and should be glad to see any others that may appear. I am Sir with great esteem, your most obedient John Adams.

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The following volumes are to be issued during the fall:

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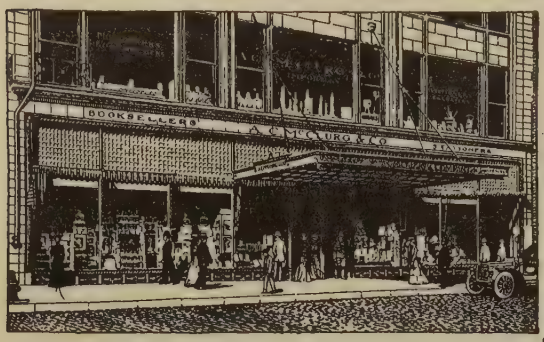

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Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue, Edward Shanks is a young English critic whose work has attracted increasing attention of late.

Joseph Jastrow is the author of "The Subconscious," "The Qualities of Men," and other works. He is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

Conrad Aiken's work is well known to readers of The Dial.

Max Sylvius Handman has studied in Germany and France. He formerly taught sociology at the University of Chicago and the University of Missouri.

Frederick Warren Jenkins is librarian of the Russell Sage Foundation Library.

Bayard Boyesen, although chiefly known as a critic and writer on art, has concerned himself also with educational theory.

Helen A. Clarke is the author of a "Guide to Mythology," "Ancient Myths in Modern Poets," and many critical studies in literature.

"Obstacles to Peace," by S. S. McClure (Houghton Mifflin), is being translated into Japanese.

In "Nietzsche the Thinker," to be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. August 23, William M. Salter endeavors to prove that this philosopher is misunderstood.

Clara Laughlin, who wrote that popular little story, "Everybody's Lonesome," is soon to have another book published, by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "The Heart of Her Highness."

Alice Hegan Rice's new book, "Cavalry Alley," which is to be published by the Century Co. in September, will contain, it is said, the same swift flashes of humorous insight that made Mrs. Wiggs so popular.

The Princeton University Press is putting out a timely book entitled "Coöperative Marketing." The author, W. W. Cumberland, is manager of the Markets Information Service of the Commission of Public Safety, Minnesota.

In "Heroes of Today" and "Heroines of Service" (The Century Co.) Miss Mary R. Parkman offers the material on great men and women of the present day which she has gathered in her work as teacher of the intermediate and primary grades.

The war story, "Four Days," which appeared first in the "Atlantic Monthly," is to be published in book form on September 8 by Little, Brown & Co. The author, Hetty Hemenway, is a protégée of Margaret Deland, and "Four Days" is her first book.

The mother of William Yorke Stevenson, whose diary "At the Front in a Flivver," will soon be published by Houghton Mifflin Co., has received the following cablegram from Major Piatt Andrews: "Yorke's splendid leadership rewarded with Croix de Guerre."

In "The Value of the Classics," to be issued from the Princeton University Press October 1, statistics collected by the Secretary of the College Entrance Examination Board show that Latin is, next

to English, the one language most generally studied in our secondary schools.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co. have received a request for permission to translate "I, Mary MacLane" into Russian. Mary MacLane's earlier volume "The Story of Mary MacLane" won widespread recognition in Russia, where it was compared with the work of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Among the fall publications of E. P. Dutton & Co. will be the first of three volumes of American plays that have obtained successful production. The first volume will contain plays of the early years of the American stage, some of them so rare as to be beyond the reach of the general reader.

The Robert M. McBride Company have just published Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," which was reviewed in the issue of THE DIAL for July 19 by Mr. Gilbert Vivian Seldes. "Nights in Town," by the same author, concerning which Mr. Seldes also wrote, was published last year by Henry Holt & Co.

The resources and possibilities of our new West Indian possessions are described in a volume entitled "The Virgin Islands of the United States of America," by Luther K. Zabriskie, formerly vice-consul of the U. S. A. at St. Thomas. The book is announced by Messrs. Putnam's Sons for October publication.

"Democracy in the Making," by Frank P. Walsh and Dante Barton, published by Mr. Huebsch, is a consideration of the industrial situation in the United States, and is based in part upon the findings of the Industrial Relations Commission appointed by President Wilson, of which Mr. Walsh, one of the authors, was chairman.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce a fourteenth printing of "The Worn Doorstep," by Margaret Sherwood, a thirteenth printing of "The Three Things," by Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, an eighth of "Big Timber," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, a fifth of "Limpy," by William Johnston, and "The Future of South America," by Roger W. Babson.

The American Library Association proposes to establish libraries in the thirty-two cantonments of the National Guard training camps. Special frame buildings will be erected for the purpose, accommodating from eight to ten thousand books, newspapers, and magazines. Books are now being collected and a campaign for funds will be carried on during the week of September 24th.

Those who are looking to conditions after the war will be interested in a volume by Sidney Webb, the English economist, which B. W. Huebsch will publish shortly. The book is entitled "The Restoration of Trade Union Conditions," and it reviews the prevailing conditions in England to-day and outlines plans which demand the careful consideration of government and trade-unions.

The Page Company announces that the publication date of "The Spell of China" has been postponed because the color plates which were to have been used were lost recently when the vessel bringing them from England was sunk. Early in the

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There are frequent additions to our large stock of books bought from private libraries, and at auction, here and abroad. This stock (much of it "second-hand" in name only) includes many attractive bargains in every department of general literature. There are often out-of-print and rare items not easily found elsewhere. At intervals Partial Catalogues are issued, and may be had on request. Send to us for any book you have been unable to get.

autumn this company will publish "Florida: The Land of Enchantment," by Nevin O. Winter, a companion volume to "Texas: The Marvellous," by the same author.

A notable epoch in the growth of democratic Pan-Americanism was the Third Congress of American Republics held in Rio de Janeiro in 1906. "Latin America and the United States," from the Harvard University Press, is a collection of speeches made by Elihu Root and his hosts during the Congress, on his subsequent travels in Latin America, and at other conferences in Washington.

The Macmillan Co. announce the following books on education: "The Rural Teacher and His Work," by Harold Waldstein Foght; "The Play Movement and Its Significance," by Henry S. Curtis; "Modern Education in Europe and the Orient," by David E. Cloyd; "A Text-Book of the Principles of Science Teaching," by George Ransom Twiss; and "Introduction to High School Teaching," by S. S. Colvin.

The school-book jobbing business formerly known as Hinds & Noble and lately as Noble & Noble has been taken over by the new firm of Barnes & Noble, and will be conducted at 31 West 15th Street, New York. Mr. W. R. Barnes, president of the new company, was formerly associated with the firm of C. M. Barnes-Wilcox Co., and Mr. G. Clifford Noble, the secretary and treasurer, was associated with the firm of Noble & Noble.

Edith Wherry, author of "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills" (Lane), is a daughter of one of the oldest living American missionaries to China. Her father was one of the besieged in the famous Siege of Peking in 1900, and his cablegram was the first news to be received in New York of the safety of the foreigners after the lifting of the siege.

The Brooklyn Public Library has sent out some miniature catalogues entitled: "Doing Your Bit," "National Defense," "Book Helps For Munition Workers," and "The Ship-Builder's Library," in which are listed all books in the Library that would be of service to present-day patriots. In "Doing Your Bit," for instance, the books are classified under the heads "Food Gardening," "Canning and Preserving," "Poultry Keeping," "Household Economy," "Feeding the Family," "Meatless Cookery," and "Thrift in General."

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing the following: "Trench Warfare," by Lieutenant J. S. Smith; "Across France in War-Time," by W. Fitzwater Wray; "The Historical Development of Religion in China," by Walter J. Clennell; "Ponies and All About Them," by Frank Townsend Barton; "Oliver Hastings, V. C.," by Escott Lynn; "The Getting Well of Dorothy," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "The House in Order," by Louise Collier Willcox; "Book of Common Joys," by Mary L. Pendered; "Little Schoolmate," by Emile Cammaerts; "Memories Discreet and Indiscreet," by a "Woman of No Importance."

The J. B. Lippincott Co. has just published: "The Complete U. S. Infantry Guide," including in

one volume all the infantry material hitherto contained in twenty-four government publications on the subject; "Pictorial Photography: Its Principles and Practice," by Paul L. Anderson; "The Snare," a novel by Rafael Sabatini; "The Garden Under Glass," by M. F. Bowles; and five story picture books for small folk,—"The Adventures of the Greyfur Family," and "The Greyfur's Neighbors," by Vere and Helene Nyce, "Boys and Girls from Storyland," "Fairies and Goblins from Storyland," and "Tell Me a Story Picture Book."

Ernest A. Boyd, the author of "The Contemporary Drama of Ireland" (Little, Brown), formerly the British consul at Baltimore, who was instrumental in introducing his friend Lord Dunsany to America, is at work on a volume of essays at his home in Dublin.

The story of Jean Jaurès, democrat and internationalist, who was assassinated on the eve of the war, his active relation to the Dreyfus trial, to the severance of Church and State in France, and to the fight for social liberty and justice, are told in a volume entitled "Jean Jaurès: Socialist and Humanitarian," by Margaret Pease. There is a foreword by J. Ramsay MacDonald, the leader of the Socialists in the House of Commons. The book has just been published by B. W. Huebsch.

Early autumn publications from Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. include: "The Book of the West Indies," by E. Hyatt Verrill; "Army and Navy Information: Uniforms, Organizations, Arms and Equipment," by Major DeWitt C. Falls; "Paul Jones and His Exploits in English Seas," by Don C. Seitz; "Civilized Commercialism," by Ernest G. Stevens; "The Book of Home Nursing," by Frances Campbell; "Gone to Earth," by Mary Webb; "On the Threshold of the Unseen; An Examination of the Phenomena of Spiritualism and of the Evidence for Survival after Death," by Sir William F. Barrett; "America's Case Against Germany," by Lindsay Rogers.

August 13 marked the forty-sixth birthday of Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the Socialist member of the Reichstag, whose unswerving loyalty to his principles is responsible for his present imprisonment in Germany, an experience which is not new to him. The first important occasion on which he went to jail was when he published his book, "Militarism," which the German government suppressed. An authorized translation of that work is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch. Nothing reveals so clearly and distinctly the implications of military rule and a large standing army as this volume, one of the greatest pleas for democracy that has come out of Germany.

A charming fall title is—"There's Pippins and Cheese to Come." It belongs to a book by Charles S. Brooks, author of "Journeys to Bagdad," and is announced for October by the Yale University Press. Other fall books from this source are: "Divers Proverbs," by Nathan Bailey; "The Undying Spirit of France," by Maurice Barrés; "God the Known and God the Unknown," by Samuel Butler; "The Hostage," by Paul Claudel, translated under the direction of Pierre Chavannes; "The Greek Genius and its Influence," edited by Lane Cooper; "Human

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Nature and its Remaking," by William Ernest Hocking, and a new edition of Shakespeare's works to be called the Yale Shakespeare, complete in forty volumes, and edited under the direction of the Department of English of Yale University.

John Galsworthy's latest book, "Beyond," is published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is announced for August. Other fall publications from the Scribner press include: "Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis," edited by his brother Charles Belmont Davis; "The Origin and Evolution of Life," by Henry Fairfield Osborn; "On the Right of the British Line," by Captain Gilbert Nobbs; "The Ways of War," by the late T. M. Kettle, lieutenant in the Dublin Fusiliers and member of Parliament for East Tyrone; "The World in Ferment," by Nicholas Murray Butler; "These Many Years," by Brander Matthews; "The Middle Years," an autobiography by Henry James; "Poems Written in War Time," by Henry van Dyke; and "Plays by Ostrovsky," translated from the Russian under the supervision of George R. Noyes.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will publish a group of books all designed to drive home to the man in the street the meaning of the War: Captain Ian Hay Beith's "All in It. K 1 Carries On"; "Campaigns and Interludes," by Lieutenant Jean Giraudoux; "On the Field of Honor," by Hugues Le Roux; "The Marne Campaign," by F. E. Whitton; "The Retreat from Mons," with a preface by Field-Marshal Lord French; "The British Navy at War," by W. MacNeile Dixon; "Pincher Martin," by "Taffrail"; "High Adventure," by James Norman Hall; "An American Physician in Turkey," by Clarence D. Ussher and Grace H. Knapp; "Obstacles to Peace," by S. S. McClure; "The Russian Revolution," by Harold Williams; "Faith, War, and Policy," by Gilbert Murray; "Sands of Fate," by Sir Thomas Barclay; "William II," by S. C. Hammer; "The Man in the Ranks," by John Gallishaw and Sergeant William Lynch; "Hymns and Prayers for the Use of the Army and Navy"; "Treasury of War Poetry," edited by George Herbert Clark.

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List of New Books

[The following list, containing 102 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

EDUCATION.

Science and Learning in France. Compiled by American Scholars. Illustrated, 8vo, 454 pages. The Society for American Fellowships in French Universities. $1.50.

Education After the War. By J. H. Badley. 12mo, 125 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25.

Phonetic Section of Dent's First French Book. By Walter Rippmann. 16mo, 54 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 25 cts.

A Handbook of American Private Schools. Third Edition. 1917. 12mo, 664 pages. Porter E. Sargent, Boston.

The Assault on Humanism. By Paul Shorey. 12mo, 80 pages. The Atlantic Monthly Co. 60 cts.

The Sham Argument Against Latin. By Charles H. Forbes. 12mo, 16 pages. The Classical Association of New England. Paper.

School Efficiency. By Henry Eastman Bennett. Illustrated, 12mo, 374 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.25.

The Public School System. By V. Seymour Bryant. 12mo, 78 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper. 50 cts.

Adults in the Sunday School. By William S. Bovard. 12mo, 196 pages. The Abingdon Press. $1.

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis. 12mo, 122 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.

Direct-Method Physical Development. By Claus Seltz. Illustrated, 12mo, 202 pages. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.

First Spanish Course. E. C. Hills and J. D. M. Ford. 12mo, 330 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.25.

Soldiers' Spoken French. By Helene Cross. 16mo, 128 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Unmarried Mother in German Literature. By Oscar Helmuth Werner. 8vo, 127 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper. $1.

Some Modern Belgian Writers. By G. Turquet-Milnes. 12mo, 160 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.

POETRY.

Songs of Hope. By Harold Speakman. Illustrated, 12mo, 29 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 75 cts.

Patriotic Toasts. By Fred Emerson Brooks. 16mo, 94 pages. Forbes & Co. 50 cts.

The Khaki Song Book. 8vo, 68 pages, paper. Oliver Ditson Co.

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

The Unveiling. By Jackson Boyd. 12mo, 255 pages. G. P. Putnam's Son. $1.25.

The Sorceress. By Victorien Sardou. Translated by Charles A. Weissert. 12mo, 136 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.

FICTION.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New edition. With frontispiece, 12mo, 233 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Limehouse Nights. By Thomas Burke. 12mo, 311 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

Beyond. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 499 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Lost Word. By Henry van Dyke. With frontispiece, 12mo, 90 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

The Fighting Men. By Alden Brooks. 12mo, 302 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

Towards the Goal. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 12mo, 231 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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THE DIAL

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Conscience and Intelligence in War

The merely "conscientious objector" has absorbed too much attention from those who are concerned about understanding the non-popularity of our participation in the war. Not all the pacifist feeling has had an evangelical color. There is an element of anti-war sentiment which has tried to be realistic, and does not hope to defeat war merely by not doing something. Though events have been manipulated against it, this element neither welcomes martyrdom nor hopes to be saved for its amiable sentiments. And it is just this attitude, far more significantly "American" than "conscientious objection," that John Dewey has ignored in his recent article on "Conscience and Compulsion." The result has been to apply his pragmatic philosophy in its least convincing form.

His criticism is of the merely good and merely conscientious souls whose moral training has emphasized sentiments rather than specific purposes, and who are always found helpless before the coercion of events. His argument follows the well-known lines of his instrumental use of the intelligence for the realization of conscious social purpose. The conscience, he implies, is balked by an unpleasant situation, is futile unless it attaches itself to forces moving in another, and more desirable, direction. Dissatisfied with the given means or end, one chooses another alternative, either a new end to which the means may be shaped, or a new means to effect the desired end. But in applying this theory to the war situation, does not the philosopher ignore the fact that it is exactly in war that alternatives are rigorously limited? Is not war perhaps the one social absolute, the one situation where the choice of ends ceases to function? Obviously in a world of choice one may hope intelligently to select and manipulate some social mechanism by which a desired social arrangement may be brought about. But war always comes to seem just that urgent, inevitable crisis of the nation's life where everything must be yielded to one purpose. For a few months, the public may retain the illusion of freedom, of mastery over social forces. But as war continues, there comes the deep popular recognition that there is now but one end—victory; and but one means—the organization of all the resources of the nation into a conventional war technique. "Peace without victory" becomes a logical and biological contradiction. Belligerent peoples will have long ago realized that war is its own end, and that, to paraphrase a popular ditty, they fight because they fight because they fight. This was the real basis of the opposition to the President's gesture for peace—the realization that though America might still be living in a pragmatic world, war had made Europe a realm of the absolute. And in our own country, war had not been with us for ten weeks before "peace without victory" changed officially into "conquer or submit!"

In wartime, there is literally no other end but war, and the objector, therefore, lives no longer with a choice of alternatives. The pacifist conscience attaches itself to no end because no end exists which connects with its desires. Plans and programmes may exist which have not to do with war, but they exist only in the realm of fantasy, not in the realm of practical politics. Peace comes through victory or exhaustion, and not through creative intelligence. The appeal to force removes everything automatically to a non-intelligent sphere of thinking and acting. Mr. Dewey is depressed at the number of conscientious young men who exchanged their "Thou shalt not kill" into an "Obey the law," though they saw the situation exactly as before. But his depression is due only to that inexorability which every pragmatist must resent. It is

not just to be depressed at their poverty of imagination. For he is dealing with precisely the one situation in which his philosophy will no longer work. He implies that there was some way by which conscience could operate very differently from that whose main concern is to "remain itself unspotted from within." Well, in what way? Where does one find "forces moving in another direction"? One may find forces moving against the war, resisting the organization for war, agitating for a speedy peace. But such forces are not merely alternative social policies. They are not morally equivalent to the policy of war. They have the unique quality of disloyalty. They challenge the entire force of the nation. As soon as they threaten to become at all effective, they are automatically crushed out, under even the most democratic of governments. Never has a government in wartime been known to refuse the use of relentless coercion against "forces moving in another direction." The attaching of one's conscience to any such forces is infallibly taken to be the allying of oneself with the disloyal, and the inadvertent aiding of the nation's enemies. There is, of course, the alternative of revolution, which would have much the same effect as disloyalty. Does Mr. Dewey mean to urge the "conscientious objector" to take to disloyalty or revolution in his efforts to attach his conscience to intelligent alternatives? And if not, will he tell us what social mechanism he knows of that is considered relevant or even permissible in wartime that does not contribute to the war technique? One resists or one obeys. If one resists, one is martyred or coerced. If one obeys, the effect is just as if one accepted the war.

In wartime, then, one's pragmatic conscience moves in a vacuum. There is no leverage to clutch. To a philosopher of the creative intelligence, the fact that war blots out the choice of ends and even of means should be the final argument against its use as a technique for any purpose whatever. War once entered upon, neither means nor ends can really be revised or altered. The acceptance of the war by Mr. Dewey can only be explained by the prevailing sentiment that this was a war in which we had to be. I have heard him say that it was far better to enter the war intelligently than blindly or hysterically. This is not quite the same as saying that deliberate murder is more creatively intelligent than murder committed in the heat of sudden passion. For what Mr. Dewey meant was probably that if we entered the war intelligently we would choose the ends which the war technique might serve. But is it not a little curious to find the men who thought the war inevitable—"what could we do?"—and who could neither prevent it nor devise an alternative, still confident that they can control its terrible force for beneficent purposes? Having accepted the inevitable of war, one can more easily accept other inevitables.

At the back of Mr. Dewey's mind was perhaps the hope that the pacifist conscience, though hating war and everything connected with it, might aid this war because of the radical social reforms it was sure to bring. But the same people who thought of this as an end for which the pacifist should be willing to accept the instrument, are now complaining that labor, though it consecrated itself to the nation's service, is not now receiving the nation's gratitude; that the war-swollen fortune is sliding free of paying for the war; that education is being impoverished, and national demoralization rather than integration taking place. These ironic frustrations of the social purpose were foreseen by the realistic pacifists. They were the best of reasons for finding an alternative to war. They were the best of motives for not attaching one's conscience to forces that involved a technique which infallibly trailed along these social evils. Once you accept war, there is no choice but to be shoved along the line of inevitables with which war is organically bound up.

In wartime, therefore, the "forces moving in another direction," to which Mr. Dewey invites the objecting conscience to attach itself, are illusory. War is just that absolute situation which is its own end and its own means, and which speedily outstrips the power of intelligent and creative control. As long as you are out of war, events remain to some degree

malleable. This was the argument for "armed neutrality." But clamp down the psychic pattern of war on the nation, and you have precipitated an absolute where mastery becomes a mockery. Mere conscientious objection in wartime is not so uncreative or unintelligent as Mr. Dewey represents it. No social machinery exists to make dissent effective. Alternative ends are illusory. You can only accept, or rebel, or remain apathetic. This is not true of other social situations. It is true of war. If you are skeptical of the technique of war, or of the professed aims, a negative attitude is the only possible one. It may not be noble to cencentrate on your own integrity, but it is perhaps better than to be a hypocrite or a martyr. And if pragmatists like Mr. Dewey are going to accept "inevitables," you at least have an equal right to choose what shall seem inevitable to you.

To many pragmatists the impotence of the pacifists in the period preceding the war has been a sore point. They are scolded for their lack of organization and their mere obstructiveness. Actually, they were fertile in constructive suggestions. But no social machinery existed for harnessing their conscience to action. The referendum would have been a slight democratic clutch. It was hooted out of court. Armed neutrality was foozled. The forces that were irresistibly for war had control of the war-making machinery. The pacifists sounded ridiculous and unreasonable, because the drive was the other way. The war suction had begun. Choices were already abolished, and the most realistic and constructive pacifism in the world would have been helpless.

In all this chain of events, those minds were able to retain a feeling of alternative forces and of free choice which were in sympathy with the announced purpose of the war and not temporarily hostile to its technique. The philosophy of creative intelligence still seemed to be working because there was no need to test its applicability. The dissenter, however, felt cruelly the coercive forces. Suppose I really believe that world peace will more likely come exactly "by not doing something," by a collusive neglect of imperialistic policy on the new Russian model. Suppose I believe that a federalism of sovereign nations will only mean more competitive wars. What forces are there then to which I can assimilate this war of ours, and so make my intelligence and conscience count for what little they may? Is not Mr. Dewey's case against the merely passive built on an assumption that if one chose freely one would choose the present inevitable forces? But the mind that is skeptical of these present forces,—is it not thrown back to a choice of resistance or apathy? Can one do more than wait and hope for wisdom when the world becomes pragmatic and flexible again?

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

An Artist of the Supernormal

Ever since Henry James's horrible ghost story, "The Turn of the Screw," the supernormal has had an increasing interest for the literary psychologist. Apparitions of the living and the dead are no longer confined to romance and fantasy—or to the records of the Society for Psychical Research. They may be found in strictly realistic fiction, such as Edith Wharton's powerful short story, "The Triumph of Night," or Ellen Glasgow's "Shadowy Third." Professor L. P. Jacks adds philosophy to psychological analysis in his fascinating stories, and particularly in his book, "All Men Are Ghosts," argues, with delightful humor, that ourselves and our realities may seem like illusions to those in other existences. But as a serious adventurer in the country of the supernormal, not one of these writers appears quite so courageous as May Sinclair.

It was fitting that Miss Sinclair should give us, in "The Three Brontës," the completely satisfying interpretation of Emily Brontë's mysticism and poetry, for she herself is one of the few realistic writers in contemporary English fiction who is also a poet and mystic. "Naked, shining, intense reality," to quote the writer's own words, is what she seeks to discover in her art; and she goes about her work, not heavily and solemnly, but with a seriousness all lightened by humor, and a ridicule

which rarely fails to penetrate our little human absurdities. There is nothing of the comic spirit, however, in Miss Sinclair's extraordinary adventures in the supernormal—"The Flaw in the Crystal" and "The Intercessor." All her tragic power is here compressed into two neglected stories, unique in fiction.

"The Flaw in the Crystal" concerns a strange case of mental healing, and the discovery by the healer through a tragic experience that in order to accomplish her intention she must remain absolutely passionless and impersonal. The crystal, in the words of the symbol, must be flawless. Yet, when this book was published five years ago by a venturesome American publisher, "hopeless immorality," "neurotic femininity," "amazing twaddle," was about all our reviewers found to say of a story whose purity of motive, exquisite balance, and precision of style are its most obvious qualities. They seemed quite unaware, with a very few exceptions, that May Sinclair had accomplished a literary feat of amazing delicacy and power.

There are visions of mystic beauty in Miss Sinclair's later work, none more radiant than the one recorded in her "Journal of Impressions in Belgium,"—a vision of tranquil and supernatural loveliness in the midst of human horror and despair. But the most extraordinary, in the present writer's opinion, is the brief experience of joyous reality given to Agatha Verrall, the psychic and healer, as she stands on the edge of the silent woods looking down a steep ploughed field in early spring. The man beside her, she has cured of madness—of the haunting Terror which has driven him indoors to sit crouching in his chair, with blinds drawn and locked door. Now, in the full assurance of his recovery, Harding Powell is out of doors, receptive to the wonder and beauty of spring. Agatha has demonstrated her fitness as an instrument of the inscrutable healing power. She is happy purely in the sense of having helped. To quote in part:

> At that moment, in a flash that came like a shifting of her eyes, the world she looked at suffered a change.
>
> And yet it did not change. All the appearance of things, their colours, the movement and the stillness remained as if constant in their rhythm and their scale; but they were heightened, intensified; they were carried to a pitch that would have been vehement, vibrant, but that the stillness as well as the movement was intense . . .
>
> She would have said now that the earth at her feet had become insubstantial, but that she knew, in her flash, that what she saw was the very substance of the visible world; live and subtle as flame; solid as crystal and as clean. It was the same world, flat field for flat field and hill for hill; but radiant, vibrant, and, as it were, infinitely transparent.
>
> Agatha in her moment saw that the whole world brimmed and shone and was alive with the joy that was its life, joy that flowed flood-high and yet was still. In every leaf, in every blade of grass, this life was manifest as a strange, a divine translucence. She was about to point it out to the man at her side when she remembered that he had eyes for the beauty of the earth, but no sense of its secret and supernatural light. Harding Powell denied, he always had denied the supernatural. And when she turned to him her vision had passed from her.

The complete reversal of this joyous experience is shown in another and horrible vision when Agatha, because she has failed to hold herself passionless and impersonal in her healings, and, to save the man whom she loves, has abandoned Harding Powell, is haunted by the latter and takes on his madness. Then, it is not the joy but the horror imminent in the life of things which she experiences:

> She saw the world in a loathsome transparency; she saw it with the eye of a soul in which no sense of the divine had ever been, of a soul that denied the supernatural. It had been Harding Powell's soul, and it had become hers.
>
> Furiously, implacably, he was getting at her.
>
> Out of the wood and the hedges that bordered it there came sounds that were horrible, because she knew them to be inaudible to any ear less charged with insanity; small sounds of movement, of strange shiverings, swarmings, crepitations; sounds of incessant, infinitely subtle urging, of agony and recoil. . . She heard the stirring of the corruption that Life was; the young blades of corn were frightful to her, for in them was the push, the passion of the evil which was Life; the trees as they stretched out their arms and threatened her were frightful with the terror which was Life. . .
>
> All this she perceived in a flash. . . It sank into stillness and grew dim; she was aware of it only as the scene, the region in which one thing, her terror, moved and hunted her. Among sounds of the rustling of leaves, and the soft crush of grass, and the whirring of little wings in fright, she heard it go; it went on the other side of the hedge, a little way behind her as she skirted the wood. She stood still to let it pass her, and she felt that it passed, and that it stopped and waited. A terrified bird flew out of the hedge, no further than a fledgling's flight in front of her. And in that place it flew from she saw Harding Powell.

The apparition, born of Agatha's fear, drifts away and is dissolved. She recovers herself and is released from the haunting Terror; but having discovered the cause of her imperfection, she sends the man whom she loves, and who is already married to another, away from her with the gentle inflexibility of the true mystic. "His hand was on the door. He smiled back at her. 'I don't want to shake your faith in it,' he said. 'You can't shake my faith in it.' 'Still—it breaks down. It breaks down,' he cried. 'Never. You don't understand,' she said. 'It was the flaw in the crystal.' "

Such analysis of the supernormal is surely one of the most difficult and dangerous things a writer could undertake. So easily it might have led Miss Sinclair into the extravagant and fantastic, the incoherent or hysterical; but what she manages somehow to convey, with consummate art, is a sense of reality.

Since "The Turn of the Screw," with the exception of Mrs. Wharton's "Triumph of Night," no such puzzling and gruesome subject has been undertaken in English fiction as May Sinclair's solitary ghost story, "The Intercessor," published in the "English Review." In "The Turn of the Screw" and "The Triumph of Night," it is the powers of darkness which bring forth the apparitions of the living and the dead. Henry James stops at horror—multiple horror; Mrs. Wharton at triumphant crime. In "The Intercessor," it is only through evil and suffering that the veil is rent between the worlds, but May Sinclair more gently makes the supernormal event the means by which the evil is banished.

Among the realistic tragedies of childhood in our literature, there can be nothing more poignant than this sobbing phantom of the little dead girl wandering about the desolate farmhouse where she has been neglected and abused by the mother whom she loves; striking terror to the hearts of all within that brutish household until, through the mediation of a stranger, one who is pitiful and unafraid, the intercessor, comes reconciliation. The mother is saved from madness, and the child's sorrow and passion are appeased. To make of this strange and unbelievable story a work of naked, tragic reality, requires a peculiar combination of psychic and artistic gifts which May Sinclair has developed beyond all the other English fiction-writers of our day.

"The Flaw in the Crystal" and "The Intercessor" are, of course, only the occasional adventures of a gifted realist and psychologist, the bulk of whose work is concerned almost entirely with normal, everyday life. It is quite certain, however, that before the war they were not mere "interludes" in Miss Sinclair's more serious fiction (the hope expressed by one dissatisfied reviewer). They were a growing preoccupation.

From contemplation of the external world, its ugly materialism, what she deliberately sweeps aside as the "whole obstructive apparatus of material things,"—Miss Sinclair was turning to seek a deeper reality and the supernormal fascinated her. She was an individualist and a mystic, quite detached from social and political movements, except woman suffrage (a rather large exception!). Then came the war. Gallant and militant, Miss Sinclair was one of the few women writers to sign the British authors' declaration of loyalty to democratic ideals of government, and she went into active service as a volunteer in one of the first British field-ambulance corps to enter Flanders. She witnessed the ferocious militarism of the German invasion of Belgium. Those seventeen days spent under the "curved lightning" of the German shells and bomb-dropping aeroplanes, so scrupulously recorded in her "Journal," and later in "The Belfry," must have an incalculable effect on her work. Will it become less individualistic? A stronger social purpose would strengthen its reality.

Miss Sinclair has shown our social philosophers in fiction, the value of psychological subtlety, of delicacy combined with courage in the presentation of erotic themes, of fidelity to the individual life. May not their insistence on the supreme importance of social analysis and vision have its value for her now? Or will she react in these violent times, and find that the mystic and lyrical forces which move

us still have their most interesting and significant manifestations in elemental and personal emotions?

One thing, however, seems certain. May Sinclair is one of the English novelists who will survive Armageddon. Her genius cannot be so shattered. But it is quite possible that after the extremity of social wrong and human anguish which she now witnesses, her adventures in the supernormal will be discontinued, and that such stories as "The Intercessor" and "The Flaw in the Crystal," will have no successors.

AMY WELLINGTON.

The Gospel of Internationalism

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Henry Noel Brailsford. (Macmillan Co.; $1.75.)

Fully to appreciate the wisdom, insight, and dignity of Mr. Brailsford's book one should contrast it with the boiling mess of polemical literature which is still being brewed on both sides of the long fighting line. I have just glanced through an ill-tempered and ignoble work by the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson, M.P., in reply to an inept and inflated book by Professor Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin.* Both the German and the Englishman are full of hatred, insult, intellectual unfairness, canting overpraise for their own nation, and uncritical condemnation of their opponent. They deal in ugly epithets and smart, stinging rejoinders that might win the applause of a primary school. Their vision is fastened on war, now and hereafter, and on the taunting supremacy of the German over the Britisher and of the Britisher over the German. "Buried," says Dr. Meyer, "are all the dreams of the well-meaning visionaries concerning an eternal peace of the nations. . . Instead of everlasting peace, a series of long and bloody wars will be the mark of the new century. . . The era of internationalism is past and will never return. . . We Germans have long enough given ourselves up to the folly of believing it possible by friendly overtures to win the honest friendship of other nations." Ha! ha! laughs the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson, M.P., "The Allies . . . will not leave it in the power of a perverted nation again to endanger the general life of man. Henceforth the German Wolf will be chained."

Mr. Brailsford insults no one, impugns no one's motives, seeks no merely nationalistic interpretation of this war, and does not attempt to assume the rôle of Supreme Judge between the nations. He is looking not backward to Serajevo and the invasion of Belgium but forward to the treaty of the peace which is to come and to the decades of world reorganization in which that peace is to be made really effective. The question which he faces with wisdom and courage is how the coming war-settlement can promote the cause of international organization and how the League of Nations, proposed by President Wilson, can secure to all peoples effective guarantees of future peace and healthy national development. In working out this problem upon the basis of a candid consideration of a vast mass of material Mr. Brailsford arrives at the conclusion that the time is now ripe for the institution of the League, that we cannot afford to wait ten years or even five for hostile passions to cool, that the programme though difficult is feasible, that the League must be all-inclusive, and that it cannot be successful unless Germany and Austria are invited to membership. In other words, Mr. Brailsford does not believe with Dr. Meyer that Germany is a forlorn pilgrim who must forever defend himself against the wiles and lusts of a world of envious rivals. Nor does he agree with the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson that progress consists in "chaining the German Wolf." Instead he works out with great ability a tentative peace agreement and a provisional outline of the League which is to be constituted among the nations.

At bottom the difference between men like Mr. Brailsford and hot controversialists like Professor Meyer and Mr. Robertson is that the former are seeking large ends and are not concerned with making out a case against individuals or with indicting in advance of the facts a whole nation. Mr. Brailsford sees deeper. "We set out," he says, "to destroy Prussian militarism. It will be destroyed at the moment when a German government pledges itself to enter a League based on arbitration and conciliation. Short of that we may slaughter Prussians, but we cannot destroy militarism." In other words, the battle-field is but a preliminary to the real business of the war. "Defeat means our failure to achieve international organization, and victory means our success."

*Britain versus Germany. An open letter to Prof. Eduard Meyer, Ph.D., LL.D., of the University of Berlin, by the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson, M.P. T. Fisher Unwin.

In a former book, "The War of Steel and Gold," Mr. Brailsford described the vast conflict between the nations which was going on in peace times. It was partly to escape this conflict, and the dead weight of outlived conditions of which it was an expression, that the nations flew to arms. The war, concludes Mr. Brailsford in the present book, "sprang from many passionate resolves to extort change from destiny. It was an act of insurgence against the death in life which acquiesces in hampered conditions and unsolved problems." The evil in Europe, which gave rise to this war, was "the inertia, the impotence, the suspicion, the lack of social sense which stood in the way of these necessary changes. The way of hope is not in the retrospective moralizings which distribute blame and to blame would add punishment," but in the acceptance of impulses and in a new spirit of adjustment and compromise and faith. The new world "will come when each nation turns to its fellow and speaks, though it be still in bewilderment and pain, the wish to create the cöoperative world in which all may live and grow."

WALTER E. WEYL.

The Soul of the Russian

THE SOUL OF THE RUSSIAN. By Marjorie and Alan Lethbridge. (John Lane Co.; $1.25.)
THE SLAVS OF THE WAR ZONE. By Wm. F. Bailey, C. B. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.)
THE RUSSIANS: An Interpretation. By Richardson Wright. (F. A. Stokes Co.; $1.50.)

Under the somewhat pretentious title that heads this article, Marjorie and Alan Lethbridge have collected a number of stray essays inspired by their travels in Russia. There is no doubt that the authors were ill-advised in choosing for their book a name which promises far more than they endeavor to fulfil. In this case, the title is more than a misnomer; it is a veritable boomerang. It arouses great expectations which a reading of the essays quickly dissipates, —leaving the reader disgruntled and somewhat disinclined to praise the good things that the book contains. This is most unfortunate, for "The Soul of the Russian" is not without its merits. Though the work is a collection of short, miscellaneous sketches written with very little distinction of style, it is, nevertheless, a sincere attempt to represent certain phases of Russian life. As such, it will have something to give to the general reader. The essays fall into three groups: historical or antiquarian bits, articles inspired by the war, and descriptions of persons and places. Some are flat and unprofitable, others merely quaint and curious; a few are illuminating—brief flashes that reveal something of the Russian "soul."

A different purpose animates Mr. W. F. Bailey in "The Slavs of the War Zone." His desire is to give "a vivid and accurate account of the countries in which the Slav races dwell—to give a description of their habits and customs; of how they live at home, among their neighbours, and in their market places; of their dress, their amusements and their festivals; of their music, their songs and their dances; of their views of life, their joys and their sorrows; of their political, national and religious aspirations; of how the great war found them and how it leaves them." The author attempts to cover the vast territory between the Russian steppes and the Adriatic Sea, pausing wherever there are people of the Slav race, no matter under what name their ethnic descent is now hidden. Mr. Bailey's interest is in the Slav race; to him race kinship is a reality that sets at naught the disintegrating forces of variety of languages, social and environmental differences, interracial affiliations, and neighborly comities. All these are laughed to scorn by the ordained ethnic grouping, by the mystic ties of blood. "When the history of the origin of the present war comes to be written," says Mr. Bailey, "it will probably be conceded that it was mainly due to the clash of interests between the Teutonic and Slav peoples."

"The Russians: An Interpretation" is the work of a man who has a deep affection for the Russian people and a knowledge of the grave problems that Russia will have to face in the near future. Unfortunately, much in Mr. Wright's interesting volume has become "antiquated" in view of the great strides that the country has made in the last four months. But the book will prove of value to that large section of the American reading public which seeks reliable information about an unknown country, information given in clear, understandable terms.

It has become the fashion to speak of the Russians as a "soulful" people. Writers like Stephen Graham have journeyed to the country of the vast plain, determined to experience delectable and mystic joys. Far be it from me to

remove the veils that shroud secluded mysteries. This is a form of iconoclasm from which I shrink. But it seems to me that some of us are in a fair way to forget that Russia, as Kipling said, is not the most Eastern of European, but the most Western of Eastern, nations. The Russians themselves are far too diffident to believe the solemn things that the literary band of devotees says about them. With unconscious irony, the peasants of Russia have for generations been raising the worldly cry, "Land and Liberty," that Russian equivalent of "No Taxation without Representation." And it will be impossible to convince them that they are selling their souls for a mess of pottage. As they see it, they are trying to keep their birthright intact. Nor can they conceive that with the attainment of liberty will come the surrender of their faith or the gradual atrophy of the racial and inherent traits that go to make up the Russian "soul." Liberty transforms a people only in the sense that it makes them true to their inner nature. Through liberty alone is the great apocalypse of a nation made manifest to those who can see and understand.

Into the Russian heart there has entered the poignant melancholy, the subtle and compelling power of the vast, level, monotonous plain which took centuries to conquer. The Russian character is linked, in its qualities and its defects, to the plain of Russia. The emotional expansiveness of the Russians, their spiritual eagerness that knows no bounds, their reaching out for full freedom of body and mind, is natural to a people who have the consciousness of space, the knowledge of far vistas and distant horizons. They are led to extremes of all kinds, but they are led by a sense of sin that gives them no rest, by a deep faith that truth exists and can be attained. And perhaps, because of the tragic earnestness of their search, the Russians have come upon the right way, for, in the words of Alexei Tolstoy, they seek "to embrace Nature, brothers, foes and friends."

The Russians have been accused of not being "practical." I have often asked myself by what signs one is to know a practical people. It seems to be the belief in our country, if one is to judge by the liturgy of success in certain of our popular magazines, that in order to be marked by this coveted virtue one must perform the job immediately in hand, and see only as far as one's nose extends. The "practical" method seems to be to investigate not causes but effects, to mend the social vessel after the mischief has been done, then to continue with "the work in hand," utterly disregarding the possibility of another breakdown and democratically unmindful of the fearful waste of human energy and the horrible degradation of human life. Epimetheus is the god of the "practical" man. Eschew the eternal and the universal, shun the vision of the whole and the far-away, and you will be eminently practical. But if a refusal to compromise with present evils, a long experience in the ways of communal living, a keen social sense that leads to all forms of free cooperation and voluntary organization, an impatience with political tinkering and half-measures, a blessed commonsense that seizes upon the essential and the "radical" in all things, an inspired vision of the social state with all its interdependent parts,—if these are the marks of a practical people, then the Russians are practical, and civilized. And when they are permitted by their present national enemy and by oversolicitous friends to exercise in freedom the right to control their own destinies, a right earned by a century of agonizing struggle, the Russians will reveal their soul in a glorified, shapely, and equitable state. Some years ago, Herder had the courage to state that the Slavs were destined to say the last word in the development of European civilization. He is only one of many who have held the profound conviction that from Russia will come the final word of deliverance.

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

History as Purposive Tendency

THE SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. The William B. Noble Lectures, 1916. By Shailer Mathews. (Harvard University Press; $1.50.)

William James has said "when we look at what has actually come, the conditions must always appear perfectly designed to ensure it. We can always say, therefore, in any conceivable world, of any conceivable character, that the whole cosmic machinery may have been designed to produce it." But to assume upon the basis of such a causal series that the universe is evolving a purpose is to commit the fallacy of ascribing to the whole what appears to be true of the part. This, however, is the method employed by Shailer Mathews in his "Spiritual Interpretation of History." He believes that a survey of

historical development indicates that history is a process in which man has advanced beyond a condition of subjection to geographic and economic forces. These have "given rise to customs which in turn proceeded onward to free choice on the part of both individuals and groups and of rational action in the light of more personal values." Consequently we may assume that this is true of history as a whole: that a spiritual force, an *élan vital*, has evolved out of and in opposition to natural and economic forces. Human history is a rational process.

Professor Mathews protests against four prevalent interpretations of history. The first seeks merely to amass facts without reference "to their genetic relationship as tension points in a social process." The second is theological. "Its representatives see little in history except providential and often miraculous guidance by God." More significant at present are the geographic and economic interpretations of history. The geographic interpretation ascribes all differences to physical circumstances and grants humanity "little more initiative than the flower that turns to the sun"; while the economic interpretation accounts for the rise of social institutions and morality as due to the limitations of nature, on the one hand, and as the resultants of social antagonism and adjustments, on the other. Each view is inadequate and too simple. It is a Procrustean bed to which its advocates strive to fit their facts. A "real" interpretation of history conceives of it as a genetic process and deals exclusively with facts as they are. It requires perspective and a realization that man lives and develops in society. If we view history in this manner, we perceive that, although economic and geographic forces are important, human history finds its true significance "in neither the environment nor the human race itself, but in the total situation of man-in-nature." It is a process in which social life becomes more "personal." This process manifests itself in three tendencies: "the tendency to substitute inner sanctions and inhibitions for outward authority based upon force either human or divine; to recognize the worth of the individual as personal rather than as merely economic; and to substitute through social action, itself increasingly democratic, the giving of justice for the insistence upon right."

This is the argument of the first five lectures. Most readers will agree with Professor Mathews that religious, moral, and artistic ideals, racial aspirations, and so on have profoundly influenced the course of history. They will further agree with him that ideals are more than mere resultants, that they are also creative factors which must be taken account of in any interpretation of history. So far Professor Mathews appears to have demonstrated the undisputed. But this is only preparatory. The sixth lecture reveals the purpose of the book. In the previous lectures "spiritual" signified the personal elements referred to above. Here a spiritual interpretation of history involves a belief in a super-personal tendency immanent in history. We become entangled in a mystical explanation which considers "personal activities" to be forces or entities struggling in behalf of a Rational Spirit or Tendency in history. Such an interpretation confuses rather than enlightens; for, after all, what is this type of interpretation but a dignified fetishism? That it gives rise to more problems than it solves is obvious from the fact that Professor Mathews's Rational Tendency is a hybrid between Tennyson's purpose which runs through the ages, and Spencer's impersonal Unknown, Bergson's *élan vital*, Hegel's *Weltgeist*, and Lotze's "purpose." The layman is merely confused by this metaphysical fog, while the theologian finds it too illusive to damn as heresy. But the man who is seeking an escape from the mechanistic conception of life and wishes to remain loyal to the scientific spirit of the time receives no genuine help from this doctrine. Why must he be restricted to the two alternatives—mechanism or supernaturalism? Is the service performed by ideals any less vital and necessary to man if they fail to present a certificate of supernatural origin?

The problem of evil is not permitted to embarrass this World Spirit. It is safely hidden and receives no mention. Nothing is said of immortality except that it "is no longer a rhetorical sentiment but a phase of the world process." To be sure, it is requisite if history be a purposive tendency! We are assured that man is practically free of impersonal forces, although "the pressure of materialistic thought and interests was never greater than today." And, finally, we are exhorted to cast our lot with the spiritual forces, for they represent "no forlorn hope." God's is the winning side!

V. T. Thayer.

Poetry as Supernaturalism

THE POETIC YEAR FOR 1916. A Critical Anthology. By William Stanley Braithwaite. (Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.)

The energy of Mr. Braithwaite is unflagging. Not content with bringing out annually the "Anthology of Magazine Verse," he has now entered upon another and even huger enterprise—"A Critical Anthology," he calls it; and this, too, threatens to become a hardy perennial. In these four hundred pages, which for the greater part consist of his reviews in the "Boston Evening Transcript," slightly revised and cast into the form of *al fresco* conversations between Mr. Braithwaite and three others, Mr. Braithwaite purports to cover the entire field of English and American poetry for 1916. Some fifty odd poets are discussed here, a list long enough surely to have included certain poets whose omission seems singular enough to warrant a more specific explanation than Mr. Braithwaite offers. Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson come in for only incidental mention. Messrs. Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, and Maxwell Bodenheim (whose work has appeared in anthologies) are not mentioned at all. With these exceptions, however, the list is complete enough to afford us a clear idea of Mr. Braithwaite's temper and method.

Concerning his predilections, Mr. Braithwaite leaves us in no doubt whatever. At the very centre of his attitude toward poetry is the express belief that poetry is a sort of supernaturalism. "It is the sacerdotal wonder of life which poets feel," he remarks. "More certainly than other men, poets are conscious of pre-existence, in other worlds, and in this too." Elsewhere, one encounters also such expressions as "reverence for life," "quest for beauty," and "mystic illumination." This sort of thing, one must confess, is a little too easy. Is it not really a shrugging of the critic's burden from his own shoulders,—onto the shoulders of God? This is no place, to be sure, for a quarrel over the importance or the reality of God; but it is perhaps not going too far to say that within the sphere of man's consciousness, no matter to what miraculous origin it be ascribed, all things are at least subject to man's observation and analysis. If in the presence of a piece of poetry the critic is content merely with the exclamatory, he is not doing his work. Let him remember that he is dealing, at least in large measure, not with the supernatural but with the natural; and what is natural has natural (biological and psychological) causes. These it is the critic's duty to determine and to relate.

It is easy to see, therefore, where, in his relation to contemporary poetry, so fundamental a failure leads Mr. Braithwaite. With this somewhat quaint notion of the holiness of poetry in his head, it is natural that he should be most tolerant toward that sort of poetry which itself, in somewhat the same manner, takes for granted the holiness of life. In his present book, therefore, Mr. Braithwaite puts a clear emotional emphasis on work which is characteristically sentimental. Lizette Woodworth Reese, Bliss Carman, Amelia Josephine Burr, Olive Tilford Dargan, Louis V. Ledoux, Hermann Hagedorn, —these are some of the poets about whom Mr. Braithwaite can talk with unrestrained enthusiasm. They, and to a less extent Edwin Arlington Robinson, observe toward life, in varying degrees, an attitude of chaste, romantic awe; and it is this attitude, particularly when it approaches the sweetly ecstatic or appears to be barely concealing a sob, that most delights Mr. Braithwaite. Consequently, such other poets as Edgar Lee Masters, Orrick Johns, William Carlos Williams, and the unmentioned Carl Sandburg, T. S. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, John Rodker, and other poets of the "Others" group who are in the main realists, implicitly critical or analytical of life, or at the most neutrally receptive, are somewhat coolly entertained. Of Mr. Masters Mr. Braithwaite remarks, characteristically, that he "de-affinitizes imagination of mystery"; of the poets who contributed to "Others," that they do not deal with life "but with their own little conception of it,"—which, of course, is precisely what all poets do. To Bliss Carman, on the other hand, he ascribes "magic," "natural symbolisms with . . . supernatural meanings . . ." Clearly, such an attitude reveals in Mr. Braithwaite a very decided intellectual limitation. Must poetry be all marshmallows and tears? Is it to be prohibited from dealing with ideas, or restricted solely to a contemplation of that small part of our lives which is, in a sentimental sense, beautiful? Is poetry to be merely a perfume reserved for our moments of languor? Mr. Braithwaite might not say "yes" to this question as it stands, but if it were put in a slightly different form, he would. And in consequence, try as he will, he cannot be entirely fair to our contemporary empiricists. Even in his discussion of such poets as John Gould Fletcher and Miss Lowell,

amiable and even adulatory as (oddly enough) it sometimes is, one detects a fundamental perplexity and lack of understanding.

The trouble with this book is, then, at bottom, that while it has a rather intriguing appearance of being judicial, it is really, under the mask, highly idiosyncratic. This might be redeemed if Mr. Braithwaite, in any part of his work, showed himself to be an interpreter possessed of subtlety or persuasiveness. Unfortunately that cannot be said. Mr. Braithwaite has, to begin with, a singular incapacity for perceiving the real meaning of words. He uses words in an orotund, meaningless way; words like "essence," "substance," "mystery," "symbolism," are forever on his tongue. For this reason a great part of his book is thin reading; it is often impossible, except through the exercise of considerable imagination, to get any meaning out of it whatever. It is possible indeed that his inability to associate words precisely with the ideas for which they stand is the central secret of Mr. Braithwaite's failure as a critic: the cloudy inaccuracy of style may well be simply another aspect of an attitude of mind which has determined his predilection for vaguely interpretative rather than judicial criticism. It may equally account for the extraordinary lack of discrimination which leads him to discuss, not so many kinds of art (which would be merely catholic), but so many qualities of art, as if on one level of excellence. Brilliant, good, mediocre, and downright bad; subtle and commonplace; cerebral and sentimental,—all are treated as of equal importance, and, apparently (as indicated by the last pair of contrasted terms), without any keen awareness of their difference. When he is beyond his depth, Mr. Braithwaite simply takes refuge in words. "Every sense is evocative and intuitional," he says. "Mysticism and wonder are the vital nerves which connect the outer world of reality with the inner world of spirit. Does it matter how the substance is shaped, so long as it is given a being?" This is mere word-blowing; and Mr. Braithwaite's book is full of arguments equally ghostly.

Shall we never learn that there is nothing mysterious or supernatural about poetry; that it is a natural, organic product, with discoverable functions, clearly open to analysis? It would be a pity if our critics and poets were to leave this to the scientists instead of doing it themselves.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Potential India

THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN ECONOMICS. By Radhakamal Mukerjee. (Longmans, Green, & Co.; $3.)

If we exclude her British suzerain, Americans are the most interested of Western nations in all that pertains to India. From the romantic days when swift Yankee clipper ships put the British out of competition for the Eastern trade, to the present war-time revival of Indian exports and larger imports, a consistent idealism has backed this interest: in Indian eyes America shed a distant but kindly beneficence. American missionaries have always outnumbered those of other Western nations, and they were the first to substitute for a purely dogmatic religious platform the more effective educational wedge against heterogeneous India's caste-ridden masses.

When famines visited those millions, recurring because of climatic and not administrative reasons, American largess promptly reached the field of suffering: during the epidemic of plague American missionaries, especially in the *zenānā,* rendered valuable medical assistance. Nor has the acquisition of the Philippines changed or diverted this interest. That colonial adventure, with Kipling's clamant approval, merely identified in the popular imagination both sides of the Atlantic, while an American vicereine at Simla later completed the sentimental *rapprochement.* Now that the Jones Bill has given the Philippines a political consciousness, the American experiment is the most practical example that has so far appeared for British assurance in their solution of India's immeasurably more complex problem.

But it has remained for the epochal world-war to throw into flux all the facile *clichés* dispensed by Kipling about the isolation of East from West: they were no more erroneous than those Kipling scornfully attributed to his peripatetic members of Parliament. But the superficial, extraneous differences have been dissipated by the economic interdependence that the war has called into existence. To-day America is importing from India far more than she ever did, more than she exports, even though these exports have increased because of the dislocation of European sources and channels. The future of this trade is assured, and its greatest benefit will be the reciprocal influences of the new social and political contact between East and West. The Orient was once a fruitful field of paradox and incongruity, whence the protégés of Cook drew abundant material for social impressions and

political generalizations. But the war has sown such incongruities and paradoxes liberally throughout Western civilizations, so that, ironically, West has become East in certain political and cultural aspects.

Thus, in order to readjust our knowledge of the Orient, books like Professor Mukerjee's are extremely valuable. That such books are coming from the pens of native scholars is the greatest compliment to the British educational system, even though that system is still hampered by the theoretical dogma of Macaulay's rhetoric. Warren Hastings has been released from Macaulay's inaccurate, overdrawn picture, but the so-called *literati* of the Babu class are still being produced under the stupid minutes he once framed for Indian education. But Indian scholars are turning their knowledge of rural and local conditions into useful surveys of the potentialities of India and her peoples. Hitherto they were academically engrossed with her great past. Professor Mukerjee is typical of the new school of Indian thinkers. He has sifted carefully the phenomena of change and decay in Indian institutions, registered the perils arising from the conflict between an ancient agrarian population and the disintegrating Western industrialism; he makes an eloquent plea for those phases of an indigenous Indian economy upon which the life and soul of his people depends. The evils of overproduction, wholesale extinction of hereditary arts and crafts, the exploitation of mill towns, are data familiar enough in the West, but they are freshly epidemic in the new Orient. It is encouraging to know that

> The Indian factory hand is primarily an agriculturalist. His real home is in his native village, not in the city where he works. He leaves both wife and children behind him when he emigrates to the factory, and regularly returns to them to look after his family affairs and to rest from his labors. More than this, he can always find work in his village if he gets tired of the factory.

So much for the family's being, as in China, an effective economic unit. But I cannot agree with the author in anticipating the continuance of caste on the grounds of a similar argument. It is true that caste has a societal cohesiveness, with all the fluid communalism he extols, but his statement regarding the flexibility of caste, of a sort of emancipation of the lower and depressed classes by virtue of adopting and practising a forbidden trade, is not true of the entire country. His observations are frequently limited to his native Bengal. But he has been at pains to present every trade and village industry of the country, and his illustrations are valuable. The only defect in his book is the absence of a glossary for native names and expressions, especially since he quotes both the Hindi and the Urdu variants.

There is no space to take up such fascinating subjects as the promise of the new rural credit and coöperative systems for India's future; a romance flickers about the native banking system, about the picturesque arts and crafts, and the guild system which, certain writers predict, will be revived among the smaller nationalities rehabilitated in Europe by the war and its aftermath. Professor Mukerjee warns against a blind adoption of Western industrial methods. His belief that India's economic structure has hitherto developed in keeping with her indigenous needs, and that it must so continue, will meet with approval. Japan, as the pioneer, is now giving her Eastern imitators a lesson in the way she is painfully recapitulating Western industrial and economic problems as a result of overproduction and meretricious "booming": to her discredit she is dumping in India and China shoddy merchandise which must inevitably react in favor of America, her formidable competitor for the Eastern markets. With Professor Mukerjee's intensive survey of India's potentialities, it is not Utopian to hope that India's economic contact with America and Europe will more and more reflect the genius of her fascinating races and their rich, manifold activities. One can only wish that the traditional *panchāyat,* or village council, had continued to exercise under the British ægis all its old administrative functions, instead of degenerating into a caste or trade guild. I believe that a resuscitation of the *panchāyat* will justify its continuance, urged in 1818 by an able administrator like Elphinstone, as a training-school for the autonomous government pledged to India by the British. Through this traditional vehicle of government India will come to full political stature, ready for eventual self-government; but it would be futile, as the British already realize, to give her autonomy in her present incohesive, inarticulate condition. This, however, was not Professor Mukerjee's theme. But none who knows her intimately will wish her any other future than one that is based upon such precious data from her historic past as are here evaluated by an Indian scholar, and as one who knows her personally I can wish her no better political future than is assured by her fair-minded if unimaginative British sponsor.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

The Problem of the Immigrant

THE IMMIGRANT AND THE COMMUNITY. By Grace Abbott. (Century Co.; $1.50.)

Now that the long-debated question of immigration exclusion is at least in a measure disposed of through legislation, the public mind may possibly find itself willing to turn toward a more sympathetic study of the immigrant. Historically there has been so much feeling and so little calm consideration of the whole question of immigration that to most people there has seemed to be but one really significant problem: whether we should continue to admit to our doubtful hospitality such great masses of unfamiliar peoples with different customs and habits and lower standards of living than our own. Miss Abbott reminds us that we have in reality a much more pressing problem than this to deal with. How shall we learn to be neighborly with our immigrants at home? How can we substitute justice for exploitation, sympathy for suspicion, and appreciation for derision and even hate?

In Miss Abbott these more neighborly attitudes were established long ago. As director of the Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago, and as a resident of Hull House for many years, she has developed that intimate touch with the problems, the hopes, the disappointments, and the ways of thinking of the newcomers which renders her perhaps as well fitted as anyone not an immigrant to interpret the people in her charge to the rest of the world. She is so sympathetic that some might call her partisan. Perhaps she is; but certainly her partisanship is in the nature of a great moral protest against inexcusable evils of intolerance, race-prejudice, and economic and political exploitation. We need more such crying out against this smugness of ours where other souls and bodies are at stake; against our drift into a comfortable and complacent attitude of mind.

Miss Abbott's plea is for adjustment rather than assimilation. In this respect she disagrees with the textbook writers, and perhaps with most staunch Americans. She believes that the immigrant brings a contribution to America which should be preserved; that he is not merely a seeker after our treasures—when they exist outside the European peasant's imagination. This contribution of hope and industry, of strength and purpose, of faith and power, which is so characteristic of the simple folk, she would uncover and train into full flower for usefulness. Now we are accustomed to suppress it, to pervert it, to turn its sweetness into bitterness because of the hard face we turn and the relentless exploitation of the immigrant body which our callous economic method demands. Often our unregulated social institutions prove a snare rather than an aid to the unsophisticated immigrant, thus destroying his frugality and his sobriety.

The troubles of the immigrant begin with the first touch of foot to our shores. The complexity of our street life and of our traffic weighs upon his simple rural mind. The extortions of the expressman and the small tradesman, the snare which the procurer sets for the helpless and friendless immigrant girl untrained in our language, the hard struggle for a job,—often much more difficult than was expected or represented,—the ever-present extortion of the labor agency, and the greed and bad faith of the contractor—these are phases of our welcome to the immigrant almost as frequent as they are unexpected. Nor do we always improve upon a closer acquaintance. If our new neighbor prospers in a small way and wishes to send money home to dependent relatives or to aid some member of his family in joining him, the immigrant bank, which our political system permits to exist without due supervision and control, may defraud him of his savings. If he enters the courts, he is almost certain to find a prejudice against him there, which, if it does not pervert justice, may at least deny it because of lack of sufficient interest in the suppliant on the part of the court. Dishonest lawyers and notaries make him their easy prey because of his unfamiliarity with our language and with the tricks of our *laissez-faire* social, political, and economic systems. In other ways, if somewhat less tangibly, the immigrant suffers from our neglect. In the matter of public health and morals he does not so much create new problems as complicate old ones. His lack of urban habits of mind and body makes it all the more necessary to hedge him about with safeguards and leadership. The immigrant woman especially is the victim of the incompetence of the midwife, who in America lacks training and supervision.

In the matter of education we have been lax and non-understanding with the immigrant. We have not sufficiently realized that his peculiar problems of economic and political adjustment call for more vocational and citizenship training than our but half-consciously organized schools are accustomed to give. Indeed, it might be much better for the native youth if they had

more of this sort of training in place of the highly traditionalized curriculum to which they are so often subjected. Frequently the immigrant comes to us with good native attitudes but with a lack of experience in political affairs. Too often his first insight into our public callousness, the lack of democracy and efficiency in our reputed democracy, saddens and disgusts him. Here we lose a good citizen. We need more sympathetic leadership and organization of immigrant life on its public-interests and contacts side. One of the most interesting of Miss Abbott's many pertinent suggestions regarding immigrant adjustment is that we organize more carefully the potentialities for the development of an international understanding through immigration into this country and return migration.

L. L. Bernard.

Emotionalism and War

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.)

Enough has possibly been said about the general disappointment in Alan Seeger's "Letters and Diary"; practically every critic who has reviewed the book has said something to that effect. As is the way with critics, however, they have all said the same thing: Seeger's letters and diary are disappointing because they are not what was expected from a young, romantic poet. They prove with disconcerting flatness the truism that no poet is a poet all the time; they even prove that some poets are less than poets most of the time. Seeger's letters and diary (if one excepts the letters written consciously for publication and therefore with more attention to content and style) consist for the most part of the commonplace details of soldier life, repeated many times without personal or enlivening comment and with only too few descriptions of companions or scenery. The greater portion of the book, including even the letters to the newspapers, is ordinary, quite like the many books from the hands of mere journalists.

There is another, smaller, but far more important part of the volume that is also disappointing, and in inverse ratio to its size; it is the part, or parts, where the poet does write and where, therefore, his philosophy of life appears. Alan Seeger was narrow-minded. It might be said, paradoxically, that he was narrow-minded in a broad way, for he happened to be warped on the side of those issues in life which are popularly called "big" and "great." But to be convinced that he was incapable of genuine sympathy with many alien points of view one needs only to read the letters. In the poems this attitude had been discovered, the letters probably only emphasize it. In Sonnet XI, "On Returning to the Front After Leave," he says:

> . . . we turn disdainful backs
> On that poor world we scorn yet die to shield—
> That world of cowards, hypocrites and fools.

It is not ungenerous to find that disappointing. The tone of the letters is not quite so harsh; the demands of rhyme and metre may take their share of the blame, but the attitude is the same and it is consistently held. "I pity the poor civilians" sums up his feeling toward those who, for no matter what reason, were not directly concerned with the war.

> But as in times of peace there is nothing better then love and art, so in times of war there is nothing better than fighting and one must make the best of it, finding recompense in feeling one's heart pulse in concert with those of the élite who are doing the most admirable thing, rather than with those of the multitude who are concerned with second-best things. . . Great as are the pleasures that [the poor civilians] are continuing to enjoy and that we have renounced, the sense of being the instrument of Destiny is to me a source of greater satisfaction. . . . Killed, more than any other man, [the soldier] can face the unknown without misgiving. . .

If Alan Seeger had meant that some of us are *forced* to be content with second-best things, that would have been sympathetic and his poetry and letters would be more satisfying to the poor civilian. But we are *"concerned* with second-best things," and a reading of the letters shows that we are so from pure mediocrity. The sense of "being the instrument of Destiny" comes to many a man, and many more women, who will never see a trench, and why the soldier faces the unknown with any less misgiving than other men is not clear. It is undoubtedly a glorious thing to be a soldier, especially so truly and thoroughly a soldier as was Seeger. He is fascinating and admirable perhaps more for that reason than because he was a poet. And while to criticize him for having his point of view would be only to borrow his own narrow-mindedness, it is perfectly permissible to criticize him for his inability to see that the world is full of other views, no less noble and commendable. Seeger's is so largely a mere expression of his emotions that annoyance becomes the dominant reaction as one reads. He was tired of ordinary existence, that existence which demands the best

powers of mind and soul. Victor Chapman, in his "Letters from France," says: "Remember Alan Seeger was an appalling wreck before the war." No matter what this means, it throws a helpful light on one's reading of the letters. He seems to have been satiated, for he calls "a diabolical cry, a blood-curdling yell of mockery and exultation" which came from the hillside of the Boches one night, an "antidote to civilization of which this war can offer so many to the searcher after extraordinary sensations." Searching for extraordinary sensations echoes discouragingly of Oscar Wilde and his group; it is certainly not the sort of thing that helps the civilian to live his life more worthily.

Seeger does speak now and then in tones which remind the reader of the youth who wrote "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." There are even paragraphs sufficiently penetrating to balance his superficial emotionalism:

> There is a common bourgeois notion which, associated with the common bourgeois ideal of a man finally making enough money to be able to retire and live on his income, pictures the happy life as a kind of steady progression through a series of ups and downs toward a kind of plateau, the summit of which once attained, he can thereafter march along tranquilly on a level of unbroken and indestructible well-being. It is perfectly clear that such a notion is entirely illusory, in the multiple accidents to which life is susceptible, for even supposing that he has attained such a level by the realization of every other earthly ambition, he is always walking on the unstable brink of the love that he has created for himself and upon which he is dependent, the crumbling of which beneath his feet by death or abandonment would immediately plunge him into the blackest abysses, where everything else that he had realized would mean nothing. As for myself, I look upon life as a series of ups and downs, right up (or down) to the very end. The idea of being any higher at the end than at the beginning was never part of my reveries. I never conceived the advent of a moment when turbulence and strife could be thought of as put definitely behind one. But I clung passionately to, and drank deep of, such moments of happiness as circumstances set before me —the importance to me was the moment that joy rescued from oblivion—and for me the measure of a happy life was simply the proportion in which the sum-total of these moments of happiness, scattered indiscriminately through it, outbalanced the sum-total of the unhappy ones.

And that is wisdom, the very sort that will help the poor civilian with his ups and downs. That Alan Seeger wrote so little of it may have been due to the external circumstances of a life at best none too conducive to thoughtfulness, but the unfortunate fact remains that his letters and diary show few such oases.

B. I. KINNE.

Lucid Mystics

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH MYSTICAL VERSE. Chosen by D. H. S. Nicholson and A. H. E. Lee. (Oxford University Press; $2.)

The slowly growing series of the Oxford Books of Verse has from its inception been one of the necessaries of life to every lover of poetry. With the single exception of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" no other anthologies of such uniformly high merit have been published. (In passing, let us express a fervent wish that the Delegates of the Clarendon Press may issue an "Oxford Book of American Verse" in recognition of our alliance with England.)

"The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse" maintains the standards set by its predecessors, but the reviewer of it faces one peculiar difficulty—that of definition. What *is* mystical verse? None but a German Doctor of Philosophy would dare attempt sharply to define it, especially when the editors of the collection frankly shirk the task. They say:

> Our conception of mysticism must be found in the poetry we have gathered together. But it may serve as a ground for comprehension to say that in making our selection we have been governed by a desire to include only such poems and extracts from poems as contain intimations of a consciousness wider and deeper than the normal. This is the connecting link between them—the thread, as it were, on which the individual pieces are strung. It is less a question of a common subject than of a common standpoint and in some sense a common atmosphere, and our attempt has been to steer a middle course between the twin dangers of an uninspired piety on the one hand and mere intellectual speculation on the other. . .

When we abandon the hopeless effort at definition and turn to the contents of the book, we find selections from more than one hundred and fifty poets, ranging in date from Richard Rolle of Hampole to John Masefield and Alfred Noyes and in religion from Francis Thompson to Sarojini Nayadu and Edward Carpenter. The distribution of the poems in point of time is interesting. Five-sixths of them—more than five-sixths, if we count Blake among the nineteenth century poets—are the product of that nineteenth century which its own prophets denounced as materialistic and skeptical beyond all previous epochs, of this twentieth century which, we were told before the war, was wholly given over to fads and superficiality. Of the poems from earlier centuries which have been deemed worthy of a place in this collection, far more than half are the work of five men—Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Traherne. Contemplation of these facts awakens a dreadful

qualm of doubt. Is it possible that we have overlooked some vital elements in our glib cataloguing of nineteenth century tendencies; that even Early Victorian England is still too near at hand for its whole significance to be evident?

Sins of omission are the usual refuge of the reviewer of an anthology. Because the majority of the poems included are the work of men of established fame his fault-finding propensities are curbed; he lacks the courage to attack that which public opinion has pronounced good, and therefore pitches into the editors for omitting work which he himself has approved of. Such procedure would be especially easy in dealing with anything so indefinable as mystical verse—in fact, it is too easy to be worth doing. For the sake, however, of keeping up a useful tradition, we may express a slight surprise that no place has been found for Whittier among the American poets included. Emerson and Whitman are generously represented, and there are characteristic poems by Madison Cawein, Bliss Carman, Father Tabb, and others. Among the work of living Englishmen we could wish that room had been made for Kipling's strange "Prayer of Miriam Cohen" and for more of G. K. Chesterton's work. His "Holy of Holies" is given, but we miss "The Beatific Vision" and other poems in which the most robust and controversial of modern mystics declares his faith.

The thought of Chesterton awakens us to a realization of the most remarkable feature of most of the poems in this collection—their clarity. Their mystical quality is due to elevation of thought, not to woolly-mindedness. Some poets are vague and mysterious simply because they cannot or will not think clearly, but most of the writers here represented are as lucid and unconfused as St. Paul himself. Only rarely—notably in Aleister Crowley's "The Quest," every stanza of which requires at least one footnote to explain its symbolic meaning—do we feel that the poet is overdoing the thing. The true mystic can make his vision plain without footnotes.

For the present reviewer the reading of this volume has had at least one permanent result. A vague impression as to the identity of the two greatest lyrics—other than elegies—in the English language has been changed to a certainty. Every poem in this collection is thoughtful and sincere, many are in the highest sense inspired, but the two which tower above every rival as Shakespeare towers above all other English dramatists are the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and "The Hound of Heaven." After rereading them in direct comparison with all the best English verse of a similar nature, we lay the book aside with the conviction not only that they represent the highest flight of sustained lyric inspiration in nineteenth century poetry but that they are the most perfect religious poems in the whole range of our literature.

J. DeLancey Ferguson.

Another Irish Dramatist

Five Plays. By George Fitzmaurice. (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.)

It is quite the fashion to cast slurs at the later Irish dramatists. I hold no brief for the manufacturers of folk-melodrama after the school of Lennox Robinson; but it seems to me mean-spirited to ignore the peculiar handicaps under which contemporary Irish playwrights work, and unjust to close our eyes to any possible merits in their plays.

William Boyle and Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum, Yeats, and Synge have left a perilous legacy. Their successors must be very able to carry forward even their ordinary efforts. Moreover, a change has come over Irish drama. Since 1908 the Abbey Theatre, its very heart, has of necessity been commercialized. It has become a huckster trading in any catchy Irish play, written in any Irish dialect, by any dramatist with a good Irish name. Real Irish dramatists are peculiarly at the mercy of the Irish theatre, for the best folk-drama withers and loses its savor transplanted to a strange stage.

I am not framing an apology for the plays of George Fitzmaurice, for they need none; but to judge fairly any dramatist, especially a real Irish dramatist, we must remember his dramatic traditions and the stage and public for which he writes.

Mr. Fitzmaurice is a connecting link between the earlier and the later writers of the Irish dramatic movement. In his technique, he is a contemporary Irish dramatist; in his simpler point of view and freer imagination, he is a true son of the pioneers. His vivid dialogue and character-drawing surpass most contemporary work. For sheer beauty, either of thought or expression, he does not equal his predecessors. As a

realist, he writes in the modern vein; as a fantast, in the spirit of the earlier men.

His realistic plays have simple plots. "The Country Dressmaker" is the story of Julia Shea, who for ten years has kept a romantic troth with Pats Connor, her girlhood lover who emigrated to America. Pats, having long since forgotten Julia, returns to Ireland and, upon hearing the story of her faith, resolves to live up to her ideal. Even the complications to this simple plot, furnished by the schemes of an influential neighbor who angles for Pats's American-made fortune with his two daughters, are quite obvious, and their obviousness is accentuated by the fact that the two Clohesy girls and their parents are caricatures rather than characters. This fault mars other plays. Mr. Fitzmaurice is given to sketching his lesser people in a few bold strokes without enough background to furnish us with true portraits. When he does take pains, however, he can draw a splendidly rounded character. It is the careful character-studies of Eugene Guerin, his parents, and his uncle, Malachi Cantillon, that save his other long play, "The Moonlighter," from being merely an agrarian melodrama of the type made familiar by Ray, Murray, Casey, and the rest. In this play, too, are some of the most delicious bits of dialect, a feature of Mr. Fitzmaurice's work that Irish critics have praised, not for its faithfulness in detail, but for its true, vivid spirit. An American can appreciate this criticism when he reads the "Yankeeisms" employed by Pats Connor. His "I reckon I can corroborate Mr. Quilter's remarks" is not a speech of Mister Dooley, but to a Dublin audience it would sound more typically Irish-American.

It is in his three short plays that Mr. Fitzmaurice is at his best. "The Pie-Dish" is a convincing study of struggle for artistic expression, cast in a realistic and startlingly unusual mold. Old Leum Donoghue, a peasant, has worked for twenty years modelling a pie dish. When his masterpiece is nearly done, he is stricken. His family call the priest, but the artist thrusts the priest aside to finish his work. He feels death near and in agony prays to God for time. Heaven failing him, he calls on the Devil and drops dead, his precious pie dish slipping from his hands to break on the floor.

Mr. Fitzmaurice's two highly imaginative plays, "The Magic Glasses" and "The Dandy Dolls," are strangely akin to the realistic "Pie-Dish." The efforts of Jaymony Shanahan's family to save him from the spell of the magic spectacles with which he retires to the loft to see glorious visions are reminiscent of the efforts of old Leum's daughters to save him from damnation; and his prosaic pie dish, which Death will not let him finish, is a forerunner of the bewitched dolls of Roger Carmody, whose windpipes, as soon as he finishes making them, are always stolen away by the Hag's Son. These last two plays are pure fantasies, dealing with wierd, supernatural forces, not lightly or timidly, but firmly and boldly. As a result they have a dramatic intensity that more delicate, suggestive fantasies—Yeats's "The Land of Heart's Desire," for example—lack. They prove their author to be a master-dramatist of Celtic phantasmagoria.

These "Five Plays" justify the hope that, if only the Abbey Theatre will cease trying to be a Hibernian branch of Drury Lane, it can still produce real Irish dramatists.

WILLIAMS HAYNES.

The Classical Stage of Japan

"NOH," OR ACCOMPLISHMENT: A STUDY OF THE CLASSICAL STAGE OF JAPAN. By Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound. (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75.)

To-day's reciprocal obligations in regard to culture continue to multiply. This is one of the pleasure-pains of cosmopolitanism. Mr. Fenollosa's records of his conversations with the reviver of the classical drama of Japan tell how he gave the ancient man a brief account of the classic drama of Greece: "he already knew," adds this Occidental adventurer into the lore of the East, "something about opera." Now, if the Oriental shows a disposition to familiarize himself with Euripides and Puccini—to say nothing of Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, and Oscar Wilde—shall we not exert ourselves in turn, and show a willingness to go beyond Hokusai and Hiroshige?

The "Noh" drama, as shaped in the fifteenth century and saved through Japan's transition to the new day, is the complete negation of all literalism and of the merely mimetic. It scorns both. It relates to the well-known school of the Danjuros about as the classical school of Chinese painting relates to the color-prints of

Ukiyo-ye. It is noble, not plebeian; spiritistic, not realistic: it squares with the fundamental principles of all good art, rather than with the thoughtless passing fashion of any particular day.

Fenollosa, on his death, left a large body of notes and translations concerned with this school of drama. Most of his material was got, first hand, from Umèwaka Minoru, descendant of a long line of esteemed actors, who made it the work of his later years to rescue the ancient and honorable traditions of the classic stage from the shock which, in 1868, inaugurated the era of Meiji. This mass of material passed into the hands of Mr. Pound, whose treatment of it is briefly explained in his "Note." Says he: "The vision and the plan are Fenollosa's. In the prose I had had but the part of literary executor; in the plays my work has been that of translator who has found all the heavy work done for him and who has had but the pleasure of arranging beauty into the words." Gather his method from a passage in one of the fifteen short pieces which the book presents, that called "Nishikigi" (The Love-Charm Wands). Here is Fenollosa's prose:

> It is strange, seeing these town-people here. I might suppose them two married people; and what the lady gives herself the trouble of carrying might be a piece of cloth woven from birds' feathers, and what the man has is a sword, painted red. It is indeed queer merchandise.

Here is Pound's verse:

> Strange indeed, seeing these town-people here,
> They seem like man and wife,
> And the lady seems to be holding something
> Like a cloth woven of feathers,
> While he has a staff or a wooden sceptre
> Beautifully ornate.
> Both of these things are strange;
> In any case, I wonder what they call them.

This play, "Nishikigi," though (like most of the others) largely spiritistic, should easily be intelligible to the Western mind: it has a "love interest" which ought to help us take hold and feel at home. A wandering priest, a standard character in "Noh," meets two ghosts in ancient attire in a remote village. They tell their story. The man, for three years, had offered charm-sticks, those "crimson tokens of love," night after night, and finally died of despair. The woman, oblivious or ignorant, or from mere coquetry, had sat at her weaving within her house. The man was buried in a cave, with all his wands. The woman repented of her cruelty—if such it was—and died also. The two have been dead for a century, and have not yet been united. The priest visits the cave. But the night is too cold for sleep, and he enters upon a ritual before the cave's mouth. His warm respect for the old tale begins to produce its effect. The lovers come to life within the illuminated cavern, a kindly chorus coöperates with the priest, and the lovers finally accomplish a spirit union before the final moment which prophesies a void waste—"a wild place, unlit, and unfilled."

Considering the "Noh" in its essence, the ancient and loyal Japanese historian should have had little difficulty with the Greek drama, whatever headway he may or may not have made with the opera. For the two stages, the two schools, have much in common. Each had an independent growth from miracle plays—one from the plays of the worship of Bacchus, the other from the plays of the worship of Buddha and of the Shinto deities; each prefers to deal with a tale or legend already well known; each accomplishes a wide generalization that rises gravely and scornfully above the petty mimetics and realisms of the day; each employs a chorus; each involves dancing, and each practices a play-sequence,—the Greeks, one of four parts and the Japanese, one of six,—which last presents, as Mr. Pound phrases it, "a complete service of life." The mere dialogue is but one feature among several; the singing and the dancing must always be considered if one is to reach a clear understanding and a complete æsthetic appreciation.

The order, as shown by Fenollosa's notes, is this: a congratulatory piece, or ceremonial address to the gods; a battle-piece, with due mindfulness for the emperors; a "wig-piece"—for females; a spirit-piece, since the spirits form the vague but lasting background of man's transitory and tristful experiences; a moral piece, inculcating the various virtues; lastly, another congratulatory piece, to call down blessings on the lords present, on the actors themselves, and on the scene of their endeavors. Thus the cycle is closed.

Mr. Pound, in his notes and comments, writes with his usual unceremonious directness: if he is sometimes rugged, blunt, and downright, one at least gets a strong sense of primary impact from a man who is duly, even vastly, concerned. And as the volume is made by the Clarks, of Edinburgh, a "serious" house, one notes, with gratification, an almost complete suppression of Mr. Pound's tendency toward typographical wilfulnesses and eccentricities.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Primitive Emotion

HELEN OF FOUR GATES. By An Ex-Mill-Girl. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.)

The attempt to express primitive emotion intensified and made vivid by circumstance is almost the severest test that an author can undergo. He must either succeed or he must fail abjectly. And if he has the power to succeed, his novel may fail of a hundred estimable qualities; it at least has truth. Of course the supreme example of this expression is "Tess," and only in less degree Hardy's other works, "The Woodlanders" in particular. That works of such epic sweep should come irresistibly to one's mind throughout the reading of this novel by an unknown author is a sufficient proof of its power.

"Helen of Four Gates" is set in the aged moors of the Druid country, in north Lancashire one imagines, where among the respectable little lives of the villagers it seems more possible than elsewhere for some spirit to gleam out who has absorbed in her veins all the passionate heritage of the land, which turns life so easily and so inevitably into tragedy. For "she were made to live an' love, an' give an' take, more'n most, as if to make her suffer more." That was Helen. "My father didn't bring me up like a turtle-dove," she herself said. "An' I'd no saints wi' leets round their heads, an' faces like they'd no blood . . . I'm made the other way, somehow —allus th' other way—runnin' after what should run after me, runnin' awa' fro' what I should run to."

In short, it is pure, undisciplined nature that the author represents in a threefold struggle; first, against the respectability and pride grafted upon her own nature by its contact with Four Gates; secondly, against the hatred and cruelty personified in the man she had been told to call her father; thirdly, against the cold human reason of the man who loved her and whose fear of inherited madness in her was a stronger thing than his love. It is something more than a merely human struggle that the author has represented, consciously or not. It is the eternal struggle of all elemental, living things to maintain their birthright to freedom of expression in living terms. This is the truth that the "Ex-Mill-Girl" makes you feel. She has run a certain amount of danger in making you feel it, but a danger that you leave unrealized in the reading. The fact stands that we take her Helen as she is revealed to us.

There are other fine things about the novel besides its truth, but I think that they are subordinate to it, probably derived from it. The author has built her book, you feel, out of her own emotion, perfectly controlled. She herself must have experienced to an unusual degree the sense of a common heritage with all sentient and growing things. She gives you with a deep, intuitive understanding the life of the countryside in its moods of blustering, desolate darkness when "night with a laugh of anarchy blotted out the symbols of law and order, gave infinity for acres, reclaimed for a short time the wild that was half tame, and lent a sense that here fierce dark deeds had been done, and might be done again"; or when it turns its face to morning and to laughter in the dawn of another day "in a world that knows nothing but the present"; or in the enveloping mantle of still snow when everything human that is not outcast turns to glowing fires in the well-swept kitchens, to baking things and drowsiness. All human desires and actions are pointed and often in reality swayed by these throbbing and cruelly unconscious changes upon the face of things. They were so much a part of Helen that to have transplanted her from her hills would have been like uprooting the heather and the furze.

The *dénouement,* however, is distinctly disappointing, below the level of the rest. The author has prepared us through her pictures of old Mason's cruelty to his "daughter," through the harrowing months when the prospect of Martin's desertion is growing into a dread certainty, through her year of marriage to Mason's willing tool, for a tragedy that seems as inevitable and as complete as one of Hardy's. The book would have ended better with Helen and Martin waiting on the hillside in the dawn for their doom than with all the fortuitous accidents, deaths, and recoveries that give it its unearned happy ending. Such an ending, constitutes, indeed, a heavy drain upon the resources of the gods of chance. One hopes it was not a concession to the gods of credulity that rule our modern market. For the qualities I liked best in this story were qualities that are not modern—that make a story, whether it is a year or a hundred years old, live in our memories for its truth and its humor and its imagination, that give it poignancy and distinction.

RUTH MCINTIRE.

Briefs on New Books

Why Italy Entered into the Great War. By Luigi Carnovale. Italian-American Publishing Co.; $2.50.

A work of marked value for the study of one phase of the present world-conflict is Luigi Carnovale's bi-lingual volume, "Why Italy Entered into the Great War," or, in its other form, "Perchè l'Italia è Entrata Nella Grande Guerra." The author's concern is with the particular angle of the struggle that involves Italy and Austria, and his book is essentially a defence of Italy's course.

Each of the two corresponding sections of this large endeavor is in four parts. The first part deals with recent history—with the relations between Italy and Austria for the past century—and portrays in detail the arrogances, injustices, and inhumanities of the long Austrian domination. The second part comprises a longer historical retrospect—one of two thousand years—and is designed to prove the essentially Italian character of the borderlands in dispute between the two countries. The third part gives an account of the diplomatic doings which immediately preceded the declaration of war—a complete and compact presentation of the actual documents. The fourth and concluding part gives the reasons—a dozen or so—which justified Italy in breaking with the Central Powers and in joining France and England.

One feature of the book—a feature illustratively picturesque—is a plate giving in facsimile the famous "Tavola Clesiana," a bronze tablet which was discovered at Cles, in mid-Tyrol, in 1869. This tablet contains a decree of the Emperor Claudius, A. D. 49, determining the essentially Italian character of the inhabitants of that region. The find was viewed *in situ* by Theodor Mommsen, who published a pamphlet on it and declared himself convinced that the district of Trent was Italian and properly belonged to Roman Italy. The proofs with regard to Trieste and to the strong Italian affiliation of the Trientines are equally cogent, as presented by the author. If the same were the case with the Triestine hinterland (which is predominantly Slav), the question of Italia Irredenta might be much simplified.

Mr. Carnovale, who has a reputation as a journalist both in Italy and America, is one of the younger school of radical reformers. He is against not only the Papacy but also the House of Savoy; and against not only the House of Savoy but also the capitalistic forces which (as depicted by Anatole France in his "Ile des Penguins") often take an undue part in originating and in furthering wars. As a resident of Chicago, he casts his eye not only over the Great War, but over some of the lesser wars which, in our own city and country, have been caused by economic injustice. He pronounces the present war "the logical and natural epilogue of the evils committed by the privileged class during its long dominion over the world," and looks forward hopefully to a better day guided by better men.

Italy at War. By Alexander Powell. Scribner's; $1.50.

In his latest book Mr. Alexander Powell has unreservedly adopted Davis's maxim "to use similes that the man at home can understand. If China is not home bring it there." He says that Verdun looked "as though it had been visited simultaneously by the San Francisco earthquake, the Baltimore fire, and the Johnstown flood." He speaks of lunching in the underground citadel as being like eating "in a New York subway station." While this trick has a tendency to become tiresome, Mr. Powell deserves little but praise for the way in which he has presented the outstanding features of the Italian campaign—its political preparation, its division into the four great theatres, the novel methods introduced by warfare on the roof of the world, the blasting of trenches in ice and rock, the communication by means of the *teleferica,* the cable lines by which men, munitions, and food must be swung aloft to the front lines. That the Italian line when straightened is longer than the entire western front, that the Italians alone of the allies are now fighting almost entirely upon enemy ground, and that they have gained this position through forcing their way upward in the face of a superior enemy—all these facts exhibit the sturdy determination of the people who are fighting for *Italia Irredenta.* Theirs has been a stupendous task, a task that no people without national imagination and adaptability could have contemplated.

Mr. Powell adds chapters on the British in France, the French at Verdun, the Russians in Champagne, and the re-formed Belgian army in Flanders. He has a talent for collecting interesting scraps of information and adapting technical details of artillery or aviation to the comprehension of the uninitiated.

Great Britain's Part. By Paul D. Cravath. Appleton; $1.

Similar in plan and purpose to Mrs. Humphry Ward's "England's Effort," Mr. Cravath's short account of "Great Britain's Part," as viewed by an American observer in France at the beginning of the third year of the war, heightens one's admiration for the zeal and devotion and increasing intelligence with which that country is applying her energies to the formidable task

in hand. Already familiar to readers of the New York "Times," these short, crisp chapters now appeal to a still larger public; and at the present juncture, unforeseen when they were written, they will have a peculiar interest and may teach a useful lesson. "We shall doubtless continue," concludes the author, "to hear much of blunders that England is making and of blunders that she is not making, but some day the world will wake up to a realization that England and her allies have won the war. Even then the critics in and out of Parliament will doubtless insist that the war was lost by the blunders of an incompetent government. That has always been England's way."

A Student in Arms. Second Series. By Donald Hankey. Dutton; $1.50.

"A Student in Arms" proved that war literature need be neither journalistic nor sentimental. Mr. Hankey's "Second Series" of the book further shows the effect of the war on a nature that was singularly refined, instinctively timid, but victorious over the common dangers and fears and vulgarities of soldiering not by reason of any dulling of the sensibilities, but rather through a determined calm and an undistorted insight into the true values of life at the front. This view enabled Mr. Hankey to understand and to condemn the weaknesses of his fellow-men without condemning their too natural manifestation. It enabled him to appreciate the full horror of trench life with its perpetual and exhausting strain without becoming pessimistic over the temporary necessity for such things nor their final result. He could not bring himself "to loathe militarism in all its forms," for he appreciated the good side of militarism, which is the laying down of the trifling search for self-realization. "For though the part of the great push that it fell to my lot to see was not a successful part," he wrote, "it was none the less a triumph—a spiritual triumph. The war correspondent can only describe the outside of things. We who are in the Army, who know the men as individuals, who have talked with them, joked with them, censored their letters, worked with them, we see below the surface. . . The man has become humble, but in proportion the soldier has become exceeding proud. He has learnt to sacrifice everything which belongs to him individually to a cause that is far greater than any personal ambitions of his own can ever be." To recognize romance when it comes disguised in the form of an urgent demand for a quiet life, is a thing that few of us can compass. It is the thing that makes all the difference in the world between Mr. Hankey's book and most of the others.

The War after the War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. Lane; $1.25.

The picture that Mr. Marcosson here paints is depressing. But it provokes thought, and thereby serves its purpose. The picture is that of the nations of the world locked in deadly commercial contest after the present titanic conflict of arms shall have ceased. After the war will begin in earnest, we are told, the struggle for markets, for shipping, and for industrial advantage. "Embattled commercial groups will supplant embroiled nations; boycotts, discriminations, and exclusions will succeed the strategies of line and trench; the animosities fought out today with shell and steel will have their heritage in ruthless rivalries."

The point to the volume is obvious: the United States will be subjected to an economic competition such as she has never known; she will pass almost instantly from the exceptionally favored position she occupied during the first two years and a half of the war to a position in which every trader's hand will be against her; she must lose no time in calculating her future policies, and in matching military with economic preparedness. Mr. Marcosson wrote before the United States entered the war, and on the assumption that she would not be drawn in. But his major thesis is not notably affected by the change of circumstances. His argument is, on the whole, plausible; and he states it in a Sunday-supplement style which may be expected to give his book a considerable vogue. The danger of commercial isolation and decadence of the United States seems, however, exaggerated. It is true that war is waste, that "some one must pay," and that the embattled nations will be feverishly anxious after peace is restored to rebuild their industries, rehabilitate their shipping, and regain or extend their foreign markets. But for some time a very great portion of the energies of reconstruction will have to be expended at home; sheer exhaustion will hold back commercial operations abroad.

It is not clear that the relative position of the United States, even if she herself is somewhat weakened by war, will be greatly altered. Three years ago she was in many respects commercially backward. Her manufacturers, merchants, and bankers were only beginning to awaken to their lack of progressiveness in meeting the competition of German, French, and British capital. Mr. Marcosson's admonition to American producers and traders to bestir themselves is to the point. But so it would have been, in almost equal degree, before the war began. Readable sketches of Lloyd George and the doughty Australian premier, William Hughes, are fairly dragged in; but they close the volume pleasantly.

German Imperialism and International Law. By Jacques Marquis de Dampierre. Scribner; $3.50.

Here is another contribution to that already extensive literature whose purpose is to expose the unholy ideals, ambitions, and doctrines of Germany. The author examines German theories of international law as they are expounded by the jurists, as they are formulated in the German military code, and as they have been applied in practice during the present war. These theories embrace such doctrines as that might makes right, that in war the end justifies the means, that the rights of belligerents are older than those of neutrals and must take precedence, that the employment of all means that will contribute to the attainment of the object of the war is permissible, and so on. All these and similar ideas the author condemns, and he justly remarks that it is the glory of the human race from its earliest origins to have striven to restrict as far as possible the uncontrolled sway of violence and brute force.

As violence and terrorism in war are a part of the German military code, so imperialism is one of its dominating political ambitions. On the pretense that Germany must have "a place in the sun" the pan-German propagandists are advocating the forcible absorption of all territories belonging to other nations, and this movement M. Dampierre examines in detail.

A large part of his book is devoted to a study of the German policy of spoliation and terrorism in Belgium and France, and on the basis of evidence gathered from German sources, especially from diaries kept by German soldiers in accordance with the field-service regulations, M. Dampierre convicts the Germans of numerous atrocities which their government has repeatedly denied. Facsimile reproductions of extracts from many of these incriminating diaries are published by the author and their authenticity would seem to be beyond question.

Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow. By Baroness Souiny. Century; $2.

We have here an absolutely recent picture of Russia, in which we see the great mass of ignorant peasants, the pleasure-loving nobles, the timid czar, and the intriguing politicians. Most interesting is the author's reaction to the revolution. She makes it very plain that she has little faith in the lasting powers of the democracy. She asserts that the people are too ignorant to understand what a democracy really is. They see it as a government that will give them more cows and chickens and absolute freedom. They do not realize that they will still have to submit to simple laws; they do not see that a republic is primarily a business enterprise organized for utilitarian purposes. Enslaved as they have been, they over-idealize liberty. Moreover, they cannot respect a man whom they themselves have put into office. To their simple religious minds, their ruler must be one who reigns by divine right. If the democracy does succeed, the Baroness can only see the Russians being transformed into unimaginative cogs in a dreary industrial machine.

There are also chapters on "The Military Party," "The Russian Court," "The German Influence in Russia," "America and Russia," and so on—chapters filled with evidence of the author's perspicacity and journalistic ability. There is not a little social and political gossip, too: stories, more or less scandalous, touching many people in high places. Among other word pictures is one of the monk, Gregory Rasputin. The Baroness sees him as a simple peasant, absolutely patriotic and religious, a "Russian Billy Sunday" who brought peace and self-confidence to the czar and czarina when they most needed it. She admits that he loved the things of the flesh, but that does not spoil him in her eyes. Taken as a whole, these impressions of Russia by a Russian are necessarily more authoritative than those of a foreigner. Nevertheless we hope that her fears that her people are unready for self-government are baseless.

The Life of the Grasshopper. By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead; $1.50.

When a man has been called the Homer of his subject, it would seem either that the last word of praise has been said, or that the man is in need of resuscitation. There is something narcotic, as well as glorious, about the word Homer and the revivifying touch cannot be wholly out of place. J. Henri Fabre, author of the famous and popular volumes on the lives of insects, is as alive and interesting as George M. Cohan. An attentive reader of any one of Fabre's books will be nothing less than awed by the tireless observation which is the background of his simple narrative. He thought it but pleasure to sit through whole days and nights waiting for some indifferent bug to perform one of its functions. And he was little short of a genius when it came to experimentation, when the need came for a device or trick to catch his pets at their singing or mating. In reporting what he had at last seen, he was again unusual: he reported with the hand of the common person, he took almost extreme care to choose the everyday word, and the ludicrous aspect thus thrown upon Latin terminology is one of the joys of his books. Fabre was above all a plain human being; his studies had made him what all study makes all worthy men, humble and wor-

shipful in the face of the mystery of life; and he could not resist a kindly dig now and then in the ribs of the pedagogues and pedants. To give any idea of the charm of his work, of his infusion of the human into his record, of his own personality as it is delightfully shown in his pages, would be impossible in a brief review. His is one of those books that can only be gratefully recommended.

DO WE NEED A NEW IDEA OF GOD. By Edmund H. Reeman. Jacobs; $1.

The war, productive of so much reactionary opinion in certain directions, opens up liberal thought and statement in others. Theology at present feels its liberating influence. Many pious people have watched with growing wonder the devastating course of three years of terrific world-strife without a single clear manifestation of God's intervention; and they are now well prepared for such a book as Mr. Reeman's. The author suggests his purpose in the first words of the preface as "a reinterpretation of life and a restatement of religious faith in the light of democratic outreach and impulse." This sounds commonplace enough and many disappointing and boresome books have begun with similar high enterprise. But this book makes good. "There are . . . many who feel that the great democratic uprising of the world cannot be without its effect upon our thought of God, and who are finding it increasingly difficult to reconcile the oligarchic and monarchial elements that predominate in our common God-ideas with modern democratic urge and impulse." The key to this pragmatic statement is "democratic," and it also suggests the striking difference between this book and the most prominent current pronouncement on the same subject—H. G. Wells's "God the Invisible King." Both books are good on the destructive side, with the balance decidedly in favor of Wells. Constructively, however, the British writer seems, in comparison, vague, truistic, naïve, and dogmatic. Though a socialist, Mr. Wells still conceives God as the archaic head of a monarchy of men's souls; the purpose of Mr. Reeman is mainly to combat that conception. The chapters "God and Democracy" and "The Nature of the Life Force" contain much of the important argument and most of the finest eloquence. Both writers conceive of God as finite, holding up men's hands and being held up by them, but Mr. Wells is vague in differentiating God from the Life Force and maintaining his personality, while Mr. Reeman is perfectly clear in identifying the two and in giving the doctrine of Divine Immanence a modern pragmatic meaning. "A God in an easy chair, or upon a monarch's throne; a God in a distant heaven and with a court and retinue of angels; a God working by the easy method of direct fiat and command; a God seeking only from men the idle flattery of lip homage and temple worship and moved and swayed in action by the selfish prayers of men; a God incarnate in but one human form and dying but one death for the emancipation of the race . . . will not fit, and cannot anyhow be made to fit, in the presence of this unspeakable cosmic struggle by which alone the thought of a larger life has been won." "The only God-thought, I believe, that can fit our needs and the facts of our knowledge of the great cosmic struggle is the thought of a God dying a thousand deaths daily and pouring out His life's blood unceasingly in continuous struggle—the God, in a word, of a mighty eternal urge and effort and of the struggle itself, with Whom our highest relationships and communion, if to such we are to attain at all, must be those of comrades and fellow-workers in the building of a universe and in the translation into ethical values of physical forces." The new "At-one-ment" is easily imagined from the following: "Human history, indeed, as I read it, is the story of a long and painful outreach toward goodness on the part of men, and not at all the story of a long continued and wilful rebellion against God."

On the whole a most tactful and satisfactory book!

THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA: A Tragedy. By Thomas Godfrey. Edited with an Introduction by Archibald Henderson. Little, Brown.

It seems strange that while so many early American writings of less importance have been reprinted, the first tragedy written by an American should heretofore have been available only in the original edition of 1765. At last an attractive reprint appears on the occasion of the one-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the first stage representation of the play in Philadelphia. Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, furnishes an extended introduction. Thomas Godfrey, the author of "The Prince of Parthia," is usually associated with his native city of Philadelphia, but his new editor stresses the fact that the play was written at Wilmington, N. C.—a city, as the reader is more than once reminded, "noted afar for its lavish hospitality and the polite learning of its inhabitants."

Notwithstanding the reputation of the elder Godfrey as a mathematician and that of the younger as a poet, biographical information regarding either is meagre. The picture of the father in Franklin's "Autobiography," the memoir of the son by his fellow-poet, Nathaniel Evans, and the references in the life of Provost

William Smith are fairly well known. Professor Henderson has made careful search in more obscure places, and is able to add some data regarding Godfrey's life, and especially regarding the performance of the play. Authenticated facts are, however, less numerous than inferences, and it is evident that to a professor of pure mathematics "doubtless" in the statement of a conclusion means something far different from "Q. E. D." When a real nugget is found, the most is made of it. It is an interesting, if not an important bit of information, that in 1760 the name of the poet appears in a list of delinquents who did not work out their road tax as required by law. But was it necessary to add: "Thomas Godfrey, like many of us, cared more for poems than for picks, for spondees than for spontoons. Perhaps," etc., etc.? It would have been more profitable if the editor had developed farther his few excellent comments on the young dramatist's literary relationships.

Godfrey was in no sense a great poet, not even a poet of great promise; but he was remarkable for the number and the variety of the English masters whom he was able, at the age of twenty-three, to echo in a way that showed appreciation if not originality. It is still worth while to inquire how far this feeling for the truer English poetry was common in the Philadelphia and the Wilmington of his day, and how far he was, notwithstanding his few advantages and his early death, an individual prophet of better things in the literary development of his section of the country. Many known facts go to show that his real importance in the history of eighteenth-century American literature has not been adequately recognized.

An Essay on Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition. By Janet Spens. Blackwell.

Dr. Spens has given us a stimulating and suggestive treatment of a subject too little understood. Her book is a distinct contribution to the group of works dealing with the evolution of literature. We are now grown accustomed to the idea of evolution in literary types; we know the steps by which the Greek drama was evolved out of the worship of Dionysus and the English out of certain parts of the church service; but we had not thought it necessary to go a step further and admit the evolution of the stuff or content of literature. Indeed, supposing originality to be a great and shining virtue, we have insisted on the ugliness of the sin of plagiarism and have felt rather perplexed, not to say shocked, at the way Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton helped themselves to the great "common storehouse of nature." Now along comes Miss Spens and convinces us that we had considerably underestimated Shakespeare's debt to his predecessors. It is not the sort of debt, however, that detracts from his greatness; on the other hand, it tends to increase our admiration for the manner in which he transmutes the base metal of popular games and customs and characters into the pure gold of his plays. Miss Spens finds many traces of folk-plays—survivals of early religious rites—in Shakespeare. The fool, for example, is not merely a courtly appendage; he is in origin the old year, and in his death at the hands of his sons, as in the Revesby sword-play, we "see dimly the story of the decay and death and rebirth of life in man and beast and dumb nature." In the second part, Miss Spens shows how the ancient scapegoat passes into the hero-sufferer (Œdipus), who in turn passes into the man-god, and finally into the Senecan human monstrosity, whom the divine mania, descending on him, enables to perform superhuman deeds. Shakespeare, though rejecting the superhuman, deals essentially, in Hamlet, Lear, Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Macbeth, with the same conception of honor, the performance of a deed which shall make the hero equal to the gods. Thus it may be said that essentially the revenge plot had its origin in those dim ages of the past when there was no difference known between the human and the divine, when Jahve walked in the garden, and Prometheus stole fire from heaven.

The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes. Translated by Louis How. Mitchell Kennerly; $1.50.

The story of Lazarillo's experiences with his many masters and his piquant satire of society in sixteenth century Spain is too famous to need a summary. "Great secrets, Lord, are those that thou makest and people are ignorant of! Who will not be deceived by that fair appearance and decent cape and coat?" It is the intention of the author to reveal those secrets and expose the torn lining of that decent cape. He accomplishes his task in the most picturesque language, and one wonders whether the charm this first of Spanish picaresque romances continues to hold for translators is not often as much in its difficulty as in its intrinsic merit. Mr. How has attempted a literal version; he goes so far as frequently to sacrifice smooth English in his effort to keep the construction of the original. The result is occasionally a racy bit of phrasing, but too often the reader misses the craftsmanship of the anonymous author. The notes, by Mr. Charles P. Wagner, will be of interest to serious students of Spanish. Some of the latter will doubtless wish to quarrel with Mr. How over a few of his renderings. It would seem that attention should be called to plays on words

even if they cannot be translated. For instance, on page 36, Mr. How makes Lazarillo say of his second master: "to make use of my dodges I had no chance, because I had nowhere to make him jump," thus alluding to the young scamp's vengeance on the blind beggar. This may be accepted as one meaning, but the Spanish phrase is *por no tener en que dalle salto* and signifies also "because he had nothing of which I could rob him." The art of translation is more difficult than is commonly realized and Mr. How's version, though creditable, is not the final one.

THE LIFE OF JAMES J. HILL. By Joseph Gilpin Pyle. Doubleday, Page; $5.

Empire-building, whether it be done by an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a modern captain of industry, is an attractive field for historical writers. It is only in recent years, however, that the captains of industry are coming to their own. Some of these captains have combined industry and politics, leaving out war. Among the comparatively recent additions to historical literature based on modern empire-building may be mentioned the life of Lord Strathcona and the autobiography of Sir George Reid. To this list Mr. Pyle now adds his "Life of James J. Hill." All three men came directly or indirectly out of the British Isles. The first two continued to build for the mother country, the first in Canada, the second in Australia. The third was born in Canada, but crossed into the United States and figured largely in the building of the great Northwest. His chief interest was in fuel and transportation. In both, he generally had the business acumen to see just a little farther than anybody else. This is particularly true of the connection between coal and railroads. In the early days when the roads were cording wood along the Mississippi, Mr. Hill was cataloguing the quality and quantity of coal in Minnesota. In the '70's when some railroad builders needed the best coal deposits of Iowa, they were, says Mr. Pyle, "amazed to find 2300 acres of valuable coal lands in one county under lease by James J. Hill." While Mr. Hill was monopolizing the coal lands, others were combining the railroads. In 1870 the Northern Pacific began buying up other lines. Separate organizations were maintained, but the directorates were identical, not simply interlocking. This was the day of high financing. Company No. 1 would make a contract with itself as Company No. 2 and then issue bonds, the proceeds of which for building often amounted to less than 50 per cent. Then came the panic of 1873, after which Mr. Hill bought up the bankrupt roads and finally decided to make railroading, not fuel, his major business. At a time when other men thought the project foolish, he decided to extend his road to the Pacific. The connection was made and, presto, an empire was built. Of the transportation feature of that empire Mr. Hill was the master. The world is now at war. One of the parties to this war is fighting for democracy. When the future historian comes to write of democracy-building, let us hope that he will be able to tell of the democratization of industry, as well as of war and politics.

RAILROAD VALUATION. By Homer Bews Vanderblue. Houghton Mifflin; $1.50.

The reader of this book leaves the volume with a feeling of inevitable depression. Dr. Vanderblue has made the economics of transportation his special study, and his thesis for the doctorate, of which the present work is a revised version, is particularly concerned with the problem of finding a satisfactory basis for ascertaining a fair method of finding the valuation of a road, which valuation is to serve as a basis for determining a just return for services rendered. The book is depressing because Dr. Vanderblue makes the reader wonder just how far we have progressed since the Interstate Commerce Commission undertook to work out a rule for determining reasonable rates; and since 1913 how much good has really been done by the Commission in its assigned task of making a physical valuation of the railroads of the country—a valuation to include such items as original cost, cost of reproduction anew, cost of reproduction less depreciation, and also intangibles, such as "going value, good will, and franchise value." Dr. Vanderblue says: "But the statute commits Congress to no theory of valuation. The entire burden of weighing the elements of value is thrown upon the Commission." "Railroad Valuation" is a discussion of these theories of valuation and the elements of valuation. In successive chapters replacement value, the unimpaired investment, depreciation, land values, and intangibles are treated in a thorough fashion.

It is to be noted in passing that this book deals perforce with many legal problems of the past, and Dr. Vanderblue covers these phases in a clear and praiseworthy manner. The unfortunate point is that the entire work appears colorless. It is a pity that Dr. Vanderblue has not given a more individual treatment embodying his own ideas on a subject so much in the public mind. The present work is rather on the order of a summary of what has been accomplished, but as such it should help many a rising economist and public official to avoid the "circles" in the reasoning of some of our commissioners and justices.

LETTERS OF ARTHUR GEORGE HEATH. With Memoir by Gilbert Murray. Longmans; $1.25.

Nothing forces upon one more strongly the wantonness and the waste of war than the contemplation of the innumerable young lives of promise cut off on battle-field and in hospital during the past three years. No more lovable or gifted personality is to be found in this melancholy list than Arthur George Heath, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Lieutenant in the Royal West Kent Regiment, who fell on the eighth of October, 1915, his twenty-eighth birthday. Distinguished for his scholarship and his proficiency in music, he was loved for his noble qualities of heart and character, and both admired and loved for the high courage with which he animated the men under his command. The last person one would have selected for a military career, he applied for a commission a few days after the declaration of war, and threw himself whole-heartedly into the necessarily abhorrent task, to carry it through or to die at his post. Gentleness and humor, forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for those at home, with a scholar's studiousness and earnestness, mark these letters from the field, mostly to the writer's mother, now collected and prefaced with a warmly appreciative memoir by Professor Gilbert Murray, fellow Oxonian and fellow collegian of Heath's. And so the book takes its place beside similar memorials of Dixon Scott and Rupert Brooke and scores of others, as a sad reminder of high possibilities of achievement sacrificed without a murmur, and also of high actualities of achievement in a great cause.

DOING MY BIT FOR IRELAND. By Margaret Skinnider. Century; $1.

It is one thing to read about the Great War; it is quite another to plunge into a fight having all the qualities of drama—excitement, irony, and beauty, which the world war seems to lack. Perhaps these things are the peculiar product of revolutions, of conflicts between a small oppressed group and a large powerful group, or between a great inarticulate mass and a sophisticated minority. When one reads Margaret Skinnider's account of the heroic labors of the Irish leaders, the pluck of the girl dispatch-bearers, of whom Miss Skinnider was one of the cleverest, and of the bitter end which these hot nationalists met at England's hands, one recalls the unhappy stories of another revolution, trusting that if the Irish have suffered defeats like the Russians they may more quickly realize Russia's victory. For Miss Skinnider's brief story of Easter Week and its subsequent stupid tragedy is not so much an indictment of England as a revelation of Irish potentialities. Her description of the misery suffered by innocent people, misery which one only touches when one has heard it with all dignity from their own lips, and of the fine courage and liberal hopes of these men and women, leaves a profound impression on the mind. One of the chief virtues of Miss Skinnider's simple recital is that it makes the Irish revolutionists live for us, especially their executed leaders, so that the Irish question presents itself as an essentially human problem, and the rights of small nations changes from a battle cry to a demand for constructive thought.

PHILISTINE AND GENIUS. By Boris Sidis. Badger; $1.

Dr. Sidis's little book first appeared in 1911. The present issue is not much changed except for the addition of a preface in which the author appears unduly impressed by the fact that he had predicted the Great War at that time (in company with perhaps five hundred other writers of the last two decades), and a chapter on "Precocity in Children." The arraignment of the American "system" of education is now so well known, and the main points in the indictment have been so long admitted that one finds it a little difficult to warm to what seems like the spectre of some antediluvian monster. In 1911 it had more novelty.

To-day reading that "our whole educational system is vicious" sounds like Mr. Britling's belated discovery of a God that thousands of pragmatists have known for a generation. Page after page about "mandarin-schoolmasters," "goody-goody schoolma'ams," "pettifogging officials," "blind college owls," and "philistine pedagogs" grows tiresome, partly because these expressions have become truistic, but mainly because the author's fundamental assumption is silly; namely, that school and college exist to develop genius. This cannot have any truth in a democracy. Perhaps if Dr. Sidis had taken the trouble to define genius, he would have succeeded better. It is surprising that a scientific man could produce so unscientific a book; nowhere is there the slightest evidence to support the unceasing flow of invective against the bogey of our "system." What he wants is *no* system but inspired parental instruction instead, which might work well enough in a few enlightened households.

The one thing of positive value in a book full of negative invective is this: "The cultivation of the power of habit-disintegration is what constitutes the proper education of man's genius." This is good, but even here you must know beforehand what the author means—he gives no help. This lack of definiteness and evidence gives the whole an air of mediæval *ipse dixit*.

GRAPES OF WRATH. By Boyd Cable. Dutton; $1.50.

Boyd Cable and Ian Hay have given us a large part of our knowledge of what lies behind the meagre official reports of the war,—of the daily humor and hardship and achievement of the average British Tommy in the trenches. "Grapes of Wrath," Mr. Cable's latest contribution, describes in general terms the Somme battle and more particularly the adventures of four modern musketeers, whose point of view is that of the average infantry private. "The wust of this blinkin' show is that nobody seems to know nothin' and the same people seem to care just about the same amount about anythin'," says Billy Simson, describing the most common feeling of the soldier in the trenches. When he helps capture a trench, he frequently does not know whether the enemy is before him or behind him, whether he is in comparative safety or in great danger, where he is, or why he has done what he has done. Often the sentiment that inspires him to fight is no loftier than that of Pug, who, having received a slight wound which entitled him to a week at the Base, ran back to join his company in the capture of a difficult piece of trench, and when remonstrated with in emphatic and picturesque terms, explained: "All the time I've bin out 'ere I've never 'ad a chance to see the inside of a German trench: an' now there was a fust class chance to git into one, an' a chance maybe of pickin' up a 'elmet for a soo-veneer, I thought I'd be a fool not to take it. I want a blinkin' 'elmet—see—and wot's more, I'm goin' to git one."

The men do not love war, but they make the best of it. And when a man "stops one," as he has known all the time he should some day do, he accepts his fate just as all the rest of that strange life is taken, with unquestioning resignation.

THE ATLANTIC CLASSICS. The Atlantic Monthly Co.; $1.25.

Among the many and various impressions received from the essays in this volume there is one that is general and uniform: consciously or otherwise the most popular contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," for so they are named in the short preface, follow what might be called the Atlantic outline. Just what or where are the sources of this impression is difficult to say, so difficult that the reader hesitates to express his feeling. But the feeling is none the less definite and it grows so persistent before the essays are finished that to leave it unexpressed is critical pain. This is not at all to say that the essays are monotonous, nor that they are alike; Dallas Lore Sharp's "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz," with its originality and movement, is as far from Ralph Bergengren's burlesque "In the Chair" as the "Atlantic" is from the "Saturday Evening Post," and although Owen Wister's "Reminiscence with Postscript" and Meredith Nicholson's "The Provincial American" have their likenesses, there is still that subtle difference which makes the essay an everlasting joy. Cornelia A. P. Comer's "Intensive Living," Zephine Humphrey's "The Passing of Indoors," Lucy Elliot Keeler's "The Contented Heart," and Margaret Sherwood's "The Other Side" are distinctly made to fit the Atlantic outline; and there are those who consider Agnes Repplier the very essence of that conservatism which the "Atlantic Monthly" has so consistently upheld. The preface says that the editors aimed to have this volume "constitute a kind of *Atlantic Anthology,* preserving the magazine's flavor and character and offering, as it were, a sample of what it aims to be." This is accomplished.

MENTAL CONFLICTS AND MISCONDUCT. By William Healy. Little, Brown; $2.50.

The thesis of this volume is well sustained. It proceeds upon the case method. It sets forth that the provocations to social misconduct in unstable personalities are mental repressions, shocks, and difficulties of adjustment. There is a mechanism at work which links cause and effect, and discloses the sources of what, for lack of analysis, is called crime. The deepest emotional disturbances are those of sex. The achievement of sexual poise is the critical phase of maturing, and by that token is fraught with mischance. Of the forms of evidence supplied by Dr. Healy, the most typical and convincing is the association of sex shock or delinquency with stealing. It is hopeful that at times, even commonly, with the recognition of the source of the trouble and its acknowledgment, relief sets in. The unsettlements of adolescence, masking their true source in the irritations and perversions of sex, lead to wayward and irregular periods of behavior in the most normal, and in the susceptible or neurotic take the more severe form of anti-social transgressions. It is the illustration of this theme in the concrete that constitutes the high value of this volume. The detailed study differentiates types of cases and shows the difficulties of diagnosis. The book forms a notable contribution to the group of writings, mostly of American origin, distinctive of the applied psychology of crime. It is characteristic that the American genius, sensing the practical value of principles enunciated by others, is peculiarly fertile in bringing the study to a valuable issue in an important phase of social insight and control. In this movement Dr. Healy is recognized as a distinguished leader.

Notes on New Fiction

"Christine," by Alice Cholmondeley (Macmillan; $1.50), purports to be a series of letters written by a young Englishwoman studying music in Berlin during the Summer of 1914. Their authenticity is attested by the author's mother, who publishes them, she says, "just as they came to me, leaving out nothing," because the three years that have passed since Christine's brief adventure and tragic death have "been more full of actions on Germany's part difficult to explain except in one way and impossible to excuse"; and she felt that "these letters, giving a picture of the state of mind of the German public immediately before the war, and written by some one who went there enthusiastically ready to like everything and everybody, may have a certain value in helping to put together a small corner of the great picture of Germany which it will be necessary to keep clear and naked before us . . . if the world is to be saved." The publisher's announcement regarding the alteration of some names further emphasizes the genuineness of these letters, as do their small personal touches and occasional irrelevancies to the progress of the story. The doubt as to their legitimacy comes when one reads the initial one, which, like all first letters in epistolary novels, retails to the ostensible recipient all the facts the reader needs to know. And as one reads on, the natural development of events, the study of the actions and reactions of different classes of Germans to war and then to the war, no less than the fluency of the style, seem to indicate that "Christine" is a clever, interesting, but fabricated, narrative.

This curiosity about its authoritativeness is largely due to its being a fresh indictment against Germany, the more terrible because it is written by a young woman whose personal charm and musical genius should have brought her anything but the disagreeable and disconcerting treatment which she received at the hands of her fellow-boarders, her casual acquaintances, and the Junker relatives of her Prussian fiancé. The picture of a whole people, fighting-mad, organizing for war, bellowing for war, rejoicing over war, as boys organize and shout for and exult over a boat-race, remains somewhat incredible. Christine believes that "the world is to be saved" only if Germany is "beaten . . . so beaten, so punished . . . that she will be jerked by main force into line with modern life . . . taught that the world is too grown up now to put up with the smashings and destructions of a greedy and brutal child." One closes the book with the hopeless feeling that the only way out is the crushing of the German people. It is a tribute to the persuasiveness of "Christine" that one forgets for the moment that the letters deal with Prussia rather than with Germany, with Junkers and their deluded adherents rather than with the thousands of disappointed liberals who will play their part in building a sounder Europe.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris has an uncomfortable way of making you feel that the problem is the important thing in her books, whereas it is not her contribution to the discussion of divorce, and of women's rights or duties or temptations, that gives her her claim to recognition. These she discusses competently and conventionally; they are her title, her literary tag. Just which one is responsible for the birth of "Martie the Unconquered" (Doubleday, Page; $1.35) is of no consequence; whereas her handling of character and her power of rendering the details of village life are worthy of attention. The picture of Malcolm Monroe's household, dominated by the suspicions of a petty tyrant, is an excellent bit of domestic comedy. Bonestell's drugstore, where the young folk of Monroe gather for pink sodas; the library steps where they meet and shyly depart on Sunday afternoon walks; the drab existence of New York boarding-houses and flats; the dull reality of the mediocre actor's days and nights,—these scenes and this youth are part of our American life and they are sketched with a skill that is really notable.

If you are one of those people who can detect a periscope in a drifting lobster-pot, and unmask the treachery of a whole wireless system in a roof-garden clothes-reel, you will enjoy "My Country," by George Rothwell Brown (Small, Maynard; $1.35). For not only are we allowed submarines, and collapsible wireless stations, and code telegrams, and great Danes, and German lieutenants, and disguises, but Washington itself stands "hands up!" while we go through official pockets. It is unfortunate that the author should have allowed the conspirators to escape so easily, and we must hope that the final allegiance of Frieda will be a lasting one, considering her achievements, but the story is a thrilling one and offers a serious idea or two besides.

Strange that the English, steeped in ancestry and civilization, should write so far more poignantly of the hold upon man of the primitive and the things of earth, than we, the pioneers. Mary Webb is one of these more sympathetic English. In "Gone to Earth" (Dutton; $1.50) she writes of her corner of the Welsh mountains with a very real understanding of the country folk, and also, alas, with unmistakable sentimentality. This is the more regrettable in that her earlier novel was free from false emotionalism and exaggerated pathos. "Gone to Earth" suffers from both these faults.

Casual Comment

The publisher of The Dial wishes to reiterate the policy which he is seeking to follow in the present crisis. From his own experience he understands how difficult it is not to give oneself over to complete hatred and loathing in the presence of Prussian barbarism. Nevertheless, it is his firm conviction that the winning of a permanent peace does not lie through the emotional indulgence of hate. Indeed the desire for revenge and punishment, reasonable as it seems to be, is actually treacherous to the ideals now at stake in this war for democracy.

If anyone has the privilege of hatred at this time, it is those men who have voluntarily put aside the continued assurance of health and well-being, and have taken up the business of preparing themselves in the Officers' Camps for participation in the war. Yet there was no trace of this hysteria; instead, the camps were characterized by a superb feeling of consecration to a duty which loomed bigger than personal welfare or comfort. If, then, these men who are about to engage in the actual terrors and hazards of war are above the hysteria of hatred, is it for those who remain securely at home to yield to an easy emotionalism?

However the war started it has now clearly resolved itself into a war "to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government." The President has stated again and again that "this power is not the German people."

Unless each one of us resists the easy and popular inclination to hatred, passion will blur our national vision and the purpose of the war will be defeated.

We are fighting for a liberalized world, one in which democracy is safe and practical. Peace can be made only upon that basis. It is not possible to consider dealing with the Prussian military government, but it is necessary that we deal with the liberalized German people. The German people have in actuality suffered as much from Prussianism as have the Allies. But it must be perceived that Prussianism is a habit of mind rather than a concrete institution or group of people, and as such its ultimate defeat will be on the plane of the intellect rather than of brute force.

It is therefore the duty of every one of us behind the firing line to rise above blind, unreasoning, indiscriminate emotionalism and perceive that the real issue of the war is an intellectual issue. It is necessary that military force be met with military force; that is being done by our men at the front. But unless we back them up with clear, constructive thinking, we shall not only hinder their success but actually betray them; for without such thinking peace will see a return to a world of mutual distrust, suspicion, and hatred.

Is this war to have been in vain? Is all the human anguish to be wasted? It is for us here at home to determine. We can continue "straf-ing" the enemy. We can plunge deeper into mob hysteria and the insanity of cowardly bitterness. Or we can rise above the present tragedy and see the ultimate solution. That solution, which now begins to assume the aspect of a vast stride forward in the spiritual and social life of the world, is an intellectual solution, which can only be attained by the impartial, dispassionate analysis of the philosophic mind. Only so can the creative work of democracy be carried forward out of the confusions and clamor of battle to permanent and enduring peace.

* * *

The memorial hotel may be accepted as a commemorative novelty, though hostelries bearing the names of families locally prominent are to be found in many of our large cities. Yet a hotel reared to the memory of a literary man and named for him may be taken as unique. A syndicate of North Carolina capitalists has arranged to erect at Greensboro, in that state, a seven-story edifice to be known as the O. Henry Hotel. The idea commends itself. Memorial statues and memorial libraries are alike commonplace. The South may need statues, and it may need libraries still more; but it needs good hotels more than either. It is fitting enough that a roof for attracting and harboring the various phases of life should be spread in memory of a man whose writings reveal so much interest in the miscellaneous characteristics of our humankind as it runs; and it is likely enough that O. Henry's spirit, if still cognizant of mundane affairs, will take pleasure in the ebb and flow of the human tide through the big and hospitable caravanserai that is to bear his name. When will there be a Whitcomb Riley Hotel for Indianapolis, a Bailey Aldrich Hotel for "Rivermouth"?

* * *

Toward what is John Galsworthy headed? In his earlier days the social interest engaged predominantly his attention, as witness "The Man of Property," "The Country House," "The Patrician," and such plays as "Justice" and "The Silver Box." Latterly the social interest seems to have become subordinated to the sexual interest. The change first became markedly noticeable in "The Dark Flower," and it is still more so in his latest novel, "Beyond." Is it his taste and purpose to enter yet farther into the saffron penumbra of sex, and if so, why? The

novel fully justifies itself when, like a bas-relief, it deals with many figures in their general relations and connections; no imperative need to limit oneself to a small group isolated and handled intensively "in the round." Does Galsworthy, as a fictionist past his youthful strength, select the sexual line as the line of least resistance —as the course able to yield the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of effort? Or has he, in the latter stages of his career, come to feel, with Hardy, that the fundamental, elemental relation between man and woman is the only relation which, in the end, profoundly matters? It is well to remember that, while man and woman may be but man and woman when envisaging each other, there are many other phases of human relationship involved, and that the novel may detach and specialize to the detriment of its essentially social nature and to the partial negation of its possibilities and even of its duties.

. . .

MUST THE READING WORLD FORM AN ANTI-LOVE-LETTER ASSOCIATION? Shall we go on allowing ourselves full liberty to consume in print the amatory effusions of distinguished men lately dead? Shall we make no stand against the ready coöperative enterprise of survivors and publishers? A disquieting report is in circulation that a collection of letters written by James Whitcomb Riley to a woman he was once engaged to marry may soon be issued in print. The period covered is none too recent,—being from 1877 to 1885,—but the death of the poet is; and his letters, written "at the rate of three per week" (such is the commercial intimation as to the bulk of the material), may impinge rather unpleasantly upon the sensibilities of a surviving circle of relatives and friends and may even prejudice a fame recently consolidated and consecrated by death. This sort of thing is becoming too frequent, and is being carried too far. How many will join in a solemn, decorous oath not to read these letters if they are published?

. . .

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON PRINTING-OFFICES AND TYPE-FOUNDRIES may be felt in an urgent advertisement which appears in an English booksellers' organ: "A Duty," it cries in big black-face. There is a scarcity of lead, it seems; the supply is insufficient to keep shrapnel-bullet manufacturers and other munition-makers at full pressure. Many publishers and printers have under their control stocks of old type, old stereotypes, old electrotypes, and so on, which they are hesitating to discard, or which they find difficulty in releasing owing to shortage of labor. As the Ministry of Munitions controls lead and practically fixes the price, which is unlikely to rise and which if the end of the war appears even remotely in sight is likely to fall, owners are urged to sell without delay. "We offer full market value for these metals," says the foundry advertising, "and would use them for the manufacture of shrapnel bullets." *Per contra,* there is a caution from another quarter against allowing old films to get out of the country and to reach Germany, where the material could be used in the manufacture of munitions. Thus in these days of general depletion all sorts of scraps and leavings are coming to have their value.

. . .

BOOKSELLING AS A STUDY is receiving increased attention in various parts of the world. The Leipzig Book Trade Institute offers a professional course of one year, under the patronage of the Saxon Ministry of Instruction, at Dresden. Eligible students are those who have had some practical experience or who can present a one-year certificate of *Voluntariat*—such unpaid service with a publishing or bookselling house as was common, a few years back, among young Germans in London. The French have a Book Trade Instruction Course under the auspices of the Paris Cercle de la Librairie. This course runs for two years and seems to lay less stress than the other on literature and literary history and more on the actual manufacture of the book: at least the course in literature (French literature alone) comes in the last half of the second year. In fact, the French booksellers seem to have arranged an attack in force on Leipzig, whose extraordinary position in the book world is well known: from this town, says Hachette, thirteen thousand booksellers obtain their wares, and one of its firms has a stock of 30,000,000 volumes. In our own country this educational movement was first taken up in Philadelphia, where the William Penn Evening High School has lately completed, with thirty-six students, its first annual course in bookselling and library training. None of its graduates, it is reported, have had any difficulty in securing positions. A similar course, more or less directly influenced by Mr. Huebsch, is arranged for the Julia Richman High School, in New York. This is described as a forty-week course: a twenty weeks' survey of American literature from the bookseller's standpoint, and with reference to demands in a bookstore; it also includes classification, cataloguing, and indexing. Then, a twenty weeks' study of the purely trade side of bookselling—store-organization, advertising, card-cataloguing of customers, and such-like details. It appears that book-buying, after the return of peace, may have its own comforts and amenities.

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

A rare piece of Americana has been obtained by Charles F. Heartman, of 36 Lexington Avenue, New York. It is entitled "The Isle of Pines, or a Late Discovery of a fourth Island in Terra Australis, Incognito, being a True Relation of Certain English persons who, in the dayes of Queen Elizabeth, making a voyage to the East India, were cast away and wracked upon the Island." It is a small quarto of nine pages, is without place, and was printed by "S. G. for Allen Banks, 1668." "S. G." was Samuel Green, a printer at Cambridge, Massachusetts. His partner, Marmaduke Johnson, was fined by the General Court for printing this book without permission. He appealed to the Governor and the General Council, by whom the fine was remitted.

This edition was a lost book until it turned up at the sale by Sotheby's, in London, on July 30, of Bishop White Kennett's collection of Americana. Bishop Kennett was deeply interested in missionary work in America and other lands. He published a catalogue of his American books, the earliest, or one of the earliest, on record. His signature is on the title-page of this work, which adds to its interest and value. It was described in the Sotheby catalogue as without frontispiece, which was one of the reasons why it sold cheaply. The Cambridge edition, however, appears to have had no frontispiece. Mr. Heartman, aware of the value of the book, instructed his London agent, Mr. Steevens, to obtain it for him if possible from the buyer. This was done.

The catalogue attributed the work to Henry Neville. It has also been attributed to George Pine and to Cornelius van Sloettes. There is nothing in it about America. It is a romance after the fashion of Swift and Defoe and Baron Münchhausen. It enjoyed some popularity and was printed in America, England, Holland, and Germany. It consisted originally of nine pages, but was extended to thirty-one pages in later editions. A copy of one of these editions, dated the same year and printed in England, is in the John Carter Brown library. Mr. Heartman believes that the book is worth $2000. He will consult with the book-auction firms and may put it in a sale if they think as he does about it. Otherwise he will issue a reprint of it and probably present the original to Harvard University.

The American Art Association, of New York, has not yet decided on its plans for 1917-18. The opening sale will not be held before November. The war conditions will govern its actions. The engagement of American troops on the European battlefields and any heavy loss among them would necessarily affect auction prices greatly.

William Howard Samson, late vice-president of the Anderson Auction Company, who died recently, had a library of Americana and books relating to Lake George, New York. This library has been consigned to the Anderson Company and will be among the first sales of the season.

The Mosher Books

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IV

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An alluring little volume that has been inaccessible for some time is now revised by its author and finds a fitting place in *Lyra Americana.*

V

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The catalogue of the Church library of Americana, now owned by Henry E. Huntington, is of great interest and value to collectors. Most of the copies were destroyed by fire at the bindery. Charles F. Heartman was anxious to obtain a copy. He wrote to Mr. Huntington in an effort to obtain a copy from him. Mr. Huntington replied that he had only one copy, for which he had paid $900. Mr. Heartman has since obtained a copy from George D. Smith for $500. He values it at $1500.

Patrick F. Madigan, of New York, has purchased the original drawings made by Howard Pyle for "The Wonder Clock" and "Pepper and Salt," published by Harper & Brothers. The collection consists of one hundred drawings considered by American artists as the best pen and ink work that Pyle did. Mr. Madigan has sold to John L. Clawson, the Buffalo collector, the following letter of William Penn:

Pall Mall
my birth day, 14th. of 8th mo. 1709.

James Logan,
Lov'g ffriend:

This comes by David Britnell, to whom I would have thee justly kinde in reference to a small piece of land he has bought here for a childe of his not so fitt for town business . . . and now know that I have thine of ye 12th mo, 2nd, 3rd, & 4th, two of each of the last months and for answear, I vallue not coots nor ye disappointment of Coll. Nichson w'ch Ranier, Att. Genll. of New York has complained of, but hope to weather them. Only ye assemblys not giving Govr. Gookin anything after the hundreds it cost me to get a Governor of my own approved by ye Queen and to prevent a Queens Governor ousting me, it is to barbarous, I can very uneasily put it up. Sampson killed more Philistians at his death than in his life, let you have a care of provoking me to farr. They are a pack of vile brutish Spirits. Why will not the best of friends, and mine, stand and put by the numskulls yt D.L. governs. And I cannot think my selfe sincerely used, if this is not done and if they will not assist my affaires there, I must think my paines and charge ill bestowed here for frd's administration and interest in Govermt for the glory of Coll. Quarry, ask parson Evans, and now yt I have writt to the Lt. Governor to desolve ye present councill (if not well without it), and make him first a new one, and am not angry with him, only yt person, thou so much recommended tould me, he made it an article agst him yet yt he was too indulgent to my frds, and Government. See ye Governours letter by way of Bristoll, A Pinck goes thence directly. Mitchell is a great undertaker and has prevailed with ye Lords of Carolina for land for 600 Palatines, by ye help of ye Swiss Lords who make him agent, also ye Queen has graunted to ye Swiss Lords a tract of land upon ye branches of Potomac, and is seeking ten or 20000 acrs. of me. Hele want for ye lands a thousand bushells of flour not fine but midling, and pay here for ye Palatines in Carolina. They are just now goeing, are on board, wch pray take notice of, since so plain and easy an opportunity of returns hither. My son Aubrey is in so great a rage, saying thou hast not pay'd in 1500 lbs of ye 2000 lbs and ye rest should not be long after, and indeed he wants extremely, wherefore, pray mind yt matter. He says thou tellest his attorneys, I have ordered thee to pay you nothing. I told him and her, it was ab't the interest of wch was Pay'd to his attorneys, nor indeed will I. Pray let Capt. Finney be in some post, tell Coll. Gook of it, and to show respect to

Jos. Growden, for I hear they behave well, and remember me to all yt have deserved well from me, and ye rest I wish better. What would the fools be at? Would they have me law breaking here instead of there by abusing their authority? Through whom . . . had they it? How long would D.L.G.J. & Jos. Wil &c., have lived in England before they had been members of assembley and justices of peace? Have they forgot their low circumstances? I have not! In short, if they will not maintaine a Government, and settle a lasting sallery on me or my Dept. and so encourage a chief justice and an attorney Genll. with a decent allowance, I will take it shall be done by act of Parliament here, and I will resifne upon yt condition for one. Also know that a good chief should so brow-beat ye quack lawyers, yt our primitive law of every man telling his own grievance, or by his frd, without ffees, should be renewed again, and without it we cannot hope it for all wise men press yt as the most capitall thing to a quiet Govermt. to suffer no lawyers *in it*. Fforgot not the good and now poor widdow Harrison of Dublin, frds write me again and again. I admire thou hast never sent me ffurs, creatures, birds, &c., I writt for that is as gratfull to ye people I have obligations too, as greater things.

Thy head is too full of(thou thinkest) greater things. By Coll. G's letter I perceive thou intendest over with us, which I shall be glad to see you, tho' it were but for 2 months time. But then I hope thou wilt put my affaires in good hands. It seems ye quantity of flour to be sent to the Palatines at Carolina, is 100 barrels of ordinary flour, but let it be wheaten flour. If we had 1000 quarters of flour here, it would be a noble cargoe, wheat being 10 and 11 shillings a bushell in this town, and then returns may be in our growth, to an high advantage, praye mind this.

I hope Pennsberry is upon a good bottom & at least 150 if not more acres are not cleared, if not 200, and some marsh for good meddow. W. Watson, makes heavy complaint of thee and L. Lacker. You look upon all as your own & seem as if you were never to be called upon. But take little notice of it for I think to write a few lines perhaps. I fear I shall not be able to finde D. L's remonstrance, but will endevour it; for I am but just come from ye West of England to town, and my papers are partly in town, and partly in Reading where in our way to Bristoll we sojourned 4 or 5 months, for our childrens sake at school. Tho I know not now the use to be made of it here; he being in such consideration with some there. Pray give my love to J. N. & ffamily. He has sent several letters to ffrds at Bristoll as well as here, but none to me, which I admire a little at. I admire thou hast not my orders abt. Coll. G's money, pray faile not to do it, as before. I writt two letters to thee on yt. acct. as also abt. Ch. Jones and Robert. . . My poor wife is collicall, but at times hearty, and so now, & my 5 pretty children were two days ago hearty and well. So is my poor son P. and his, as also my son's daughter Aubrey. Which ends this at present(unless I have more time) from

Thy assured ffriend Wm. Penn.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My bookish tendencies have led me to make a collection of bookplates. I would appreciate the opportunity of exchanging personal bookplates with other book-lovers, but have small opportunity of getting in touch with such. I would promptly mail one of my bookplates to all who mailed me theirs.

WM. R. ANDERSON.

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Notes and News

Of the contributors to the present issue, Amy Wellington is a young New York journalist and critic who is now at work on a biographical and critical study of Charlotte Perkins Gilman. She was formerly associated with "Current Opinion."

Walter E. Weyl, who reviews Mr. Brailsford's important book, has himself published within the year a notable study of international organization for peace, "American World Politics." Mr. Weyl was formerly statistical expert on internal commerce for the federal treasury bureau of statistics. He is the author of "The New Democracy," and other books.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez was born in India and studied there and in Europe. He was graduated from Harvard in 1910 and has since made his home in America. He writes chiefly on various phases of Oriental life and letters.

L. L. Bernard is professor of sociology at the University of Missouri. He is the author of "The Transition to an Objective Standard of Social Control," "The Teaching of Sociology in the United States," and other works.

J. De Lancey Ferguson is a teacher of English at Heidelberg University, in Ohio.

B. I. Kinne is a member of the Romance Department at the University of Wisconsin.

Ruth McIntire is a writer and social worker whose home is in Boston.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce the publication of Henry Handel Richardson's "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney."

A one-act dramatization of an O. Henry story —"The Gift of the Magi"—will be given immediate production by Klaw & Erlanger.

Messrs. Robert M. McBride & Co. announce a critical study of a dozen or so of the more important modern Belgian writers, by G. Turquet Milne.

The Macmillan Co. announce a new novel by H. G. Wells—"The Soul of a Bishop." The Bishop is the Mr. Britling of the Church of England.

Amateur golfers will find solace and amusement in Holworthy Hall's "Dormie One and Other Golf Stories," which is now announced by the Century Co.

A plan for the democratization of business is presented in "Civilized Commercialism," by Ernest G. Stevens. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel, "The Cinema Murder" (Little, Brown & Co.), is about to be published in England under the title of "The Other Romilly."

In "God and Mr. Wells" (Alfred A. Knopf), William Archer throws some light on Mr. Wells's gospel and outlines his own position on spiritual problems of the day.

"You Are the Hope of the World," by Hermann Hagedorn (Macmillan) is a challenge to the youth of the nation. It carries with it the commendation of Theodore Roosevelt.

The world trend toward a reorganization of society on a coöperative basis finds expression in George Lansbury's "Your Part in Poverty," published by Mr. Huebsch.

The ideas for books which Robert Louis Stevenson had in mind but never carried out are the subject of an essay by Stephen Chalmers: "Enchanted Cigarettes." It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Vocational guidance forms the subject-matter of a monograph issued by the World Book Co., entitled "Newsboy Service," and written by Mrs. Anna Y. Reed, vocational-director in the Seattle public schools.

Hallie Erminie Rives (Mrs. Post Wheeler), author of a romance of the new South just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is now in Japan, where her husband is secretary of the American embassy at Tokyo.

President Wilson's war messages, published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers under the title of "Why We Are at War," have just appeared in French translation under the title "Pourquoi Nous Sommes En Guerre."

Mr. B. W. Huebsch announces that the title of "Democracy in the Making," by Frank P. Walsh and Dante Barton, as announced in THE DIAL of August 30, has been changed to "Downfall or Democracy: A Book of Faith in the Workers."

Alfred A. Knopf announces two additions to his series of Borzoi Plays: "Hadda Padda," a modern play translated from the Icelandic of Godmundur Kamban, with a foreword by Georg Brandes; and the Russian "Nju," by Ossip Dymow.

James Norman Hall, author of "Kitchener's Mob," whose death in an aeroplane encounter with the enemy was recently reported in this country, is now found injured, but out of danger, in the famous American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, near Paris.

The "Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness," published by the Century Co., is an account of his father by Mr. George Inness, Jr., beginning with his earliest recollection of the distinguished landscape-painter, when, to quote Mr. Inness, Jr., "Pop painted the washtub green."

Doubting Americans may be startled into a more positive state of mind on the war by a reading of A. D. McLaren's "Peaceful Penetration," now issued from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. McLaren spent the last seven years just preceding the outbreak of the war in Germany.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Dwelling Place of Light," is the story of "new laws and old desires, new industries and old social rights, new people and old"—as they relate themselves to the life of a New England girl who represents the new and the old combined. It is a Macmillan book.

The plays written for a negro theatre by Ridgley Torrence and successfully presented in New York City in the Spring of this year by a company of negro players, may now be had in printed form from the Macmillan press, as follows: "Granny Maumee," "The Rider of Dreams," and "Simon the Cyrenean."

PARNASSUS ON WHEELS

By Christopher Morley

"A good book," says Roger Mifflin in "Parnassus on Wheels," "like Eve, ought to come from somewhere near the third rib: there ought to be a heart vibrating in it." "Parnassus on Wheels" itself lives up to this requirement. We wager that this story of a travelling bookstore, its whimsical, genial owner, and what happened when Helen McGill, spinster, took the egg money and bought the outfit, is one to capture a good measure of popular fancy.

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The "Dictionary of National Biography" has been presented to the University of Oxford by the family of the late Mr. George M. Smith, and will in the future be published by the Oxford University Press.

Mrs. John R. Fisher—better known as Dorothy Canfield—and her husband are in France. Mrs. Fisher recently had breakfast in Paris with an American soldier in whose class in mathematics she had been a pupil when she was a girl in Lawrence, Kansas. Her former instructor is now General Pershing.

That every word of Mr. Upton Sinclair's "King Coal" (Macmillan) "could be burned into the heart of every American," is the wish of Mr. Adolph Germer, national organizer of the United Mine Workers. The book pictures conditions of slavery and misery in the coal-mining camps of this country.

Increasing attention has been given in recent years to the problems of the modern family, such as conditions of marriage, the birth rate, the waning of home activities, the insurgency of the child, the economic independence of women, and divorce. Students of social conditions will be interested in "A Social History of the American Family from the Colonial Times to the Present," by Arthur W. Calhoun, the first volume of which is announced by the Arthur H. Clark Co.

"Balfour, Viviani, and Joffre," just issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Co., includes the speeches made here by those distinguished visitors, as well as the public utterances of the Italian, Belgian, and Russian commissioners, and an account of the arrival of our warships and soldiers in England and France under Admiral Sims and General Pershing. The material has been taken from contemporary accounts and arranged by Francis W. Halsey, editor of "Great Epochs in American History."

"More Power to You" is a new book announced by the Century Co. from Bruce Barton, editor of "Every Week." When Mr. Barton, at the time a recent graduate of Amherst, departed from his first job in a Montana construction camp to take up journalism in Chicago, the foreman of the camp relieved himself of a prevailing American opinion: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself—a big feller like you makin' your livin' with a little thing like a lead pencil? Why you're big enough to swing a pick."

D. Appleton & Co.'s fall list of fiction includes: "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, the story of a man's search for his soul; "The Broken Gate," by Emerson Hough, a story of the twofold moral law as it is applied to a man and a woman; "Cousin Julia," by Grace Hodgson Flandrau; "The Secret Witness," by George Gibbs, a war story based on "authentic data" given to the author by a well-known correspondent of the "London Times" in Vienna; "Treasure and Trouble Therewith," by Geraldine Bonner; "Alexis," by Stuart Maclean, a music-lover's story; "Miss Dulcie from Dixie," by Lulah Ragsdale; and "Christine. A Fife Fisher Girl," by Amelia E. Barr.

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 98 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Hugo Grotius. By Hamilton Vreeland, Jr. Illustrated, 8vo, 258 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.

A Vagabond's Odyssey. By A. Safroni-Middleton. 8vo, 328 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

A Naturalist of Souls. By Gamliel Bradford. 12mo, 292 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi. By N. H. Dole. With frontispiece, 12mo, 467 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

My Log. By Robert Barrie. Illustrated, 8vo, 152 pages. The Franklin Press. $2.

Jean Jaurès. By Margaret Pease. 12mo, 157 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.

Kelly of the Foreign Legion. Letters of Légionnaire Russell A. Kelly. With frontispiece, 12mo, 145 pages. Mitchell Kennerly. $1.

William Dunlap. By Oral Sumner Coad. Illustrated, 8vo, 313 pages. The Dunlap Society, New York. Paper.

William II. By S. C. Hammer. 12mo, 272 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

William Dean Howells. By Alexander Harvey. 12mo, 267 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Enchanted Cigarettes. By Stephen Chalmers. 16mo, 44 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cts.

Interiora Rerum or The Inside of Things. By Quivis. 12mo, 128 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

POETRY.

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The Vision Splendid. By John Oxenham. 12mo, 151 pages. Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.

Saber and Song. By William Thornton Whitsett. 12mo, 156 pages. Whitsett Institute. $1.25.

Look to the End and Other War-Inspired Poems. By Charles L. H. Wagner. With frontispiece, 12mo, 72 pages. Published by the author.

The Poems of Brian Brooke. Illustrated, 12mo, 183 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

In Greek Seas and Other Poems of Travel. By Oswald H. Hardy. Illustrated, 12mo, 96 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25.

California and Other Verse. By Howard L. Terry. With frontispiece, 16mo, 53 pages. The Palisades Press. 60 cts.

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A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

The New Poets of France

Although I am impatient to come to the contemporary poets, who give expression to the soul of the young men who are my comrades, I shall first review rapidly the recent past. It is indispensable to say from whom we descend, who were our elders and our masters. Another reason for calling attention to some important figures of the last period is that their value has not yet been fully recognized, and American readers will find an immense benefit in herborizing in this partly untrodden garden.

It is difficult for you to realize how little success depends upon merit, in France less than anywhere else. One explanation of this lies in the fact that talent being abundant, success could only consecrate it when it was joined with some social or commercial cleverness. But a better reason was the extreme division of the public into little classes who did not easily adopt one another's admirations; a man who was known and silently admired by the best might remain all his life unrecognized except by two hundred people, sometimes fewer.

The consequence was that for a time the true artists refused to compete for popularity and made a system, a doctrine, of their isolation. Thus, instead of being recognized after their death, like most of the great artists, they become known only after the passage of a generation of disciples. Now we can perceive rather clearly what were the characteristics of the best schools of 1890, which are to-day a part of France's classical past. First, they cared extremely for a perfect, original, rare form. They despised easy sources of inspiration. They looked for an art that was entirely sufficient to itself, that regarded life as ugly and poor. Art was a reaction against life and an evasion of it. A revenge against it. This is almost exactly the principle of Poe, for whom reality was poison; and it produced the perfectly pure and detached work of Mallarmé, among others. The result of that period was to leave some admirable poems, like "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" or Rimbaud's "Bateau Ivre," which are still the possession of but few admirers.

Another result was the conquest of new forms in poetry. These poets did not accept the formal laws of versification; they discovered and adopted new ones. And the new exigencies of modern verse are perhaps more strict than the old uniform rules of metre and rhyme. Free verse (the name is far from happy) introduced into poetry many possibilities and nuances that the regular Alexandrine verse did not afford. Irregular verse is of course nothing new, since it is said to have descended from La Fontaine and from the versets of the Bible. Now poetry is being appreciated according to the qualities of lyrism rather than to the degree of obedience to fixed material rules.

Let us rapidly recall to mind the names of Henri de Régnier and of Francis Vielé-Griffin (who is an American by birth) as being the initiators of these reforms. Jean Moréas stood faithful to strict metrical tradition. In the first rank of those who had influence and were followed by disciples, stands Francis Jammes, who has some of Virgil's blood running in his simple and harmonious poems.

Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles has more pride and also more anxiety, but she is near to Jammes, whom she deeply admires, in many aspects of her work. She is a great, noble, restless soul, with an extraordinary power of projecting magnificence around her. A decidedly powerful influence on present French literature is Paul Claudel's. His genius is so strong and so new that a long preparation is necessary to approach and define him. Six years ago, he was known only to a few score. To-day he is famous. Other important figures among these who were our

immediate elders are Paul Fort, author of the many "Ballades Françaises," André Suarès, André Spire, and Henri Ghéon. Each of these deserves a long appreciation, which cannot find place here, but an enumeration of the influences acting upon us could not omit their names. Charles Péguy has a place among the poets, owing to his "Mystères," the first being a deeply beautiful study of Joan of Arc's childhood and vocation. The two masters whose influence I regard as the most decisive on the inspiration and work of the young are André Gide and Emile Verhaeren. Them I shall but mention in this article, because I suppose them to be known already, and because their influence on the artists I know has been so multiform and so subtle that it would be vain to try to indicate it in a rapid analysis. Readers must themselves open "Nourritures Terrestres," "La Porte Etroite," "Prétextes," "Nouveaux Prétextes," etc., and turn to the books of the great Belgian who died last year in so tragic a manner.

French literature of to-day shows the marks of one American influence which may well be called decisive. Walt Whitman's blood runs in the veins of the young writers of France. We first knew "Leaves of Grass" in the translation of Léon Bazalgette, which was published in the "Mercure de France"; then we read it in English. Shall I call our young poets disciples of his? Whitman would smile at this. The old master, whom they never saw but can imagine, never cared for disciples in the narrow sense of that word. Maybe they know little of him and misunderstand him—still they understand him well enough not to call themselves disciples! Some of our writers used a verse very similar to his. But his influence on a few poets is little compared with his influence on the mentality of the young in general. It is more vital than the discovery of a new resource in rhythm or in melody. It is a matter of immensely renewed inspiration that is one of the treasures of our times. His voice and Verhaeren's answer each other, as did Columbia's star and France's in the poem written in 1871 by your prophet of Democracy. I remember the word of Alphonse Daudet's little son when he saw Ivan Turgenev coming into his father's house, arm in arm with Gustave Flaubert: "But all your friends are giants, then?"

These giants who dictate the rhythm of our literary life have opened to the world's poetry a new field; and what a field! That of modern life. They sang of the cities and the industrial work and the physical effort. Their teaching is the one that will be demanded by the men returned from the war—a teaching of strength, fervor, and simplicity. But we did not wait for the war to read and admire them. The universe seems to be wider since their voices praised its various parts, countries, creatures, constructions, details. . . We are no more the men we were before we read "Song of Myself."

Let me quote from one of the best poems of Charles Vildrac's "Livre d'Amour" (Nouvelle Revue Française) as translated by Miss Elizabeth Eyre:

The Conquerors.

—

Behold the cavalier without a horse,—but whoever sees him pass will know him for a Knight

Behold the pilgrim with neither staff nor breviary,—but whoever sees him pass will know that he is more than a crusader

Behold the chief who does not command, but whoever listens to him will know him for a captain.

::

Behold the conqueror without an army,—but the only conqueror—he who knows how to talk with everybody, both men and women; and can make good tears shine in their eyes again, and can give back to them the clear laughter of children.

His best weapons are his friendly eyes, his thoughtful and surprising kindnesses,—it is the way his voice gives help to his words, it is the way his spirit dances like a torch.

. . . . . .

He is prodigal and bare as a tree in the spring, his heart is warm as a greenhouse in winter; and one abandons oneself to whatever he says,—again it is he who, when he takes, gives.

He will come wherever you are. He will not sit down beside you as do those to whom the half of your face and but one of your shoulders are enough.

But he will sit down opposite you, his knees touching your knees, your hands within reach of his hands, and his eyes bearing upon your eyes, forcing them to uncover.

And you will say: Where have I seen him before?

As in singing under a vault one discovers the single note which makes the whole vibrate and become its warm voice.

So his words agitate in your lifted throat the

beautiful voice that it imprisons, of which you had no suspicion,—your best voice, your only voice.

He will love you in your own way, with the presents you would have chosen, with his bluntness, with his laughter, his humility or his pity; he will love you as much as it is necessary to soften you and win you.

You will wonder: What does he expect from me? What will he ask of me to-morrow? And you will be troubled, never suspecting that really, without knowing it himself, he expects from you the reason for his existence; that you are necessary to him as the words one speaks, the ears that receive them, as beautiful things to the eyes that surround them.

For conquest is his great desire; like heroes and like women, he loves to feel himself fondled by the scattered thoughts of men, which, from a great distance, lean towards him as benumbed fingers stretch towards a fire.

. . . . . .

And then will other conquerors unexpectedly arise, and as there have been a hundred conquerors, so now must one become a hundred times a lover, a hundred times beloved.

. . . And those that have been conquered a hundred times will also turn to conquer.

And the time will come in the country, the time of the great conquest, when people with this longing will leave the thresholds of their doors, to go the one to meet the other.

And the time will come in this country, when history will be made of nothing but choruses of songs, but dances hand in hand, but one combat and one victory!

Vildrac belongs to the group of the Unanimists, whose chief was Jules Romains. They looked for inspiration not so much in individual feelings and passions, as in the life and movement of collectivities. In *"La Vie Unanime,"* by Romains (Mercure de France), we find verses which perhaps most absolutely formulate this creed. I wish to quote a fragment of an unpublished chant "To America," which was written in 1917 by a very young poet, Mireille Havet:

Glorious cities of America,
Tumultuous cities, and well populated,
Cities rich with the future which will cover us all,
I salute you, to-day, from my little corner in France,
From my corner of a city in France,
From the corner of my table.

. . . . . .

Ah, never was it graver to be young
Graver to be impatient
With that conquering desire which comes from the pride to be the last ones
. . . The last of all, when the others were living
. . . The first, now that we are alone!
And the words shall come from us
Or eternally remain silent
And judgment shall come from us, and action,
Or our cities will remain in ashes, and our dead unburied!

. . . . . .

We find ourselves at the edge of the fresh ridge
The seed that we hold is very different

. . . . . .

America, let our generation be the piers of a bridge
Stretching itself between the various nations.
Let our hands grasp each other
Let us stand firm
And be worthy of this Earth, which men, until now,
Did but divide between themselves in a bloody fashion.

I salute you, well-populated cities of America,
And my heart goes to you
Leaping with hope.

There are many names which I would give: Saintléger Léger, who wrote the strange and splendid "Eloges"; Léon-Paul Fargue, whose power over words is magic; René Arcos; François Porché with "Le Dessous du Masque"; Georges Duhamel with several books of poems and dramas, —these are among the chief figures of our time. But let me turn to Henri Franck, who died at 23, before the war, leaving that long, unfinished poem, "La Danse devant l'Arche," and who would lead our troop to-day if he was still among us. The first part of the poem ended with this affirmation of enthusiasm before the Universe. I quote from a translation by Miss Virginia Hale:

Adolescent runner with unwearied heart
I shall reach the clearing where one comes upon God.
One day I shall know the thing I so strongly desire,
And my spirit will be multiplied and stretched with the waiting;
For nothing exists in earth or heaven
That the determination of my seeking wisdom may not know.
One day I shall find the divine current,
And with the feel of its powerful flow against my back,
A joyous bather abandoning myself to the sweep of the stream,
On this glorious bed, between the superb banks of the Universe laden with houses and fruits,
Supple of body, light of heart, swift of spirit,
In the turbulent water of life I shall swim with power and pleasure.

And in the last part, reaching a higher point of knowledge and wisdom, without losing his power or fervor, he can say:

Truth is enthusiasm without hope,
Ardor unquenchable,
Joy that mounts straight up into the black sky,
The perfect happiness of fervour without recompense,

The high happiness of feeling keenly one's existence,
Of being alive!

The fragments I have chosen to quote are not the most perfect I could have found, but the ones which seemed to me to give the sense of our next tendencies in poetry; and I find many of the same characteristics in the living American poets whom I read. There is no reason why France should not give cordial recognition to poets like E. L. Masters, E. A. Robinson, Miss Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Witter Bynner, Ridgely Torrence, and others. I am strangely impatient to see the day when I shall try to give to a few in Paris an idea of the movement and rhythm of "The Congo" or "General Booth," by Vachel Lindsay. Lindsay's muse essentially belongs to Springfield, Illinois, and knows no other shores, but that is precisely why we shall be glad to welcome her, with her bright cheeks and well-knit muscles and her surprise to find herself among us. This is not mere curiosity or dilettantism. What we really love will become a part of us, as Poe and Whitman did in the past.

PIERRE DE LANUX.

Henry James: A Rhapsody of Youth

I have wondered how it feels to "have read Henry James for the last twenty-five years." During the short time I have been reading him I have seen critiques, favorable and otherwise, that have appeared about him, contributed I suppose by those superior souls who "have read him for the last twenty-five years." None of them states the point of view of youth fresh in the experience of knowing Henry James, and I propose therefore to say what is in my heart of his books—by way of variety, to express one or two of the primitive motifs of the rhapsody which has been strumming in my mind.

One afternoon (I was in college at the time) I was listening to the talk of a social dowager, who said, to point a bit of gossip, that a certain girl whom I knew was a "type of American like Daisy Miller." Within the week I read "Daisy Miller." That was my first experience reading James. Since then I have read him much; and I find that his people are so real to me, so sentiently or so spiritually alive, that in writing about them I am bound to speak of them as one speaks of the living—of those who can answer our criticism, or be embarrassed by our praise.

I had not gone far into "Daisy Miller" before the girl herself was clearly visible before me, a picture of American grace and loveliness. I had recently been to Europe and this experience furnished me a lens through which to view with greater clearness her effervescent, ardent personality, suffused with the radiant sunshine of the Roman atmosphere. Very soon I sensed an inappropriateness in the fusion; felt how it was loaded with tragedy from the beginning. I wondered what James would do; I felt there was nothing one could do to save Daisy Miller from herself and her mother. A lurking feeling whispered the author would find a way. Reflection came afterward, and rationality, arguing that an artist finds in his art a stinging moral whip; and that, as leader of the Opposition, he cannot belie his conscience. Thus torn between impatience that things should be so, and exasperation at James's cold impersonality in presenting the situation, I read through the story. And when Daisy Miller was dead; when I could reflect, I knew that underlying James's artistic impersonality was a strongly diffusive element of morality; that, although he was thoroughly an artist, whether or not he intended he had revealed a delicate New Englander's ideal of moral beauty.

I finished the book in the evening at the library. I confess I had been weeping. I was sadly depressed about Daisy Miller, and all simple, inexperienced American girls—with trainings which equipped them to meet only American men with safety, and with fools for mothers. I decided to walk, and not go home to dinner. I was in no mood to meet the raillery of a crowd of undergraduate students.

With reverence I felt I had come upon a great writer. Here was a man who viewed a shallow countrywoman, saw

through her glaring, superficial faults into the depths of her very soul, where he found, if not pure gold, at least very beautifully colored pebbles, and sparkling, variegated sands. By the magic of his imagination he presented her faithfully, vividly, for the reader. Indeed it was because he looked at her, into her, and all around her that he could write the truth; but to write the truth with added touches of beauty—*that* I thought was the marvelous performance. Daisy Miller, revealing as she did the crude manners of the *nouveau riche,* was portrayed as a very much alive, beautiful, and in her way aspiring girl; she reflected in spite of her sorry social trappings a soul pure, frank, good, delightful. These were the values which interested me, which carried me away from the present, from myself, and let me see only one set of immediate circumstances—Daisy Miller's fatal stepping through a social fog over a parapet to inevitable destruction.

There, James seemed to say, after the story had been written, that is life. Look at it carefully; in this particular case view it with sympathy; but let us never be the least bit sentimental about it. I grant that it is tragedy; but—there you are.

I was deeply impressed. Life, which had seemed troubled to me before, was, if anything, more troubled. And yet from that experience came a thoughtful fatalism which transferred me from the excited individuals who were seeing life, not at all steadily, but much as one sees his fellow-passengers on a ship in a rough gale —over to the quieter people who, in spite of their apparent indifference, were nevertheless more profound, more subtle, more human than their stormy-souled brethren who were charging up and down the field of life. Henry James became for me *par excellence* one of these quieter souls. There was a new vista, really; and if there were quiet fields and peaceful scenes, and apparently superficial people who dared to criticize life (without—oh unpardonable interference!—"giving something in return for that which they took away"), there was, I found, a keener criticism, a better charity, a wider knowledge of the world's humanity.

I did not read James again for a long time, until a "charter Jacobite" friend asked me to read "The Portrait of a Lady"; writing that she considered Isabel Archer's one of the most poignant spiritual histories in all literature, and Ralph Touchett the most interesting man in fiction. With extra enthusiasm I began the book. But alas, after fifty pages I put it down. I looked upon myself reproachfully, but I couldn't go on. I wasn't intolerant; I was impervious. Thus I looked at the book for a year, until at length, piqued by defeat, I began again. This time it was all very different. I had arranged my reading finally so as to "save" the book—so many pages before going to sleep.

There was a breath in the story of spiritual adventure, of eternal discovery in characters complex and unfathomable, which gave the book its charm for me, and made the reading my daily reparation. Ralph Touchett grew to be a friend. That is, I attached him. I should have told him the sacredest things of my life. I had the vivifying sensation that he would have responded to my affection, that it would have been mutual. But this is both debatable and personal. Touchett is the kind of man to whom the phrase "a fine fellow" (ordinarily so vapid in meaning) in its proper signification most fittingly applies. He is genial, tolerant, high-minded.

I was captivated by Isabel from the moment I found her sitting in the gloomy library of her father's Albany house. I watched her with keen interest, with pleasure, eventually with amazement. For I saw into the deep, the covered life of a woman—the essence which is usually hidden from vulgar inspection—and I was fascinated. It was so evident that I scarcely needed to be told that "Suffering, with Isabel, was an active condition; it was not a chill, a stupor, a despair, it was a passion of thought, of speculation, of response to every pressure." I felt sorry for Isabel, but I did not dare to pity her.

At each spiritual revelation in her hard experience I was as shocked as Isabel herself; I felt painfully embarrassed to find myself seeing her given first one torturing stab and then another. In imagination I

left, stealthily, without letting her know I had been a witness. To see her soul in pain was more than I could bear at times. I felt toward Isabel at the next meeting exactly as I should feel in actual life; that I knew her better and was therefore privileged, regardless of my embarrassment, to apprise her of my attitude of deeper affection and sympathy—with as little exhibition of feeling as possible—not at all if I couldn't manage it without being clumsy. The pity of it all was that I could do absolutely nothing to relieve her life of a part of its bitterness. Her pride closed all avenues through which sympathetic offerings might travel. It was terrible. I could only say again and again to myself: that is life.

The tragedy of Isabel's condition was awful because her "crime" consisted, James says, of this: "She had a certain way of looking at life which he [Osmond, her husband] took as a personal offence." Saddest of all—because there is a touch of the heroic about it—was the fact that her way of looking at life was the fine, the just, the moral way. Isabel "could see that he was ineffably ashamed of her . . . she simply believed that he hated her . . . he was not violent," and so "of course it was not a physical suffering; for physical suffering there might have been a remedy."

Finally Isabel meets her spiritual crisis —the peak of her load; she is called to England to see Ralph Touchett, her cousin, who is dying. I suffered until I knew whether she would go; and when she told Osmond her news, and the cruel devil, with measured meanness, spoke to her as if she had been ignoble, I trembled. But I had to listen while he spewed forth venomous words from his poisonous, egotistical character. At length Isabel left the room; she had not said she would not go; I felt a vicarious elation at her spiritual victory. I wanted to get her out of the house away from further indignity and affront; to start her for London—hoping, praying she would never come back to Italy.

From the very first, though, there was a vague impression of Isabel's soul which terrified me with the conviction that she would return—to that life almost more unendurable than death. And when she did return, after Ralph's death—giving up happiness for an idea—I who had been carried to a climax of anxiety, felt myself dashed by her inevitable action to a helpless, inert will. I could only murmur: There is nothing I can do; there you are!

From these "growing pains of a Jacobite" I suffer more than my accusers. When one has thought deeply about, has felt intensely with, Ralph Touchett, with Christopher Newman, with Strether (especially with Strether), there is opened a reservoir of enthusiasm from which the tendency is to pour forth streams of volubility. But this kind of speaking is dangerous; its current should be directed through the channels of artists no less skilful, really, than Henry James himself. Masters are very hard to find, however; and it is quite as true of letters as of life that "what the great will do the less will prattle of." JOHN ANGUS BURRELL.

Fatigues

The weariness of this dirt and labour, of this dirty, melting sky!

For hours we have carried great bundles of hay from barge to truck, and from truck to train. . .

The weariness of this dirt and labour!

But look! Last June those heavy dried bales waved and glittered on the fields of England!

Cinque-foil and clover, buttercups, fennel, thistle and rue-daisy and ragged robin, wild rose from the hedge, shepherd's purse, and long sweet nodding stalks of grass!

Heart of me, heart of me, be not sick and faint, though fingers and arms and head ache; you bear the gift of the glittering meadows of England. Here are bundles from Somerset, from Wales, from Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester—names we must love, scented with summer peace.

Handle them bravely, meadow-sweet, sorrel, lush flag and arid knap-weed, flowers of marsh and cliff, handle them bravely!

Dear crushed flowers! and you, yet fragrant grasses, I stoop and kiss you furtively. No one sees.

Dear gentle perished sisters, speak, whisper and move, tell me you will dance and whisper in the wind next June, upon my grave.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

The Mind of Germany

HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH. The Teaching of Germany's Poets, Prophets, and Preachers. A Documentation by T. P. Bang. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Bröchner. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.)

GEMS (?) OF GERMAN THOUGHT. Compiled by William Archer. (Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.25.)

"Hurrah and Hallelujah" is the name of a book of war poems from the inspired pen of a German pastor, Konsistorialrat Dietrich Vorwerk. "I find," says Dr. Bang, who is a Danish clergyman of distinction and good sense, "in this combination something so absolutely characteristic of the German spirit that I have adopted it as the title for this book." No one, however, who reads the book can be satisfied with the title. The excerpts, citations, and summaries of which it consists suggest something more intense than "hurrah" and more sinister than "hallelujah." For "hurrah" goes with exuberant vitality, gratulatory good will, a certain openness of spirit, and a certain tolerance. "Hallelujah" utters, at worst, the piety of the Salvation Army. But the feeling for which "hurrah" stands here is not exuberant vitality, nor good will, nor openness, nor tolerance; it is fierce passion, persecuting missionary passion, grandiose, egomaniac, blind. The feeling for which "hallelujah" stands is not piety, not gladness in the bounty of God; it is the identification of German being with divine being, of German purpose with divine purpose, the glorification not of God, but of Germany. The mildest statement of "Hurrah and Hallelujah" is the oft-quoted couplet by Geibel:

> Und es mag am deutschen Wesen
> Einmal noch die Welt genesen.

With this sentiment of grandeur goes another feeling, which seems to be its complement, but which "hurrah" and "hallelujah" do not suggest at all. This other feeling is of persecution by unworthy enemies, enemies who not only cause but *are* the disease of the world, and as such must be extirpated by the healing might of Germany—England the jealous and hypocritical, France the degenerate, Russia the barbarous, all to be purified by German force and healed by German Kultur. Thus:

HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH

Though the warrior's bread be scanty, do Thou work daily death and tenfold woe unto the enemy. Forgive in merciful long-suffering each bullet and each blow which misses its mark! Lead us not into the temptation of letting our wrath be too tame in carrying out Thy divine judgment! Deliver us and our Ally from the infernal Enemy and his servants on earth. Thine is the kingdom, the German land; may we, by aid of Thy steel-clad hand, achieve the power and the glory.

Thou who dwellest high above Cherubim, Seraphim and Zeppelins in Thy Heaven, Thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurtling upon our enemy, bestow upon us his banners, hurl him down into the dark burial-pits.—Dietrich Vorwerk, "Hurrah and Hallelujah."

But the deepest and most thought-inspiring result of the war is the "German God." Not the national God, such as the lower nations worship, but "our God," who is not ashamed of belonging to us, the peculiar acquirement of our heart. Max Lenz has already testified to the revelation of the "German God" and Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," merely expresses the same idea in other words.—Report of an address by a German theological professor, in the Berliner "Lokalanzeiger."

We could draw many instructive parallels; we could say that *as Jesus was treated, so also have the German people been treated.*

They envy us our freedom, our power to do our work in peace, to excel in virtue of ability, to fulfil our appointed task for the good of the world and humanity, *to heal the world by the German nature,* to become a blessing to the people of the earth. *Wherever the German spirit obtains supremacy, there freedom also prevails.* And have not our enemies to fall back upon lies and venomous calumnies in the endeavor to justify their assault in the world's eyes and their own? Does this not prove that the truth, too, is with us? Truth and freedom, those two great blessings, are in our Gospel promised by the Lord Himself.

Here we come upon the *old intimate kinship between the essence of Christianity and of Germanism.* Because of their close spiritual relationship, therefore, Christianity must find its fairest flower in the German mind.—H. Francke, a pastor in Liegnitz.

My friends, when England, "Christian" England, akin to us in blood, *was so shameless in her naked egoism,* that she by her declaration of war would rather hand us over to Muscovites and semi-Asiatics than contend with us, in honest peaceful rivalry, for the palm of Kultur, it struck a hard blow to our soul, and all our wrath and pride rose up against this degenerate cousin. . . London is the hearth and the heart of this terrible world-war, there sit the ministers who have precipitated Europe into misery, there is the witch's caldron, in which fresh misery is ever brewing for the peoples of Europe, already bleeding from a thousand wounds. To attack London is to attack a den of murderers.—Karl König, "Six War Sermons."

Against us stands the world's greatest sham of a nation, whom, with German good nature, we have much too long called the "English cousin," the Carthaginians of the North Sea, in whom we trusted that blood would have proved thicker than water: *the Judas among the nations, who this time, for a change, betrays Germanism for thirty pieces of silver.* Against us stands sensual France, the harlot amongst the peoples (*die Dirne unter den Völkern*), to be bought for any prurient excitement, shameless, unblushing, impudent, and cowardly (!), with her worthless myrmidons. Against us stands Russia, inwardly, indeed, rotten, mouldering, masking its diseases under outbursts of brutality, but capable of employing any means, devoid of all feeling—not dangerous of herself, but becoming a menace when leagued with others, like a beast raging from the fever of wounds, deceitful, never to be trusted.

The great thing is therefore for us to stand, so that

God may surround us with His protection, like a covering wall, because *our defeat would also mean the defeat of His Son in humanity.*

What a difference is there between armies, *one of which carries its God in its heart, whilst the others think they can conquer by the weight of their numbers, by cunning tricks of devilish cruelty,* by shameless contempt for the provisions of international law(!).—Pastor Joh. Rump, lic. Dr., of Berlin.

GEMS (?) OF GERMAN THOUGHT

It has been said that it is un-German to wish to be only German. That again is a consequence of our spiritual wealth. We understand all foreign nations; none of them understands us, and none of them can understand us.

No nation in the world can give us anything worth mentioning in the field of science or technology, art or literature, which we would have any trouble in doing without. Let us reflect on the inexhaustible wealth of the German character, which contains in itself everything of real value that the Kultur of man can produce.—Professor W. Sombart, H. U. H.

The efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely *immoral,* and must be *stigmatized as unworthy of the human race.* . . The weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nation! The whole idea represents a presumptuous encroachment on the natural laws of development.—General v. Bernhardi, G. N. W.

Our German Kultur has, in its unique depth, something shrinking and severe (*Sprödes and Herbes*), it does not obtrude itself, or readily yield itself up; it must be earnestly sought after and lovingly assimilated from within. This love was lacking in our neighbors; wherefore they easily came to look upon us with the eyes of hatred.—Professor R. Eucken, I. M.

We desire, and must desire . . . a world-empire of Teutonic (germanisch) stock, under the hegemony of the German people. In order to secure this we must—

(a) Gradually Germanize the Scandinavian and Dutch Teutonic States, denationalizing them in the weaker signification of the term.

(b) Break up the predominantly un-Teutonic peoples into their component parts, in order to take to ourselves the Teutonic element and Germanize it, while we reject the un-Teutonic element.—J. L. Reimer, E. P. D.

If our area of colonization does not coincide with our political boundaries, the healthy egoism of our race commands us to place our frontier-posts in foreign territory, as we have done at Metz.—Professor E. Hasse, D. G.

The sentiment of grandeur and the sentiment of persecution are—as these quotations, chosen practically at random, show—the ruling passions in the material of both Dr. Bang's and Mr. Archer's books. I have spoken of Dr. Bang's only, because Mr. Archer's has in its title a very obvious and natural animus. His quotations, however, are more than confirmed even by the material Dr. Bang handles with such courteous objectivity.

But Dr. Bang's book possesses a significance which Mr. Archer's does not, because it devotes itself so largely to the sermons of the clergy. The sermon, particularly in those countries which boast established churches, is the last entrenchment of the commonplace. Of all the non-producing classes, the clergy are the most admirably passive and inert. For this state their preoccupation with the infallibilities of religion is partly responsible, but only partly. A non-producing class obviously must reënforce the sources of its living if it is to go on living: doctrine, consequently, which appears in sermons is doctrine become completely commonplace, doctrine accepted and acceptable. Sermons, hence, are possessed of evidentiality which cannot accrue to philosophies like Nietzsche's, or histories like Treitschke's, or *real-politik* like Bernhardi's. The sermons of a people utter the set mind of a people.

We have, then, in these citations, the mind of Germany. Prior to and until the time of their collection, it had been an unusually single mind, with the inflexibility of outlook and of feeling that is associated with abnormality. Indeed, the two sentiments of which it is conspicuously composed define, in the individual, what is known as paranoia, and men and women who suffer from paranoia are classed among the criminally insane. The disease is incurable.

But that a whole people should bear the stigmata of an incurable criminality is, of course, absurd. That Germany was not always so, that there is a Germany of *gemüthlichkeit,* learning, science, poetry, and democratic aspiration, and that that Germany is the original and lasting Germany, everybody whom the war has not turned paranoiac on his own account, will not only concede but assert. If the President's words are to be taken at their face value, it is for the sake of this Germany, which so many of us Americans have known and loved and received benefits from, no less than for the sake of Belgium and Serbia and the other small nationalities, that we are trying to "make the world safe for democracy" by force of arms. Forty years this Germany has been repressed. The social history of Germany during these forty years may be summed up in the word *verboten.* And prohibitions were not only impersonal and legal; they were personal and social. The spontaneities of men were forced under on all sides; an omnipresent and thoroughgoing police system held them down in the daily life of labor and citizenship; an equally omnipresent and arrogant military and land-holding caste clamped them down in the daily life of personal contacts and social play. Precedence and etiquette replaced friendliness and good manners. Resentments accumulated, but could not be expressed.

The life of the German people began to alter. The repressed spontaneities had to find some outlet; the accumulated resentments clamored for utterance. The life and letters of Germany, with her stupendous number of children suicides, her barbarous attitude toward women, her misprision of the foreigner, her elaboration of eroticism, and her worship of the superman, are the effect. Resentment that you could not express against your "betters," you vented upon your "inferiors"; spontaneities you could not use in free creative action in your communities of friends you gratified by compensatory formulations in your art and your philosophy. As the pressure of the militaristic machinery grew heavier, this became more and more the case. The tribalism of Treitschke, the ruthlessness of Nietzsche, the imperialism of Bernhardi, became compensatory liberations in idea for restrictions and repressions in fact. Furthermore, the engine of repression, the State, with the Kaiser and his staff as its symbol, was a thing, after all, not completely alien. There took place, consequently, a change in the German mind which the psychologists call "projection." By this change repressive instruments are often made identical with the things they repress. The gods, for example, are projections of this sort; they stand both for all that man has the inner wish to be and for the circumstances that do not permit the being; they do and enjoy all things that man might and would if he could. The State became the god of Germany. What in countries with free institutions, like England, or France, or the United States, the individual might achieve in himself was projected upon the State, through which he thus exercised his spontaneous powers—vicariously. On the other hand, the evil that the State wrought was projected outward, to the enemies of the State—and England and France particularly were credited with motives as surprising to them as the world's judgment of Germany is unintelligible to Germans. When, furthermore, the rulers of Germany proceeded to turn these compensatory sentiments into the dynamic of their political programme, the war, with its atrocities, mendaciousness, and unintelligence, became inevitable.

How far the German people have been disillusioned in the course of it, no one can say. So much, however, is certain. The President's demand for internal changes as a preliminary condition for the discussion of peace, is absolutely sound. The restoration of Germany to mental health and the possibility of the German achievement of whatever mission the Germans may claim, rests simply and entirely on the elimination of the agency of repression that has so distorted the mind of Germany. The real Germany is democratic Germany, the Germany of the free individual. It exists, although it exists in the shadow. Freedom will show it clear. Until Germany has been democratized, terms of peace are scraps of paper, and for the same reason that agreements with abnormal individuals are scraps of paper.

H. M. KALLEN.

Retrospective Romance

RUSSIA IN 1916. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan Co.; $1.25.)

WHITE NIGHTS. By Arthur Ruhl. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.)

In the old days,—and perhaps the custom is still extant,—parents were in the habit of applying to their refractory offspring the hard and chastening rod, and with each application they would assure the prostrate but incredulous youngsters that the beating hurt them, the parents, more than it did the children and that it was for the good of the youthful soul. In the old days, too, men were piously burned and tortured for the good of their souls. And so powerful is the effect of repetition, in manners as well as in studies, that, at one period in the evolution of civilization, men of saintly character became firmly convinced that the royal road to salvation led through the trials of martyrdom.

Some of us, in these days of grace, have come to doubt the efficacy of the rod and the regenerating power of suffering. The Diabolonian spirit is abroad. Patience and long-suffering have become cardinal vices and lead straight away from heaven. Men who, not many years ago, experienced the knout in dumb resignation have grown so proud that they refuse to bear a coddling bureaucracy. And strange to say, they find in these rejections the road to salvation. They rebel in the name of idealism, of regeneration, of a finer, truer life; they have not changed their faith or transferred their loyalty. Theirs is the old hope of man, reborn. Some call them rebels, but they are unwavering in their allegiance.

The Russians as a people have long been known for their humility and submissiveness (*smirenie*) and for their forbearance and long-suffering (*dolgoterpenie*). Dostoevsky rejoiced

in these virtues of the terrible meek. And Stephen Graham's heart goes out to the mystic and unworldly strain in the Russians. For him Holy Russia is a living fact, as he himself says. He fears that Russia will some day become "a non-Christian democracy like France." And in one place he writes:

> If Russia were merely Sturmer, Protopopof, Gorky, Rubenstein (the finance manipulator), Reinbot (who organized the police graft in Moscow), Rasputin (the debauched Siberian), Sukhomlinof (who is at rest in the fortress of Peter and Paul), Masoyedof (who was hanged for betraying Russia), Azef, Milyukof, Kerensky, Count Benckendorf, etc., etc., how little interest she would have for us!

Heaven protect a people from those who love them for being rather interesting! It is so difficult to be heroic, odd, mediæval, and bizarre in this workaday world. And all to please the fancy of a few alien pilgrims who seek the balm of Gilead in a crass and material age!

Mr. Graham's book, a volume of short sketches, was written before the Revolution. To-day one can believe whole-heartedly in Holy Russia as a living fact. Freedom will make Russia holy, as many Russians and lovers of Russia knew all along. There is no mistaking the outspoken desire of the people to found a Christian democracy. The high, spiritual feat (*podvig*) of patience, love, and prayer will still be dearer to the Russian heart than the *podvig* of battle and struggle. But, for the complete liturgy of life, battle and struggle cannot be renounced.

Fascinating glimpses of Russia on the eve of revolution are given in Mr. Ruhl's delightful work, "White Nights." Mr. Ruhl is perhaps the best equipped, in sympathetic understanding, charm of style, and intellectual preparation, of the American journalists now in Russia. These things far outvalue knowledge of the language. The writer takes us with him on his journey to Russia, stopping on the way to introduce us to Ellen Key, then on to the white nights of Petrograd, and from there to the turmoil of the war on the Russian battle front. We return inland, to Moscow, and are initiated into the mysteries of the Moscow Art Theatre. Hastening back to Petrograd we visit the Taurida Palace, where the Duma sat, and we meet the prominent deputies, some of whom have since become world figures. The final stages of the pleasant journey of discovery take the reader down Gorky's river, the Volga, to the industrial sections of the country, and into Rumania. Throughout the trip Mr. Ruhl keeps America in mind, and his contrasts and comparisons with life in our own land help to throw into relief the manners and customs of a foreign people.

Nowhere does a premonitory sound of coming events disturb the silence of the white nights. No threatening cloud tells of the approaching storm. It is not the hush of expectancy. Russia, though at war, is at peace with itself. And yet this is Russia "on the eve," as Turgenev said. A few brief months, and Russia felt the shock of the vast upheaval.

Present-day Russia is almost as enigmatic and puzzling as was the Russia of yesterday. The Revolution has lost its simplicity. To our anxious vision it appears huge, stumbling, inchoate, and unaimed. Some have the graver fear that conditions in Russia are hopelessly and irremediably anarchic. But we must recognize the fact that a painless consummation of a people's freedom is impossible. In time of war sensibilities become acute and fears intensified. In addition to the sharper apprehensions of wartime, there is our nearness in time to profound and as yet uncrystallized events. In his "History of the Revolution of 1905," Khrustalyev-Nosar, president, in those days, of the Petrograd Council of Workingmen's Deputies, writes: "Mass movements are like gigantic frescoes. Seen from near, the outlines of the picture disappear, the colors are fused into a number of separate, screaming spots; the creative idea of the artist is lost. . . Only at a distance does the fresco return to life and speak of the force and power of artistic genius. It is in the same way that we must proceed to an estimate of a mass movement." We are far from having a long and untroubled perspective. But surely, some of our present fears are no more than horrible imaginings. It is true that in Russia to-day, so much is at stake for the world's democracy that a soft, easy sense of security is dangerous. There are many forces striving, openly or by devious ways, to undo the first accomplishment of the Revolution. Among the enemies of a democratic Russia are many self-styled "friends" of the Russian people, who would rescue them from "the grave menace" of republicanism. We in America must remember that the Russian Revolution is the first great victory, in the war which is now our war, for the Allies and for the world. It is a victory so tremendous and inspiring that we, who have seen it come about in our own day, cannot foresee its full sweep or compass its immeasurable effects.

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

Psychoanalysis as a Pathfinder

THE PSYCHOANALYTIC METHOD. By Oskar Pfister. Authorized translation by Charles Rockwell Payne. (Moffat, Yard & Co.; $4.)

The Freudian psychology has travelled a course that might have been predicted with tolerable certainty. At first received with mingled derision and disgust, it has now attained a position not only of virtual security but, one is almost tempted to say unfortunately, of very genuine and widespread popularity. Whitmanesque poets sing pæans to Jung's libido, one of the metaphysical offshoots of the psychoanalytic movement, while half-baked doctors fearlessly disentangle homosexual "complexes" at the end of a first half-hour's consultation with hysterical patients. Those who are profoundly convinced of the epoch-making importance of the psychological mechanisms revealed by Freud and, even more, of the extraordinary suggestiveness of numerous lines of inquiry opened up by psychoanalysis, without, at the same time, being blind to criticisms that need to be made of certain aspects of psychoanalytic theory, can only hope and pray that this not altogether healthy overpopularity of the subject prove no hindrance to the study of the perplexing problems with which the Freudian psychology bristles. What is sorely needed at the present time, or will be before many years, is a thoroughly objective probing into the new psychology with a special view to seeking out the paths of reconciliation with the older orthodox psychology of conscious states and to the rigorous elimination of all aspects of Freudian theory that seem dispensable or ill-substantiated. The present militant attitude of the psychoanalysts toward their skeptical schoolmasters is naturally but a passing phase. The opposed schools of psychological interpretation will have to meet each other half way and effect a common *modus vivendi.*

For the present it is obvious that the personal bias of the brilliant founder of psychoanalysis has given the Freudian psychology more than one twist that is not altogether necessitated by its invaluable kernel—the proof of the existence in the unconscious mind of emotionally toned "complexes," repressed trends that are directly elaborated out of the instinctive life and that leak out into consciousness in a large number of superficially dissimilar psychic phenomena, for example, dreams, automatic and compulsive reactions, neurotic symptoms. A firm belief in the validity of the main lines of psychological theory set forth by Freud by no means necessitates an unreserved adherence to such incidental concomitants as his apparently one-sided interpretation of sexual perversions or his general conception of the compound nature of the sexual instinct. At the least, very radical shiftings of emphasis are certain to emerge. An analogous development has characterized the history of the theory of organic evolution. Only recently has the original Darwinian bias toward an overemphasis of the factor of natural selection yielded to the proper evaluation of other factors. The inertia of impetus given by the founder of a radical scientific departure is, indeed, one of the most humiliating, one of the most ironically human, things about the history of science. So far there seems to be a disposition on the part of psychoanalysts to accept the whole Freudian programme at practically its face value. What criticism there is within the ranks is chiefly on matters of relatively minor import. Even the Jung sedition, of which so much is made, consists of hardly more, it would seem, than a tendency to generalize and carry further some of the more doubtful elements of Freud's theoretical groundwork. I refer particularly to Jung's handling of symbolization as an interpretative principle and to his reckless application of the principles of individual psychoanalysis to cultural phenomena.

We shall be disappointed if we turn to Pfister's extensive treatise in the hope of finding such a critical and reconciliatory survey of psychoanalytic research. It does not advance the subject very perceptibly in the direction indicated. There is, to be sure, a fair amount of critical comment *en passant* on particular Freudian positions, but the whole is mainly a summary, and a very convenient and useful one, of the typical psychoanalytic interpretations. The greater part of the book deals with the analysis and mechanism of repression, constant use being made of case material. The latter portion deals with the application as a practical technique of the theory developed in detail in the preceding pages. What particularly distinguishes "The Psychoanalytic Method" is the emphasis placed upon the usefulness and future possibilities of psychoanalysis for pedagogic purposes, curative and prophylactic. We learn, for instance, that lack of success in the business of teaching is to no inconsiderable degree due to the presence of powerful repressions in teachers themselves. May we hope that when pedagogues and students alike

shall have had the obstructive cobwebs cleared out of their unconscious by psychoanalytic examination, we shall be able to bid welcome to an educational régime that with conscious intelligence frames a pedagogical technique bearing a genuine relation to the life problems of its subjects?

The book, while nowhere rising to the brilliance of some of the Freudian writings themselves, is probably the most careful and inclusive presentation yet published in English of the results attained and the theories elaborated by Freud and his followers. It excels in this respect such works as Brill's "Psychanalysis" and Hitschmann's "Freud's Theories of the Neuroses." Unfortunately, Dr. Payne's translation can claim only a moderate measure of success. The overliteralness of the renderings has given numerous passages an irksome awkwardness and, occasionally, obscurity. One needs sometimes to translate back to the German to arrive at the intended nuance of meaning.

Let us turn, now, to the theoretical structure reared by the psychoanalysts. We are entitled to ask: Leaving all questions of analytic detail and technique to one side, what are some of the basic contributions of the Freudian school to psychologic thinking? First and foremost, I should say, is the new spirit of attitude and method that psychoanalysis has introduced into the study of the mind. The orthodox psychology, for all its disavowal of the older faculty-mongering, has never really succeeded in grasping the vast network of individual mental phenomena as a single growth rooting in the most primitive type of mental life we know of, the instinctive life. It would be too much to say that psychoanalysis has succeeded in reconstructing the order of differentiation of mental phenomena, but it has taken a more patient attitude toward the actual dynamics of the individual mind and is thus in a better position to ferret out gradually the development of the fundamental instincts into the higher forms of mentality. Psychoanalysis takes hold of chunks of mental life as they present themselves in experience; it does not abstract driblets of mental experience for the purpose of classifying them and examining them under the microscope. In brief, the older psychology is an anatomy of mind, sometimes refined; psychoanalysis is an entering wedge toward a physiology of mind, generally quite crude for the present. From the clear recognition of this difference of method results the conviction that the two types of psychologic inquiry are not in any true sense opposed to each other. They merely attack their subject-matter from distinct viewpoints. They will, each of them, in the long run be found to be indispensable and mutually reconcilable.

The second point of capital importance that we must set down to the credit of psychoanalysis is the light it has thrown on the nature and functioning of the unconscious. To psychoanalysis the unconscious is not merely a negative *deus ex machina* which does convenient service in the explanation of memory and in the positing of a continuity of personality. It is a very real and active domain from which are worked the strings that move about the puppets of the conscious self. The naïve assumption of a self-contained consciousness whose motivation is safely interpretable in terms of conscious data alone has been exposed by the Freudian psychology as a huge fallacy.

One of the most interesting and promising vistas that have been opened up, though I find it but little stressed by the psychoanalysts themselves, is the quantitative consideration of emotion and will. I am not referring to the measuring of reactions under controlled experimental conditions. When psychoanalysis tells us that the emotion belonging to a certain trend is not always discharged in consciousness but may in part be inhibited in the unconscious or transferred to other reactions, we are evidently confronted by certain quantitative implications. It seems difficult to avoid the inference of a certain specific, theoretically measurable, sum of emotion or volitional impulse which can be divided up and distributed in a great variety of ways. The elaboration of the concepts that follow on the heels of this hypothesis has been but begun. It would not be surprising if this glimmer of a quantitative understanding of mental functioning blossomed out in time to an exactness of comprehension of psychological processes such as we have hardly an inkling of at present.

Among the more readily defined and generally recognized insights that we owe, directly or indirectly, to Freud are the genetic analysis and the treatment of the neuroses, to a much smaller extent also of the psychoses (forms of insanity); the frequency and radical importance of symbol-formation in the unconscious mind, understanding of which is sure to prove indispensable for an approach to the deeper problems of religion and art; the analysis and interpretation of

dreams; the basic importance of the psychic sexual constitution, not merely in its proper functional sphere, but also in connections that seem unrelated; the far-reaching importance of infantile psychic experiences in adult life and the ever-present tendency to regression to them; and the general light thrown on the problem of mental determinism. Many other points might be enumerated, some clearly defined, others controversial. Indeed, there has scarcely ever been a new road opened in science that so spontaneously and fruitfully branched out into tributary trails. It is true that hardly anything is known of the psychoanalytic problems and solutions with absolutely satisfying clarity. Yet it takes no bold man to assert that enough has been glimpsed to promise perhaps the greatest fructification that the study of the mind has yet experienced.

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Darkness of Mystical Light

PERSONALITY. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan Co.; $1.35.)

There is a world which science knows nothing about and of whose existence intellect is ignorant. It must be known immediately if at all; it must be tasted, savored. Intellect gives us only knowledge about, and that is why it fails to reveal the more vital, the more real world familiar to those who know the ineffable joy of direct, warm contact with the reality which lies within and beyond what the blurring senses and the nibbling intellect disclose. The poverty of occidental life, the failure of western civilization, the restlessness of modern man and woman, —all these are due to our infatuation with the clothes of the world and our disdain of the living personality within. After some such fashion argues Rabindranath Tagore.

There is, of course, nothing startling or new in this appraisal of human intelligence. The history of speculation is full of it. If there is anything novel about Tagore, it is to be found in the way he attempts the liquidation of the bankrupt West by drawing upon the spiritual riches of the East. And there, too, is the difficulty. Although Tagore would lead us from the wrong philosophy of life to the right, and although he uses language as a medium, he refuses to define his terms. To define, he tells us, is to abstract and to kill. One must sense, taste, experience the truth or miss it quite. Real knowledge is not from without through appearance, but from within through sympathy. Man faces the world as body, with its hungers and thirsts; as mind, with its craving to find out reason in things; as person, with its needs of love. As the mind does not eat bread, leaving that to the body, so the person does not subsist on abstract facts, leaving those to the mind. "It is the highest in man,—this personal man. And it has personal relations of its own with the great world, and comes to it for something to satisfy personality." And here, urges Tagore, science and logic give place to the creative impulse, that is to say, to art. "When a feeling has been aroused in our hearts which is far in excess of the amount that can be absorbed by the object which has produced it, it comes back to us and makes us conscious of ourselves by its return waves." This consciousness of self, or personality, requires an outpour of expression, and thus art arises. Art is the display resulting from the consciousness of the wealth of personality. Consequently, in artistic creation man reveals himself rather than his objects. Moreover, he reveals another world. As science arrives at a world of facts, forces, and laws, so art, through its creations, discloses a world of personality. For the consciousness of the inexhaustible abundance of personality which gives rise to art is awareness of a more than self; it is awareness of the infinite in the personal man. "In art the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of facts."

This "World of Personality" is reserved for separate discussion in the second chapter. I have to confess that I make nothing of it. There are some pleasant passages and now and then a bit of penetrating criticism of occidental life, but for the most part metaphor steps on the heels of metaphor, *ex cathedra* assertions elbow one another, lame analogies hobble on supported by the arm of occultism, and what I fear is beautiful verbiage is offered as profound wisdom backed by the authority of Isha Upanishat. Words appear to have just meaning enough to enable the author to employ them in the demonstration that they have no true meaning at all, and reason is reliable only when disproving its reliability. Formal definition is frowned upon, but snap definitions abound, and while scientific analysis and rigorous logic are asserted to be avenues of error, analysis and logic are not dispensed with. How could they be in an argu-

ment aiming to show us wherein and why mankind is going astray and whither lie the happy isles? No; analysis and logic remain, but become irresponsible. In this regard Tagore is true to the mystical type. There is a willingness, consciously or unconsciously, to make use of intellectual instrumentalities, but a refusal to accept the responsibility which goes with their use. As an example of how differently the thing may be done, one turns to Samuel Butler's argument for the same thesis in his "God the Known and God the Unknown." Starting, as does Tagore, from the refusal of the human being to be psychically alone in the universe, Butler avowedly accepts the advantages and risks of intelligence and proceeds logically to prove that the universe is a person. Butler's little volume should be read with Tagore's "The World of Personality."

But as long as Tagore writes such vital, colorful English as he does in places even in this chapter, he will be read, whatever faults he may be guilty of. This for a sample:

> From the beginning of his history man has been feeling the touch of personality in all creation, and trying to give it names and forms, weaving it in legends round his life and the life of his races, offering it worship and establishing relations with it through countless forms of ceremonials. This feeling of the touch of personality has given the centrifugal impulse in man's heart to break out in a ceaseless flow of reaction, in songs and pictures and poems, in images and temples and festivities. This has been the centripetal force which attracted men into groups and clans and communal organizations. And while man tills his soil and spins his cloths, mates and rears his children, toils for wealth and fights for power he does not forget to proclaim in languages of solemn rhythm, in mysterious symbols, in structures of majestic stone that in the heart of his world he has met the Immortal Person. In the sorrow of death, and suffering of despair, when trust has been betrayed and love desecrated, when existence becomes tasteless and unmeaning, man standing upon the ruins of his hopes stretches his hands to the heavens to feel the touch of the Person across his darkened world.

If the same man who wrote the second chapter wrote the third, Tagore is a striking case of dual personality. For the chapter entitled "The Second Birth" is not only clear and coherent where the preceding chapter is muddled and topsy-turvy, but is a well-sustained study in place of a hodgepodge of dubious, more or less related, observations. "The Second Birth" is written by a man who has experienced, observed, and thought,—and not in average measure. And it makes sense, although the topic is profound. Moreover, it appears to differ in doctrine from what precedes. The senses and the intellect are no longer in such utter disgrace. On the contrary, the life of the senses, of the intellect, of the spirit are so many planes of coöperating endeavor in man's effort to create a world in which he can feel at home out of the world which has been given him, and which is foreign and oppressive. There is no break between the struggle for food, the craving for knowledge, the longing for union with the Universal One. Each leads through conflict with obstacles to a consciousness of self,—the two former to a consciousness of self as desiring things other than they are; the latter (that is why it is the second birth), to a consciousness of self as striving to desire what should be desired. We thus find a defence instead of a denunciation of science, and the mystical experience of union with the Supreme Person is not isolated and insulated from all other experiences, but is the crowning success of an unbroken, though differentiated, creative effort reaching from the struggle of animals to adjust themselves to their physical environment to man's consciousness of the Person in the world.

The discussion of "The Second Birth" represents the climax of the book. Three other chapters follow: an interesting one on the author's school in Bengal, established for the purpose of educating youth toward rather than away from the life of the spirit; another, evidently intended for disciples, entitled "Meditation"; and the last, "On Woman." The present age, this last chapter teaches, is a masculine age, an age of economics, politics, and their consequent militarism. The absurdity of this type of civilization, thinks Tagore, has become evident even to man, and there is hope that the lost social balance will be restored by putting the full weight of woman into the creation of the human world. Not, however, by encouraging the feminist movement, which is a symbol of vacuity and unrest, but by making possible the free play of woman's superior socializing power. And this is to be secured through the passive quality which "has given woman that large and deep placidity which is so necessary for the healing and nourishing and storing of life." Tagore deplores the western woman's loss of interest in the common things of life, and says, if I understand him, with more breadth of outlook to be sure, but with the same finality, what was asserted long ago by a member of the race which is just now without the bounds of our sympathetic imagination: "Die voman's blace is on der sthove."

M. C. Otto.

The Imagists

SOME IMAGIST POETS, 1917. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; 75 cts.)

The Imagists come forward once more with their annual Anthology, and the publishers place a proper—perhaps a necessary—typographical emphasis on the date. The little group remains the same, whether in composition or in spirit: early rebels are still in the outer darkness, and no new converts have been admitted. Nor is the offering of 1917 very different from that of 1916. Here they all are, very much like themselves: the two A's, Richard Aldington and his wife ("H. D."); the two F's, Fletcher and Flint; and the two L's, D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell. Three are English; three are American; and if three, instead of two, were women, the symmetry, in all ways, had been complete.

If poetry, in general, exacts the union of the intense (or concentrated) and of the sensuous; if Imagist poetry, in particular, demands a short succession of brief, clean-cut pictures, with unification and humanization either permeating it or secured somehow before the end, then Richard Aldington's "Inarticulate Grief" may be taken as a nearly perfect paradigm. Here is a sketch of it—nine lines of its eighteen:

> Let the sea beat its thin torn hands
> In anguish against the shore;
> Let it . . . . .
> . . shriek out its agony
> Across waste sands and marshes; . . .
> Let it sob and scream and laugh
> In a sharp fury,
> With white salt tears
> Wet on its writhen face; . . .
> For the sea is the cry of our sorrow.

"H. D." keeps to the Greeks—Adonis, Pygmalion, Eurydice. Her sands run *staccato* through the reader's mental fingers; golden, perhaps, but yet sands. Some sweat of the reader's mind is required to produce the moisture for remoulding all this yellow dryness into the form which it may have possessed in the mind of its creator. Perhaps no one of "H. D.'s" four elaborate pieces quite equals "The Shrine," of last year's volume—a poem which (on a second or third reading) declares itself a kind of criterion for the Compleat Imagist. Here are lines from "The God," whose face is dark,

> set beneath heavy locks,
> circled with stiff ivy-fruit,
> clear,
> cut with great hammer-stroke,
> brow, nose and mouth,
> mysterious and far distant
> from my sense.
>
> I asked:
> can he from his portals of ebony
> carved with grapes,
> turn toward the earth?

The "blasphemy" of this last inquiry was rebuked; the god could and did.

The war is heard throughout the present volume: in Aldington's "Field Manœuvres," in Fletcher's "Armies," a sombre yet vivid thing, and in Flint's concern with "Searchlight" and "Zeppelins." From the latter:

> What is that behind the trees?—
> A flame-colored circle of light that glows
> and grows brighter and dimmer by turns.
> Is it an airship on fire?
> It turns on, and moves nearer, slowly;
> it swings clear of the trees—
> the moon!

Mr. Flint, to a degree not shared by all his group, has a consciousness of human relationships and some concern for expressing them; in his "Dusk," particularly, and in his "Soldiers," addressed apparently to Aldington.

As "H. D.," though of the New World, is always consistently anthological, and as Amy Lowell is represented here solely by a series of Japanese pieces (already made familiar by "Poetry"), the American note is struck by John Gould Fletcher alone. Two noteworthy things of his must be mentioned—the "Lincoln," in which a method that, to many, will still seem alien is applied with picturesqueness and pathos to a theme conspicuously indigenous; and his "Blackberry Harvest," a Bacchic revel with berry-picking children upon, it may be, the hillsides of the poet's native Arkansas:

> And there wells up in me a drunken impulse of autumn,
> To fling myself into the tangle; . . .
> To find myself a faun again, freed from the restraint of houses,
> With red-stained face a-leering
> Out of the dense, deep web of interlacing thorn:
> A girdle of scarlet berries slung carelessly over my shoulder,
> A crown of glistening purple berries gleaming in my hair.

D. H. Lawrence is represented by a single rather long and elaborate poem, "Terra Nuova," which might be vulgarly translated, "The New Deal." Here, like some of the others, he passes through the smoke of war; and here, as in his "Erinnyes," of last year, he is concerned with war's havoc. He ends as "dead," "trodden to nought," and then, with

> every vestige gone—then I am here,
> discovered, setting my foot on another world. . .

Mr. Lawrence is inexhaustibly vigorous; but there must be pardon for those who, with the best will in the world, still find him turbid,

whether in his nature or in his art, and who patiently await the clarifying of both.

Miss Lowell closes the book with a score of *net* little pieces from the world of prints and lacquer; "Patterns," of 1916, has no successor, no peer. The last and longest of these, "The Camellia Tree of Matsue," gives still another treatment to a theme now well known and popular in America, whether in poetry or on the stage: the tree-trunk inhabited by a human creature who perishes when the tree itself is attacked.

The present volume is without introduction. Presumably the days of *apologia* and propaganda are past.

HENRY B. FULLER.

English Sports and Foreign Temperaments

BEYOND. By John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.)

Mr. Galsworthy is an intellectual aristocrat who has rebelled against his own class and yet presents it with self-evident justice and authority. He has drawn the iniquities of the lords of the earth, sometimes with bitter keenness, sometimes with sad gravity. And among those lords he has found a type which has always commanded the respect of Englishmen and Americans and is the justification of the class. This type is the good sport.

The good sport is different from the gentleman. He is better and stronger,—including the gentleman and something more. For a gentleman may be undeniably a fine gentleman and yet have too delicate nerves or be physically ill or timid or socially shy. The good sport is all there. He may be narrow-minded and not deeply educated, but he has a kind of mental courage; and he takes physical courage for granted. He may be a Philistine, indifferent to the arts, but he has good bearing, social grace, and cultivated speech. He makes an excellent leader of soldiers. He maintains a calm manner in difficult circumstances and keeps a stiff upper lip under the buffetings and sorrows of life. He is capable of deep passion, which goes with strong physique, and if necessary he conceals it with perfect self-discipline. As a matter of course he is honest, true to his word, and tries to be just in his treatment of equals and inferiors. He is not a snob, because—well, because he is just too good a sport to be a snob.

How often this admirable character appears in English society I, as a not much travelled American, do not know. But we have met him frequently in the finer English novels, romantic and realistic. Henry Esmond is a good sport; the scene in which he denounces the prince is a classic exhibition of the English sportsmanlike attitude toward a fellow, a Frenchman, who has not played the game fairly. Such unlike individuals as Trollope's Duke, Meredith's Evan Harrington (who, you remember the point of the story, is not technically a gentleman), and Nevil Beauchamp, are all true to the type. Mr. Galsworthy's Patrician is a perfect specimen.

"Beyond" is a study of two good sports, father and daughter, who love intensely, suffer greatly, and bear their loss with fine fortitude. The story is a tragedy of sex, two tragedies indeed, cruelly moving and relentless, touched with somewhat the same color that makes "The Dark Flower" so sombrely glowing. It is a greater story than "The Dark Flower," and so is "The Patrician," because the characters are stronger, their natures contain many forces besides sexual passion. Those who see in the story only a sensational appeal to our sexual emotions miss the theme.

"Che faro senza—?" That is the motive. What shall I do when I have lost? Take the blow with an unbowed head, pull through, and live for the other things and the other people that make up life. It is the gospel according to Browning. Stake everything and pocket your losses without whimpering. Stoicism is an old philosophy, often enough repeated in abstract terms. The novelist here has shown real people, dominated by passion, terribly hurt by it, then dominant over their sorrow, and not so small as to indulge in regrets. It is a superb piece of work, so honestly and manfully conceived that I felt a momentary desire to assassinate the "literary editor" of a Boston newspaper who expressed the piously prudish hope that in this book Mr. Galsworthy had sung his "swan song" of sex.

If the English novelist finds among his own countrymen models of steady-headed, soundhearted, thoroughbred heroes who are, however, human, passionate, liable to taste the Heaven and the Hell of illicit relations (and so shock literary editors who ought to be in a nunnery)—if the English novelist feels that a man like Winton in "Beyond" is English to the backbone, why does the novelist always have to go abroad

for the contrasting, irresponsible "artistic temperament"? Is the country that produced Byron and Swinburne not regarded by its own novelists as capable of producing erratic geniuses? I suppose Svengali had to be, or pretend to be, a Pole, and the pianist in Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love" had to be the same sort of mongrel (Scotch and Danish plus a Spanish stepfather!), and Galsworthy's "fiddler fellow," whose music snares Gyp, had to be a Swede. That England is not prolific of musicians is a matter of fact, and it is true that musicians, because of their art, are plausible perturbers of English girls and dramatic foils to unmusical Englishmen. But, aside from the enchantments of music and the supposed wildness of musicians, the Englishman seems to regard erotic vivacity and romance as extra-English, continental, even Scotch or Irish, but not English.

When Mr. Galsworthy wishes to give to Major Winton's daughter a little more of the artistic and romantic than appears in her equally peccant but four-fourths English father, he provides her with an Italian maternal grandmother. That, added to difference of sex, accounts for anything in Gyp that is not in her sire. (And Gyp is perfectly her father's daughter—a rare thing in fiction, as Stevenson said of Roderick Hudson and his mother.) Another added foreign touch which makes Gyp understandable to Englishmen—among whom prevails the greater than the great commandments: "Really, you know, it isn't done!"—is her name. A girl whose name is Gyp can defy English society, whereas a girl named Anne or Ruth (as a much bolder girl might be named) would be simply smothered.

I do not mean to be flippant in discussing this point or any point connected with such a sincere book as "Beyond." This apparently trivial question goes to the heart of international issues, which are terribly vexed just now. Mr. Galsworthy calls her Gyp, which to my mind suggests a Frenchwoman (is it not the *nom de guerre* of a modern French novelist?). Would Gyp have done what she did if her name had been Lydia? Or did her parents name her Gyp because they subconsciously selected the name appropriate to the kind of character they were transmitting?

Mr. Bennett's heroine in "Sacred and Profane Love" is named Carlotta. Did you ever know an English girl or an American girl of New England stock named Gyp or Carlotta? Carlotta's nice, respectable aunt is named Constance, of course. What would have happened if the aunt had been named Carlotta and the niece, Constance? How does the title of Meredith's novel sound if we change it to "Mabel of the Crossways"? This is not a play with names. It is a play with the romance which is around names and with the habit of English novelists of ascribing romantic ideas and ethical irregularities to foreign-sounding names, even when the names designate persons of pure or preponderant English stock.

Is the reason for this that the nations find in other nations villainies and indecencies unknown at home, and also romance unknown at home? Is it possible that villainies and indecencies and romance go together because we all like them but do not dare indulge them at home? Do we not assimilate to ourselves and our nation all the respectable virtues and impute to foreigners things that are not quite nice and proper, even when for some of the things that are not nice and proper we have a secret liking? We suspect our neighbors, dare not be as they are, or, assuming superiority, would not be as they are. One aspect of this idea is gently satirized in "Beauchamp's Career"; the misgivings which Beauchamp's love affair causes in the hearts of his good English relatives are partly due to the fact that Renée is a Frenchwoman.

I do not know (for one person cannot know the literature of all the nations) how far continental novelists show a corresponding feeling of contempt, or suspicion, or romantic strangeness, for each other and for England. There is a story by Maupassant, the name of which I forget, which turns on a Frenchman's detestation of all things English; that, of course, is not Maupassant's attitude but the attitude he ascribes to his character. A Spaniard told me that in his national literature there is no trace of such hostility to the English as English literature betrays toward the Spaniard. Is it too much to hope that after the war we may begin to rid ourselves of the superstitions of national superiority, and at the same time to discover and prize the fine shades of difference which arise from and give value to independent national development? Not only may our state of mind improve; the English have already learned that Frenchmen, Belgians, and Poles can be good sports: but the facts of national life may improve; perhaps in time England may have musicians as great as her novelists.

JOHN MACY.

Discipline

MARCHING MEN. By Sherwood Anderson. (John Lane Co.; $1.50.)

It is a curious, mixed, provocative, and occasionally exasperating book, this second novel of Mr. Anderson's; but it is also interesting—chiefly, to my mind, as the exhibition of a temperament and the setting forth of a point of view that is highly idiosyncratic. Naturally all brief characterizations are unfair, but I suppose "Marching Men" might be described as a pæan to order and (quite incidentally, I hope) a naked and somewhat febrile celebration of force. It is, in fact, too insistently, too stridently and remorselessly dedicated to the main theme to make a wholly satisfactory novel. Nevertheless, it seems to me only natural that a book celebrating order, even a little shrilly, should have grown out of all the clutter and confusion of Chicago, and no doubt we should have had such a book even if Mr. Wells hadn't long since set the fashion.

In the days following the World's Fair Chicago began to accustom itself to criticism—none too tolerantly at first. Mr. Herrick was able to raise the dust by his mild animadversions on the architectural peculiarities of Cottage Grove Avenue. Such criticisms were easily dismissed as the morbidities of a sense refined, and possibly over-refined, by a prolonged familiarity with softer European surfaces, the vagaries, in short, of a delicate ego. Mr. Anderson, on the contrary, although he studies the Chicago of the same period, has little to say of our æsthetic lapses. No; what troubles him is our spiritual untidiness, our stupidity in the sphere of social integration, our vast welter of meaningless and frustrate lives. He is expressing, in other words, what has become the conventionality of the moment, but expressing it with a great deal of passion and in a way that is distinctive enough to excite interest. It is worth noting that neither our crudity nor our violence disturbs him. Force indeed, far from repelling him, fascinates him with what I can only call a slightly pathological fascination. His hero is a Berserker with a big fist, whose most potent argument is always a blow.

There is a corresponding violence in Mr. Anderson's own method. He sets his theme, for example, on the third page. "Standing in the doorway and looking up and down the bleak village street, some dim realization of the disorganized ineffectiveness of life as he knew it came into the mind of the McGregor boy." And on the next page, the boy reflects: "If I could form the men of this place into an army I would lead them to the mouth of the old Shumway cut and push them in. . ." McGregor is then a lad of fourteen or so, living in Coal Creek, Pennsylvania. I daresay there are bespectacled little monsters with a premature appetite for political philosophy who might muse so; but a boy simply bursting with vigor, a boy like "Cracked" McGregor's son; no, no! The love of order has always seemed to me to be distinctly a middle-aged virtue, associated with flagging vitality and the inability to absorb shocks. By this failure of the retrospective imagination, we are early warned to expect no nuances in Mr. Anderson's book, and so we are prepared for other reflections of this untaught miner's son.

> Men of Coal Creek . . . listen to the voice of McGregor. I hate you . . . I hate you because you are weak and disorganized like cattle. I would like to come among you teaching the power of force. I would like to slay you one by one, not with weapons but with my naked fists. If they have made you work like rats buried in a hole they are right. It is the man's right to do what he can. Get up and fight. Fight and I'll get on the other side and you can fight me. I'll help drive you back into your holes.

An adolescent Nietzsche might conceivably have heated his brain with such flights, but McGregor is throughout the foe of intellect. Why talk? Babbling makes a man loose-jawed and flabby. "On and on through life we go, socialists, dreamers, makers of laws, sellers of goods and believers in suffrage for women and we continuously say words, worn-out words, crooked words, words without power or pregnancy in them."

When McGregor arrives in Chicago as a youth of eighteen or so, he is already filled with contempt for the talkers and there runs in his head the thought of marching men—a troop of soldiers that had put down a riot at Coal Creek. That vision is the nucleus of his whole philosophy—the "goose-step" is the way to solidarity. And so he sets the workers of Chicago to marching. Mr. Anderson's is surely the last word of anti-intellectualism; for the men who follow McGregor do not know why they are marching or whither. Mr. Anderson doubtless took his cue from the solidarity of the peoples at war, but he forgets that if the leaders of those men are quite as cynical as McGregor with regard to the thinking-powers of their men, they are still careful to supply substitutes. They manufacture public opinion and attach men to necessary purposes by

holding forth the lure of ideals. So far as I am able to see, McGregor offers the marchers no end beyond the manifestation of power—the power of the workers. Marching satisfies a deep disposition. Very well, let them march, and trust to luck that the collectivist mind will emerge. To present a programme would be only to repeat the old intellectualist fallacy of the socialists and the organizers.

The habit of thinking in terms of groups and masses has rather blunted, I fancy, Mr. Anderson's sense of the intimate and the personal. There are fugitive glints of tenderness here and there, such as McGregor's attachment to the memory of his father or his yearning toward the once despised miners who follow his mother's coffin up the hillside; but on the whole his emotional life, even in the most intimate relations, as those with the tuberculous girl, the plow-manufacturer's daughter, and the little milliner whom he finally marries, is disturbingly arid. With a dim sense of his mission in life, McGregor instinctively fears love. Women are remorselessly possessive. And so McGregor sets himself the problem of loving without yielding to love. He rejects as contemptible the easy solution of the artistic barber, who prowls by night and ogles by day. He often poses the problem, but in the end he does not solve it: he marries the little milliner, who has become a habit and will not divert his attention, rather than the plow-manufacturer's daughter, who has awakened his passion. You are left to infer, if you like, that McGregor ends as he had begun by distrusting passion as the lure of the gods seeking to snare men for their own purposes. Take the scene in which the two women struggle for McGregor's love:

"Stop," she cried. "I do not want you. I would never marry you now. You belong to her. You are Edith's."

McGregor's voice became soft and quiet.

"Oh, I know," he said; "I know! I know! But I want children. Look at Edith. Do you think she could bear children to me?"

A change came over Edith Carson. Her eyes hardened and her shoulders straightened.

"That's for me to say," she cried, springing forward and clutching his arm. "That is between me and God. If you intend to marry me come now and do it. I was not afraid to give you up and I'm not afraid that I shall die bearing children."

And after the decision is made McGregor says:

One struggles to keep a thought in mind, to be impersonal, to see that life has a purpose outside his own purpose. You have perhaps made that struggle. You see I'm making it now. I'm going to take Edith and go back to work.

There is an insensitiveness here that reflects itself even in the words. Mr. Anderson's anti-intellectualism will allow him to leave nothing to the reader; he can't trust us to understand, and therefore he shouts instead of whispering. But I venture to doubt whether even a parishioner of the Reverend Bernard Shaw or a disciple of Professor Pearson really takes the great leap in quite that spirit.

To offset such deficiencies, Mr. Anderson has the skill to make you feel the thick press of life in great cities. The background of that cluttered, disorderly, and violent life of the old South Side, with its Red-Light district that was notorious from Shanghai to St. Petersburg, is effectively realized. Mr. Anderson knows how mixed was the whole network of influences that enmeshed the town, from highest to lowest, and he shows very well the kind of civilization Chicago had then achieved. His touch in the boulevards seems to me less sure, but then I should think the boulevards interest him very little, and he will not mind having such an impression recorded, especially since it is as far as possible from being an expert one. But when all is said Mr. Anderson's book interested me chiefly as the expression of a vigorous and sincere mind, a thoroughly individual mind, that stirs one to argument and tempts one to forget the author's own contempt for the chattering animal that is man.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Personal Recollections by his cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. Putnam's; $2.

A first feeling of disappointment comes when one discovers, at page 38, that the recollections are finished. The disappointment is a compound of surprise at their short length and mild anger at their lack of interest. No comment can surpass, no, nor equal, the certain effect of quotation. Here are two bits: "When he was at Brooke my mother and I went to see him after he was established there. He carried me off up to his own room, which he exhibited with great glee, saying: '*Everything* in this room is mine.' I immediately pointed to a very large family portrait of a lady and child, saying: 'Is *that* yours?' 'No—but everything else is.'" *That* is quoted as an example, presumably, of Algernon's early aptness at repartee. And this, "And whatever his religious opinions were or were not, however much they had departed from those of

our upbringing—as doubtless they did in later days—I never, in our years of unfettered and most familiar intercourse, remember him to have said anything to shock or distress me, or anything that was undesirable for me, as a child or girl, to hear," gives us the comforting assurance that one of England's great poets never shocked his female cousins. The remaining 218 pages are given to letters of little or no interest, which contain no particularly valuable references to people or events. The whole volume contains practically nothing that Mr. Gosse has not presented, in one way or another, in his recent biography of the poet.

THROUGH RUSSIA IN WAR TIME. By C. Fillingham Coxwell. Scribner's; $3.50.

Political Russia is of more vital interest than physical Russia; but at the moment when the fate of that nation seems to centre in one city, it is not amiss to remember that Petrograd is one of the least representative cities of the new republic and that behind all its changes and its transitory emotions there lies the great mass of the Russian people, sturdy, industrious, and immovable. To consider them steadies one's sense of proportion. Mr. Coxwell's book enables one so to consider them, for he has had a rare opportunity for observation, since he travelled in 1915 from Petrograd to the Crimea, and back by way of Tiflis, the Caspian, and the Volga, to Finland and Sweden. He has seen life in the cities and in the tents of nomad peoples. Nor did an imperfect acquaintance with Russian deter him from undertaking any journey that promised returns in the matter of interest or of amusement. The faithful recital of his experiences in all these places forms a volume of unusual interest in spite of a rather stilted manner, and the fact that the examination of a passport receives as much conscientious attention as a voyage up the Volga or a visit to a Kalmuck village. The book is proof that the simple truth may be interesting, but in general we are willing to assume this without proof.

THE CONSTITUTION OF CANADA. By William R. Riddell. Yale University Press; $1.25.

During the past academic year the lectures on the Dodge Foundation at Yale University were delivered by Judge Riddell, of the Supreme Court of Ontario. The subject discussed was the constitutional system of Canada, and the four lectures have now been published. The brevity of the book is such that only an outline of historical development is possible; even "The Constitution in its Actual Workings" and "A Comparative View" are set forth only on broad lines. Furthermore, the subject is treated with a non-legal audience always in mind. The student of history and government, as well as the student of law, will gain little from the volume, although a few comparisons of the advantages and disadvantages of the constitutional systems operating on the two sides of the Great Lakes challenge attention. Persons knowing nothing of the Canadian government and desiring a brief, simple treatise on it, will find the little book useful. Generalizations are indulged in with much freedom, and some are open to question. It certainly is not true, for example, that the American power of impeaching the President is "as dead as the royal veto" in England.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN CITY. By Walter Tallmadge Arndt. Duffield; $1.50.

A delightful book to read is this, both because of the ease with which the author expresses himself, even when dealing with matters of complex municipal finance, and because of his evident familiarity with the city as an industrial, social, and political community. Home rule appears to the author to be the first step toward a solution of the many problems of the modern city. Not only is the achievement of this step necessary to enable the city to direct its affairs in its own interest, but it is indispensable to the training of its citizens in moral self-direction. Concentration of business and political responsibility through commission government (or its equivalent), the short ballot, separation of local from national political issues, the substitution of independent for partisan tickets, an adequate and irreproachable civil service, the regulation and curtailment of public-utility franchises, the rationalization and standardization of the finance methods of the city within the limits at least of solvency—these are some of the most important reforms explained and urged. Such other more or less familiar topics as the initiative and referendum, the recall, preferential primaries, and reformed taxation are not forgotten. The viewpoint of the author is decidedly sane and progressive, and the book may be trusted to hold the interest of the average reader.

MUNICIPAL FUNCTIONS. By Herman G. James. Appleton; $2.

"Municipal Functions" is the twelfth number in the "National Municipal League Series." It is popular in style, practical in aim but scientific in method, and will give the general reader an excellent perspective of the modern problems of city government. Among the most important chapters are two entitled "Public Morals" and "Social Welfare." Here the author definitely

asserts the responsibility of the municipal government for better morals and greater welfare. He takes a liberal attitude toward Sunday amusements. As regards the saloon and liquor problem, he comes to the rather regrettable conclusion that this issue should be decided locally. Adequate provision must be made for suitable public recreation and in such a programme adults are not to be overlooked. He favors a board of censorship which shall examine moving-picture films before production, and thinks that in view of the difficulties involved in controlling the commercial dance halls, the city might experiment with municipal dance halls. He also urges vigorous action for the elimination of the social evil. Better housing is discussed but unusual emphasis is laid on the limitations of municipal action and on the necessity of fundamental social reform to meet the real need. Cities can do much to lessen unemployment and to improve working conditions, though they alone cannot solve the problem, and there is need of better free medical care and legal aid for the poor.

COMMUNITY DRAMA. By Percy Mackaye. Houghton Mifflin; 50 cts.

There is a gap that is not to be bridged between the written and the spoken language. An address set down in cold print, lacking the warm, dramatic appeal furnished by the speaker, is likely to prove an unsatisfying husk at best. At the worst—and this is especially true of the intimate and emotional, of the more informal, address—its very form puts the reader on his guard against being cozened into accepting something fraudulent.

It is rather hard to realize precisely what the value of such a book as Mr. Mackaye's may be. In its original form, as an address delivered before the American Civic Association, it may have fulfilled its purpose of interpretation and suggestion. Printed, it is too slight to be of much value to the student of sociology or of the drama, nor specific enough to be of service to those interested in the practical aspects of the pageant or community play, and too emotional—too sentimental—to carry conviction to the intellectually aware.

Mr. Mackaye undoubtedly has something to say about community drama. His belief in its revolutionary character is worth a hearing. His suggestion that coöperative drama, in our military training camps and in our towns and cities and rural communities, should prove a democratizing influence deserves consideration. If, in his very real enthusiasm, he is over sanguine with regard to what community drama may be able to accomplish in the way of helping to establish the "International Mind" and of affording an outlet for self-expression other than war—that is easy to forgive. But it is difficult to find justification for a presentation so sentimental, so inadequate, so not quite worth while, as this.

WOMEN OF BELGIUM. By Charlotte Kellogg, with an introduction by Herbert C. Hoover. Funk & Wagnalls; $1.

Readers who delighted in the vivid pictures of Belgium given to us by Charlotte Kellogg in the "Atlantic Monthly" under the title of "A Cinema of the C. R. B.," will be pleased to see them reappear with the addition of new "reels." Mrs. Kellogg, the only American woman member of the Committee for Relief in Belgium, worked in that country for several months among the French and Belgian women, and, at the request of Mr. Herbert Hoover, she has written of their work.

There are many angles of vision, of course, from which one may consider the conditions in Belgium, and Mrs. Kellogg has elected to put her emphasis, not upon the source of the Belgian calamity, but rather upon the spiritual reaction of the women to the set of circumstances imposed upon them. For, as Mr. Hoover says in his introduction to this volume, "At first the morale of a whole people was crusht . . . but slowly and largely by the growth of the Relief Organization and the demand it has made upon their exertion and their devotion, this morale has recovered to a fine flowering of national spirit and stoical resolution." The particular work of the women has consisted (to quote Mr. Hoover again) in the "discrimination of the destitute from those who can pay, and the determination of their needs."

By the convincing method of telling of incidents of which she was a witness, Mrs. Kellogg has paid a great tribute to the women of Belgium. For example, in describing the soup *cantines,* she speaks of the women who had ladled out soup for seven hundred days without intermission. She says, "That day, a woman who had not before served on the *soupes* offered her services to the seasoned workers. They were grateful, but smilingly advised her to go home, fill her bath-tub with water, and ladle it out—to repeat this the following day and the following, until finally she might return, ready to endure the work, and above all not to retard the 'Line' five unnecessary minutes! Two and a half years have not dulled the tenderness of these women toward the wretched ones they serve." One notes many touching expressions of devotion toward the unfortunate: the conversion, for instance, of the Antwerp Music Hall into a sewing-room for those greatly in need of employment, where the favorite baritone "of this one-

time concert-hall comes twice a week to stand in the midst of the packing-cases behind his accustomed footlights to sing to this audience driven in by disaster and to teach them the beautiful Flemish folk-songs." For the Belgians set great store by their astonishing sense of rhythm, and they still preserve their feeling for decorative effect.

The conditions which Mrs. Kellogg describes are new to most of us. The Belgian women have been even more heroic than we realized, and their frugality, which she tells of at length, especially in regard to the use of foodstuffs—their ability to "present variety from apparent uniformity"—is full of suggestion for the patriotic housekeeper.

The Religious Education of an American Citizen. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. Macmillan; $1.25.

The homelessness of the American boy, the religion of the college student, the relation of universities to the social conscience, American character, its debits and credits, the failure of pessimistic, institutional Christianity,—all these topics suffer from the decrepitudes of age; but in Francis Greenwood Peabody's new book they receive a very frank, comprehensive, whole-visioned treatment. Dr. Peabody was something like a radical twenty years ago, and unlike many former radicals of the clergy, he is still at least a progressive. "For one educated youth who is alienated from religion by the persuasions of science, philosophy, or art, ten, we may be sure, are estranged by an irrational or impracticable teaching of religion." "To do for others has seemed to the tradition of the Church a superadded and secondary effect of religion, rather than one of its essential and original factors." "Much Christian teaching is still in effect social pessimism." These and much besides stamp the author as more than usually keen and genuine.

Some patent defects that one grieves so often to find in religious writers of prominence are an over-reliance on pretty verbosities, a habit of glib mosaic of Biblical quotation designed to fit into modern problems (going back for its warrant to the infallibility of the scriptures), and a trait that naturally goes with the latter—an odd combination of sound and serious reflection with ramshackle logic. But there is plenty of meat in this book. Chapter four, "The Universities and the Social Conscience," is good reading despite the opening claim that the present generation has "discovered" the social conscience. This is true only in the sense that the age of Elizabeth discovered America. John Smith is no further from Columbus than the "present generation" from the early socialists. Chapter five, giving its title to the book, is also extremely suggestive. True, Mr. Chesterton is given credit for originating the observation that Christianity has "not been tried and found wanting, but found difficult and never tried." Though the words are Chesterton's, Oscar Wilde, and if one mistakes not, Pascal before him, gave the idea currency. "The Conversion of Militarism" is an excellent commentary for our times on William James's suggestion of a "Moral Equivalent for War." Those who years ago admired "Christianity and the Social Crisis"—as who did not?—will welcome this book with the same satisfaction.

Brazil Today and Tomorrow. By L. G. Elliott. Macmillan; $2.25.

Long acquaintance with, and an intimate knowledge of, Brazilian affairs, industrial, financial, and commercial have equipped the author of this work to write not only with fulness of fact, but also with a perspective of values not often found in any encyclopædic compendium. It is a handbook of information culled from reliable sources and illustrated with many examples drawn from a rich experience of residence and travel in this the largest of the American republics. The author is interested primarily in trade rather than in nature and man. He portrays the history of this land to whose stocks not only the aborigines and the best strains of the Portuguese and Spanish peoples have contributed but also Germans, Italians, French, Dutch, British, Russians, Syrians, and Japanese, to say nothing of the large negro element brought as slaves. The self-exiled Americans who emigrated to Brazil at the close of our Civil War have all vanished. The rapid rise of American trade and commerce has brought to this sister republic, however, an increasing contribution from our civilization. Lack of communication and diversity of climatic conditions and agricultural interests tend to isolate the national groups, with the result that there is less fusion of cultures and of sentiment in Brazil than in our own melting-pot. The author's analysis of these results of colonization is particularly illuminating in view of the present crisis in the provinces of the south, where Teutonic influences predominate. The greater part of the book deals with matters of transportation, industry, and finance, with internal and foreign commerce, and with the problems of the development of the vast and as yet almost untouched resources of this great empire. The author is not blind to, nor oblivious of, the hazards which attend the utilization of such resources nor unappreciative of the qualities of enterprise, resourcefulness, and skill demanded of those who seek to control nature in the tropics. One finds here a very full account of railroad development

in Brazil, of the coffee, rubber, matte, cotton, tobacco, sugar, and cacao industries, and of the movements of trade and industrial developments in Brazil in the last decade.

A Soldier of France to His Mother. Translated by Theodore Stanton. A. C. McClurg; $1.

Mr. Stanton, in his Paris letter of some time ago to The Dial, and in the introduction to his own admirable translation of these *"Lettres d'un Soldat,"* has said with grace and judgment nearly all there is to say about this "picture of the interior of a soul." It is composed of a series of letters and jottings sent from a sensitive young artist-soldier to his mother during the period from August 6, 1914 to April 6, 1915, upon which latter day the author "disappeared." It must be a source of great comfort to the mother to feel that, after all, her son achieved in these letters something like complete artistic expression of his noble nature, to know of the wide recognition they have had in France, and to learn that now they are given in English to America, which needs their lesson and their inspiration.

They represent the reaction to the tedium and horror of war of a mind trained in artistic and intellectual pursuits, unused to contact with the sordid side even of peaceful life. One might suppose that such a man could reap only a sorry harvest of despair from out the trench mud and cannon shock. But he contrives so to adapt himself to his new surroundings that out of his experiences there rise flights of spiritual song, renewed consecrations to a task difficult, even repugnant, and glorified visions of a steadfast faith in the ultimate good of things—war included.

In the autumn months of 1914, the writer speaks oftenest of the companionship he finds in Nature. His words, as they paint the scenes of pink and gold and blue that his brush could not catch, are the words of an artist; his meditations, like those of Marcus Aurelius, to whom indeed he has been compared, are assured and tranquil, transcending in their sustained flight all the roar of guns and the cries of wounded, even all self. In February and March there comes a temporary depression. There is one haunting plaint for the days and the way of life that he begins to see are no more. Then once more he mounts to more serene heights than he has known, where he learns that total self-abnegation is the sure way to knowledge. As M. Chevrillon says, in the preface to the French edition, "What counts for him through these weary weeks, what he loves to recall afterwards, what he would ever find again and never lose are those supreme moments in which he felt self-forgetfulness because he had felt the ineffable."

Porfirio Diaz. By David Hannay. Henry Holt; $2.

The life of Porfirio Diaz is the latest addition to the series, "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." The events of the last six years might lead one to doubt whether Mexico is yet fully "made." But Mr. Hannay wisely cautions his readers to remember that Diaz or any other who would labor for the betterment of that country must inevitably find the average native a most discouraging obstacle to progress. His natural characteristics,—mental inertness, a fondness for pulque, and an attachment to community life,—three centuries of repression under the Spanish colonial system, and a century of exploitation at the hands of local caciques and military dictators, hardly prepared him for rapid acquisition of culture and material prosperity at the close of the nineteenth century. Neither were the resources of the country adequate to the task, nor its physiography favorable for a united effort toward those desirable ends. But Diaz did his best, and if he wrought more rapidly than wisely, with more reliance upon force than upon persuasion, he at least afforded his country one generation in which exploitation took a peaceful turn. If this is the best that one can say for his rule, it is at least a welcome contrast to the half-century of anarchy that preceded it, or the six weary years of strife that have followed his exile.

The story of Diaz's own life is a fascinating one. The steps by which the humble farrier's son became a law-student, the local political boss of his district, the successful general, the astute national politician, the leader of a successful revolt (apparently a necessary step in Latin America), the chief magistrate of the Republic and its acknowledged dictator, are told with sufficient clearness, and with a grasp of fundamental causes that makes the book doubly acceptable. One misses the sickening eulogies of a decade ago, and also the bitter tirades of more recent times, though the author is apparently familiar with both, and with contemporary life in Latin America. Mr. Hannay is not sympathetic; neither is he savagely critical. He does not seem to have much hope of immediate betterment in Mexico, nor does he unduly blame Diaz for not training a successor, when such an individual must prove an immediate rival and break down his work in his own lifetime. If this actually happened, despite his utmost efforts to forestall such a catastrophe; if his material creations largely fell into ruins along with the heavy-handed police power that he exercised, it was because Diaz, after all, was but a man, and not the superhuman being that imaginative writers formerly created for us.

Notes on New Fiction

"Bromley Neighborhood," by Alice Brown (Macmillan; $1.50), is not a story of the war, though, since it takes place in 1914, it must, as its author explains, be colored by the Great War "as all life will henceforth be colored forevermore." It is the story of such a community as may be found in New England and occasionally out of it—a community shut off from the rest of the world as a result, not so much of geography as of an essential insularity of spirit. All its passion was spent in its youth. In comfortable middle age, warmed by pride of blood and pride of acres, it sits, if not oblivious of, at least indifferent to, the world that roars outside. Automatically, individuals narrow themselves to its confines—grow old and mellow or old and tart in the charmed circle they have drawn for themselves. Occasionally youth breaks away, but the community remains unchanged.

The lives of the little group of families that compose the community called Bromley Neighborhood furnish Miss Brown with a theme that is almost epic. Her story is the story of a race of men, not of individuals. She follows the intertwined destinies of her characters with a consciousness of the past in which they are so firmly rooted, that is so vivid as to make the story seem sometimes almost symbolic, if not scientific—a study in heredity. Halfway through the book, the war enters. America is not yet a participant; but to all the characters in the book that amount to anything, the war is already "our" war. What Miss Brown calls the spirit of old New England incites them to a holy militarism. They are ready, as their ancestors of yore, to give all they have for freedom—for the Right as they see it. And their new faith, which takes them far beyond the narrow spiritual confines of their neighborhood, is bright enough to furnish light for the unravelling of tangled personal problems. War does, after all, give individuals a chance to save their souls.

Perhaps the men and women of Bromley Neighborhood are a little too consistent, even for New England, where consistency is said to be so common a jewel as to pass unnoticed; perhaps Miss Brown is a shade unsympathetic toward those characters in whom the spirit of New England has shrunk and crystallized into something different. But on the whole, the people of Bromley Neighborhood are real people with reactions that are, on the whole, true—deadly true. In spite of the almost ecstatic hope of the book, indeed because of that hope, it leaves the unbeliever hopeless. People will not give to peace the passion that they give to war. There are many neighborhoods whose only professed pacifists are men whose peace is the "peace of those who have convinced themselves that nothing is worth fighting for." Most of the youth and ardor and high purpose of the world is being spent—gloriously, Miss Brown would have us believe—in destruction.

"Bromley Neighborhood" will be recommended as a "good" book. It is, too, a sincere and moving story, told with more than average skill. But to the unbeliever, "Bromley Neighborhood" is a depressing document, offering fresh proof that the day when wars shall cease is yet far off.

It is not often that an American writer ventures into what may be called native material. Doubtless too much imagination is required to discern the elements of a good story in the commonplace commercial life of every day, or it may be that too much hard work is needed to hold the reader's attention in a story about ordinary people. Elaine Sterne has ventured into this field in "The Road of Ambition" (Britton Publishing Company; $1.35) and has written the sort of story which we are glad to have from an American novelist. She has chosen to write about a laborer in the steel mills, a man with imagination and a passion for power. Such a story could have been written more effectively by a man, but one is willing to pass over certain feminisms in the discussion of business for the sake of the story itself, which is engrossing. To the credit of the author be it said that she has not depended on the trick of coincidence or chance to build a plot. She has found the materials for plot and dénouement in the characters of her story, just as she has found her story in the life of American industry, and that is as it should be.

Those of us who know England have known since the start of the war that something fine and enduring would come out of the throes of conflict, that somehow England would emerge purged in spirit. Two books have been written thus far which indicate that this process is going on. Both books should be read by everyone who wishes a sane analysis of the effects of the war upon individuals who have suffered actual experience, with some hint of the ultimate consequence socially and nationally. These books are Hugh Selincourt's "A Soldier of Life" (Macmillan; $1.50) and Stephen McKenna's "Sonia: Between Two Worlds" (Doran; $1.50). Neither of these novels has any suggestion of Mr. Wells's pyrotechnic omniscience, both of them are characterized by a deep sense of human character and its reaction under Gargantuan crises. "A Soldier of Life" is a study of a man who has been invalided home, only to discover that the readjustment to the sweetly serene and complacent life of the old order is

impossible. The spiritual contrast drives him to the verge of insanity and it is in the working out of his understanding of the deeper significance of life that he wins sanity and happiness, for he discovers that it is more wonderful to live than to kill and that life, if it be truly lived, demands as great discipline, as great sacrifice as does war. "Sonia" is less mystical in its interest, perhaps more typically British for that reason. It is an excellent example of those novels of school and college life which only the English know how to write, perhaps because the English are the only ones who know how to live that life. But it is more than charming narration and delineation; it has a sense of the traits in British character which make it survive. The very qualities which appear in the public-school life, which make gentlemen and sportsmen, are the qualities which make soldiers and which later will make citizens of a truly democratic society. Mr. McKenna writes with charm and brilliance. His name is new to America, but this novel will place him well forward in that group of younger novelists who before the war had started the foundations of a new epoch in the English novel.

No one will gainsay the publisher's statement on the jacket of "Saint Séductre" (by Exile X, Liberty Publishing Association; $1.25) that it is the duty of every true American to acquaint himself thoroughly with each particular element of the Teutonic peril. The purpose of this story is to acquaint the American reader with a certain element in Prussian officialism, and as such it offers material which ought to be borne in mind in whatever discussions of peace the future may see. The book was written in the white heat of intellectual conviction, rather than passion. Terrible as is the picture of the sufferings of the prison camp, the emphasis is not put upon physical tragedy so much as upon the chicanery and deception of those officials whose best interests lie with the survival of Prussianism after the war, even in the guise of democracy. Unfortunately the book is in the form of a dialogue and the average reader is unwilling to concentrate sufficiently to follow a narrative stripped bare of superfluous description or narration. But it is well worth anyone's time to read these short, terrible conversations which concern a prison-camp plot and its tragic culmination. To read this book is to gain an idea of that terrible menace, Prussianism, which when all is said and done has made the German people themselves, as well as the Allies, suffer the atrocities of war.

Leona Dalrymple in "Kenny" (Reilly & Britton; $1.35) has written an American E. Temple Thurston novel; and although the comparison between the two may not be wholly in her favor, it is not meant to be derogatory. For nothing is so difficult—for an American writer, so relentlessly difficult—as the expression of charm in personality. Mr. Merwin has given us his interpretation of New York's bohemia; Miss Dalrymple now gives us hers, and, to tell the truth, it pleases us more. The two peripatetic, mutually adoring, ever-quarreling Irishmen, Kenny and his son, belong to the romantic rather than to the realistic world, but their wanderings and their ways gave us far greater delight than if they had stepped straight out of the Village with the paint of their acquired personalities still wet. Their personalities appear to be inbred. Their adventures are told with liveliness and sympathy.

A thrilling story with a groundwork of common sense! Such is the impression which remains after the pleasurable excitement of reading Burton E. Stevenson's "A King in Babylon" (Small, Maynard; $1.50) has subsided. The story concerns a moving-picture producer and his determination to introduce imagination and art into his work. (Would to heaven that every scenario-writer, producer, and actor in the country would read the stinging criticism of their wooden-headed efforts!) This producer used genuine imagination in building a plot about Henley's lines,

> I was a King in Babylon
> And you were a Christian Slave.

The production carried him and his company to Egypt, where a suitable setting was found in a royal tomb practically excavated by an American archæologist. It is at this point that the seemingly supernatural enters into the tale, giving an extraordinarily weird and gripping turn to the story. But the author, and we hereby render him our thanks, instead of yielding to the easy trick of invoking the supernatural in order to gain his effect, skilfully erects a framework of logical explanation on which one may stand and enjoy the spectacular climax without danger of doing his intelligence injury.

It is not often that a reviewer finds himself in a glow over an American novel, but such is the present writer's experience with Stuart Maclean's "Alexis" (Appleton; $1.50). When a reviewer finds himself in this unwonted condition, it is difficult to explain his feeling. It does not suffice to say that this story has attractive subject-matter; many books are quite as attractive in this respect as this story of a music critic who discovers in the son of his washerwoman something bordering on genius; nor is it enough to say the story is exceptionally well written, or that the characters are deftly drawn, or that there is a lot of splendid talk about music and musicians. There is something beyond these qualities, per-

haps best defined as a sense of human warmth. There is between the lines an indefinable quality of ardor, of the eagerness and intensity of youth and youthful ambitions. One knows from the start that the story will be a happy one and that all will be well in the end. Fancy that the hero is your own protégé. With what vivid pleasure you would see him working out to success! That is exactly the feeling inspired by this excellent story of music, and those who have to do with real music.

"From Death to Life," by A. Apukhtin (R. Frank), is a charming fantasy from the brain of a poet little known in America. It is the tale of a soul's wandering, from the moment of its release from the body of a prince to the moment, a few hours later, when it found breath in the body of a child born to the favorite maid of the prince's wife. The extravagance of the central idea in no way detracts from one's enjoyment of the piece. The prose is simple and direct—and the images are poetic. Franklin Booth supplies seven pen-and-ink drawings that help materially to translate the spirit and delicacy of the little story. The slender volume is Number 1 in a series of "Gems of Russian Literature," which Mr. Frank intends to bring out.

To those who have found war too gloriously represented in fiction, to those who would like to know a few of the typical fighting men of the eastern and western fronts, shorn of their civilized demeanor and expressing in action the purely elemental impulses, we recommend "The Fighting Men," by Alden Brooks (Scribner's; $1.35). In these stories the Parisian of the Boulevards is shown rallying from his acquired inertia to the pitch of daring that has made his country famous. The Russian peasant is portrayed with all his faults and not a few telling virtues. The Belgian, the Prussian, and the American of the Ambulance and the Foreign Legion are shown very much as one would expect them to appear. Mr. Brooks has had the opportunity of knowing his men at first hand, and his imagination is as fertile as it is grim.

"Mrs. Hope's Husband," by Gelett Burgess (Century; $1), is a delightfully humorous comedy of manners and character. We have always been led to believe that among the candidates for divine reward the wife of a genius stood high. We now perceive our mistake; her claim shrinks to insignificance beside that of the husband of a famous woman. How he may mitigate his sufferings is one of the things that an acquaintance with Mr. Hope has taught us. But more especially would we recommend this little book to the flourishing Mrs. Hopes of the universe, who cannot, unaided, appreciate the pathetic condition of being a husband.

Casual Comment

The death of Henry E. Legler, head of the Chicago Public Library, is not only a serious loss, but one that comes much too soon. Mr. Legler was only fifty-six—having been born of Swiss-Italian parentage at Palermo, in 1861—and should have remained a serviceable factor in the higher life of the community for more years than the brief eight during which he served. But he never spared himself in his work, and his work wore him out. He was a man of initiative and of ideas: "Only start a thing and somehow it will go through" might have been his motto. He came to Chicago from journalistic and library work in Wisconsin. His chief success here was in the enlargement of library service through the extension of the branch system: it was his aim to "carry the book to the people." His latest effort was to found the movement for supplying our soldiers and sailors with libraries—a work which, initiated in Chicago, has been taken up by the libraries and reading public all over the country. Mr. Legler was a finely sympathetic personality, beloved by his staff and deserving of high appreciation from a public faithfully and intelligently served.

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A scent for social wrongs has been indulged once more, on a large scale, by Upton Sinclair. He is publishing a novel about the life, the work, and the surroundings of the men, women, and children who live in the coal-mining camps and earn their livelihood there. "King Coal" is the book's rather journalistic title. If this new book is as honestly and earnestly meant as "The Jungle," one hopes it will not have the same bad luck of being wrenched somewhat from its purpose. "The Jungle," written to expose human conditions "behind the yards," was taken as a mere sensational disclosure of repellent manufacturing processes. For interest in the worker there was substituted an interest in the product. If the same ill luck again befalls, we shall have, instead of the reform of serious social evils among our newer citizenry, only a document on the production and distribution of our winter's fuel—a burning question, to be sure, but not quite the same as the plaint of the becoming American under unfair conditions in days of doubt and stress.

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A book of Bible love-stories, in the manner and idiom of "Billy" Sunday, is on the way and seems calculated to arouse apprehensions. Mr. Sunday has arranged a series of narratives which deal with Ruth, Esther, Rachel, Rebekah, Delilah, and other heroines of Scripture. They will doubtless have their own air. Well, other times, other manners; other days, other tones

and tempers. If we but concede that old tales must be retold for newer generations in the taste of the period, that old garments must be given a new cut and hang for the mental shoulders and limbs of the Latest Comers, and that novel colors and timbres are justly demanded by the human run-of-the-mine in its newest psychical development—the rest is easy. But Ruth presented in the parlance of vaudeville or Esther squared to the taste of the bleachers—well, does the prospect quite please?

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A SHEAF OF DIVORCE PAMPHLETS FROM ENGLAND helps to remind us of the crying need of one social reform in Britain and of the checks and delays which the war is occasioning. The Divorce Law Reform Union still issues its leaflets and its annual reports. Its officers have been asked why they have not, like so many bodies dealing with controversial questions, accepted a truce and closed their doors during the great struggle. They reply that the chief opponents of the Union, those who insist on taking the religious (or even the ecclesiastical) view of marriage, have increased their activities against the extension of the divorce laws; also, that many of the domestic problems raised by the war are a direct result of the marriage and divorce laws at present in force. The Union, despite the opposition of such tories as Lord Hugh Cecil, will continue, then, to present marriage in a secular aspect, and to promote procedures which shall act to assimilate British laws to those of other and more liberal countries, and which shall result in making divorce easier for the poor by means of reduced costs and the establishment of local divorce courts.

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A WAR CATECHISM IN A FASHION MAGAZINE could scarcely fail to arrest the attention. "Do you believe in slavery?" the author begins earnestly. "Do you think the Germans are wrong or right?" and, "If wrong, would you like to live under German rule?" he continues. Then, further: "Is American blood more precious than French blood? If so, why?—Why have the French women stopped dancing during the war? —Have French women a better sense of the fitness of things than American women? If so, why?—If your men go to the war, what are you going to do besides let them go?" After some thirty questions of like tenor, one turns the leaf and finds . . . ? A page of brides in full bridal splendor. Opposite them "the advance guard of the Paris openings." Close at hand "a continuance of straight skirts, perhaps a bit longer and narrower." Then pictures of "loose coats of green velours de laine," and so on. One judges that American women *do* believe in slavery, that they are unlikely to forego the pride of life until the pinch of war becomes much more acute, and that a worldly journal of fashion and society is not the vehicle for effective protest against carrying the pomps and vanities of peace times into days of war.

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A PROTEST AGAINST THE HAPPY ENDING, as well as against the servile editor who would bestow on such termination a value and consequence hardly its due, may be found in the recent publication of a volume of short stories. There are a dozen or more of them, by different authors; and their grim and gruesome character has made them, despite merit, impracticable for the magazines as now conducted. Therefore the authors now sally forth in company and ask a general verdict from the public itself. However, the taste of the public in stories and in story-endings may be got more easily and more conclusively than from the printed book. A few evenings among the films will make the point perfectly clear. We ask for the amiable and the optimistic. Perhaps not one movie story in a hundred "ends badly"; our public will not stand it. The final turn toward happiness—however foolish and illogical that turn, whatever violence it may do to likelihood or even to the essential character of established works of fiction —must be accomplished somehow. Perhaps our associated authors are but asking that, in a world of clashing and cruel realities, we summon up enough fortitude to endure the logical and the true.

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WHERE WILL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR LEAVE BAEDEKER? The admirable guidebooks published at Leipzig have long been among the most agreeable and serviceable manifestations of the German spirit. With peace declared, will the Anglo-Saxons use them as docilely as before? Possibly not. Word comes that a series of English "Baedekers" is projected, to be "done" by British editors formerly employed by the house of Baedeker itself. Doubtless Mr. J. F. Muirhead, the able author of "Baedeker's Handbook for the United States," will have an important share in the new series. Its publishers have acquired the rights to the travel-guides of Murray and of Macmillan. One trusts that the volumes of the new venture may be more like the Leipzig prototype and less in the fashion conceived by London: to use Murray after having used Baedeker was always a vexation. The first issues of the new series will deal with London, Paris, Belgium, and Northern France. The two last, obviously, will be in great demand and will supplement the post-war tourist arrangements which are already being shaped by the French government.

The Fall Announcement List

In accordance with the custom of THE DIAL there is here presented the annual classified list of books announced for fall and winter publication, exclusive of educational and text books, which were announced in the Educational Number, August 30, and books relating to sports and outdoor life, nature, health and hygiene, new editions of standard works, and miscellaneous books, which will be printed in the next issue. Our list of juvenile books will be published in the Juvenile Holiday issue, December 6. These lists are compiled from data submitted by the publishers.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

The Middle Years, an autobiography by Henry James.—Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis, edited by his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, illus.—The Life and Art of William Herritt Chase, by Katharine Metcalf Roof, illus.—Thomas Gainsborough, by William T. Whitley, illus., $5.—These Many Years, by Brander Matthews, $3.—Twenty Years at Court, from the correspondence of Hon. Eleanor Stanley, edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine, illus., $4.50.—Reminiscences of a Literary Life, by Charles MacFarlane, $3.50.—Portraits and Backgrounds, by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield, $2.50.—With Americans of Past and Present Days, by J. J. Jusserand, eighth printing, $1.50.—Further Pages of My Life, by the Right Reverend W. Boyd Carpenter, $3.50.—My Story, Being the Memoirs of Benedict Arnold, by Frederic J. Stimson, illus., $2. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The House of Lyme, by Lady Newton, illus., $6.50.—Algernon Charles Swinburne, by Mrs. Disney Leith, illus., $2.—Memoirs of the Comte de Mercy Argenteau, translated and edited by George S. Hellman, 2 vols., illus., $10.—The Life and Works of Wessel Gansfort, by Edward W. Miller, D. D., 2 vols., illus., $7.50.—Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed, by W. Cabell Bruce, 2 vols., illus., $6.—William Claiborne of Virginia, by John Herbert Claiborne, with frontispiece, $2.50.—Pioneer Mothers of America, by Harry Clinton Green and Mary Wolcott Green, 3 vols., illus., the set, $7.50.—Glimpses of the Cosmos, a mental autobiography, by Lester F. Ward, 6 vols, per vol., $2.50.—West Point, by Robert Charlwood Richardson, Jr., with foreword by Major-General Hugh L. Scott, illus., $2.—Life at the U. S. Naval Academy, by Ralph Earle, with introduction by Franklin Roosevelt, illus., $2. (G. P. Putman's Sons.)

The Life of John Fiske, by John Spencer Clark, illus., $7.50.—Henry Thoreau as Remembered by a Young Friend, by Edward Waldo Emerson, illus., $1.25.—Letters of John Holmes, selected by Alice Longfellow and Mary Ware, illus., $2.50; large-paper, $3.50.—Letters and Writings of James Greenleaf Croswell, illus., $2.—Honest Abe, by Alonzo Rothschild, illus., $2.—Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln, brought together by Gilbert A. Tracy and Ida M. Tarbell, with frontispiece, $2.50; large-paper, $5.—Daniel Webster in England, The Journal of Harriette Story Paige, 1839, edited by Edward Gray, illus., $4.50. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin, by Louise Creighton, $5.50.—Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton, edited by John Neville Figgis and Reginald Vere Laurence, 2 vols., $5.—Life and Letters of Maggie Benson, by Arthur C. Benson.—Correspondence of John Henry Newman with Keble and Others—1839 to 1845, edited at the Birmingham Oratory.—Life of Mère Marie de Jésus, illus.—Burrows of Michigan and the Republican Party, by William Dana Orcutt, 2 vols., illus.—Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, by Sir Edward Thorpe, with frontispiece, $2.50—A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland, by H. F. B. Walker, illus., $2.10.—Letters of Arthur George Heath, with memoir by Gilbert Murray, $1.25. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale, by his son, Edward Everett Hale, Jr., illus., $5.—Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby, edited by his brother-in-law, Charles Wells Russell, illus., $3.—Richard Strauss: The Man and His Works, by Henry T. Finck, $2.50.—My Fifty Years in the Navy, by Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., illus., $2.50.—The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, Reminiscences and Letters of Madame Breshkovskaya, edited by Alice Stone Blackwell, with frontispiece, $2. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Recollections, by Viscount Morley, 2 vols., $7.50.—The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Vol. V, by George Earl Buckle, illus., $3.—The Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Ida M. Tarbell, illus., $5.—The Life of Augustin Daly, by Joseph Francis Daly, illus., $5.—The Life of Clara Barton, by Percy H. Epler, new edition, $1.75.—Political Portraits, by Charles Whibley.—Life of Lord Lister, by Sir Rickman J. Godlee, illus.—The Life and Work of George Sylvester Morris, by R. M. Wenley, with frontispiece. (The Macmillan Co.)

A Soldier's Memories, by Sir George Younghusband, $5.—Through Life and Around the World, by Raymond Blathwayt, illus., $3.50.—The Devonshire House Circle, by Hugh Stokes, illus., $3.50.—An Admiral's Wife in the Making, by Lady Poore.—Giordano Bruno, His Life, Thought and Martyrdom, by William Boulting.—A Great Russian Tone-Poet—Scriabin, by Eaglefield Hull.—The Life and Work of John Richardson Illingworth, edited by his wife, illus.—Paul Jones, by Don C. Seitz. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

A Naturalist of Souls, by Gamliel Bradford, $2.50.—Life and Letters of Robert Collyer, by John Haynes Holmes, 2 vols., illus., $5.—The Master of the Hill: A Biography of John Meigs, by W. Russell Bowie, with frontispiece, $3.—Joseph H. Choate, by Theron G. Strong, illus., $3.—A Hawaiian Pioneer, by W. R. Castle, Jr., illus., $2.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Mark Twain's Letters, edited by Albert Bigelow Paine, 2 vols., uniform with trade edition of Mark Twain's Works, $4; uniform with Library Edition of "Mark Twain: A Biography," $5.—Years of My Youth, by William Dean Howells, illus., $2.50.—Diplomatic Days in Mexico, by Edith O'Shaughnessy, illus., $2.—An American in the Making, by M. E. Ravage, $1.50. (Harper & Brothers.)

In the World, by Maxim Gorky, $2.—Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness, by George Inness, Jr., illus., $4.—Heroines of Service, by Mary R. Parkman, illus., $1.35.—Heroes of Today, by Mary R. Parkman, illus., $1.35. (The Century Co.)

Letters From Our Own Belgian Legation, by Hugh Gibson, illus., $2.—A Personal Record, by Joseph Conrad, $1.75.—A Green Tent in Flanders, by Maud Mortimer, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Journal of Leo Tolstoi (1895-99), translated by Rose Strunsky, $2. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

The Reminiscences of Raphael Pumpelly, 2 vols., illus., $7.50.—Goethe, by Calvin Thomas, $2.—Makers of the Nineteenth Century: Li Hung Chang, by J. O. P. Bland; Abdul Hamid, by Sir Edwin Pears, edited by Basil Williams, with portrait, each, $2. (Henry Holt & Co.)

To Mexico with Scott, letters of Capt. E. Kirby Smith, edited by Emma Jerome Blackwood, with frontispiece, $1.25. (Harvard University Press.)

Francis Joseph and His Court, by Herbert Vivian, illus., $3.—The Life of John Wilkes, by Horace Bleackley, illus., $5. (John Lane Co.)

Rubens, by Louis Hourticq, illus., $2.50.—Memories, by Alma Newton, $1. (Duffield & Co.)

Strindberg the Man, by Gustaf Uddgren, translated from the Swedish, by Axel J. Uppvall, with portrait, $1.25. (The Four Seas Co.)

Life of Tolstoy, by Nathan H. Dole, $1. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Karl Bitter: A Biography, by Ferdinand Schevill, $2. (The University of Chicago Press.)

Jay Cooke, Financier of the Civil War, by Ellis P. Oberholtzer, new edition, 2 vols., illus., $3. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Audubon, the Naturalist, by Francis Hobart Herrick, illus., $7.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Hugo Grotius, by Hamilton Vreeland, Jr., illus., $2.—Ingram Bywater: An Oxford Scholar, by W. W. Jackson. (Oxford University Press.)

The Journal of an Author, by Dostoevsky, $1.25. (John W. Luce & Co.)

Jean Jaurés, by Margaret Pease, $1. (B. W. Huebsch.)

President Wilson From an English Point of View, with portrait and maps, $2.—Life of William Penn., by John W. Graham, $3. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Starr King in California, by William Day Simonds, $1.25. (Paul Elder & Co.)

From Romance to Reality, by Henry C. Mabie, $2. (The Standard Publishing Co.)

My Log, by Robert Barrie, illus., $2. (The Franklin Press.)

From Bull Run to Appomattox, by Luther W. Hopkins, illus., with maps, $1.35. (Published by the author.)

The Life of Rev. Walter Ellis Powers, by A. N. White, $1. (Baptist Book Concern.)

James Monroe Buckley, by George P. Mains, $1.50. (The Abingdon Press.)

HISTORY

The Syrian Trouble of 1860, by J. F. Scheltema.—The Great Roll of the Pipe for the Twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of King Henry the Third, A. D. 1241-1242 (Yale Historical Publications, Manuscripts and Edited Texts), prepared and edited by Henry Lewin Cannon, boards, $5.—Writings on American History, for the Years 1912, 1913, 1914, and 1915, a bibliography, compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin, per vol., $2.50.—The History of Legislative Methods in the Period before 1825 (Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany, Vol. V), by Ralph V. Harlow, $2.25.—The Readjuster Movement in Virginia (Yale Historical Publications, Miscellany, Vol. IV), by Charles C. Pearson, with maps, $2.50.—The Development of the British West Indies (Yale Historical Publications, Studies, Vol. V), by Frank Wesley Pitman, with map, $2.50. (The Yale University Press.)

History of the Civil War, 1861-1865, by James Ford Rhodes, with maps. A History of the United States Since the Civil War, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Vol. I, $2.50.—The Writings of John Quincy Adams, Vol. VII, edited by Worthington C. Ford, $3.50.—A History of the Pacific Northwest, by Joseph Schafer, new edition, $2.—Jewish Life in the Middle Ages, by Israel Abrahams, $1.75.—History of Serbia, by Captain H. W. V. Temperley, $4.—British Foreign Policy in Europe to the End of the Nineteenth Century: A Rough Outline, by H. E. Egerton.—Main Currents of European History, 1815-1915, by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Virgin Islands of the United States of America, by Luther K. Zabriskie, illus., $4—Denmark and Sweden, with Iceland and Poland (Stories of the Nations Series), by John Stefansson, illus., $1.50.—France, England, and European Democracy, 1215-1915, by Charles Cestre, $1.75.—A Short History of Rome, by Guglielmo Ferrero, assisted by Corrado Barbagallo, 2 vols., $2.—Old Roads from the Heart of New York, by Sarah Comstock, illus., new edition, $2.50.—The Columbia River, by William Dennison Lyman, new edition, illus., $2. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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Textiles and Costume Design, by Evelyn Peters Ellsworth, illus., $1. (Paul Elder & Co.)

An Embroidery Pattern Book, by Mary E. Waring, illus., $2.25. (Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

The Household Budget, by John B. Leeds, $1.50. (Published by the author.)

The Mother in the Home, by Josephine Story, 75 cts.—The Heart of a Mother to Be, by Mabel H. Robbins, $1. (The Pilgrim Press.)

With the Children, by William V. Kelley, illus., 75 cts. (The Abingdon Press.)

Women as Munition Workers, by Amy Hewes and Henrietta E. Walter, 75 cts. (Russell Sage Foundation.)

Vegetable Gardening and Canning, by A. W. Nolan and James H. Greene, 32 cts. (Row, Peterson & Co.)

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

Seventeen autograph letters of Lafcadio Hearn have recently come into the possession of Gabriel Wells, of New York City. They were written in 1883-84 to J. W. Bouton and show the work that Hearn was doing prior to the preparation of his

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book, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." Some of the "Leaves" owe their origin to the works sent by Bouton to Hearn at his request.

Two important manuscripts are owned by Mr. Wells. One is a sketch of Mark Twain, written by himself on fourteen octavo pages. At the top of the first page is the following note in his handwriting:

"In 'Mark Twain' Mrs. Clemens wishes you to ask Sam Moffett, my nephew (Editor of The New York Journal), to write the biographical sketch from these notes and then she would like to see it before it is printed. S. L. C."

The manuscript is edited by Mrs. Clemens. The other manuscript is by Walt Whitman, is entitled "How I get around at 60," and is written on eleven octavo pages.

Mr. Wells has also a contemporary manuscript of the trial in Star Chamber of John Wrenham, gentleman, on charges that he had alleged falsely that the Lord Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, had "done injustice unto His King's Majesty." The document is dated April 29, 1618, and is a declaration of the whole proceedings of information. It gives the statements of the king's counsel, Sir Henry Yelverton, and of John Wrenham, speeches of other members of the court, and the summing up of the case, with the court's decree. The manuscript is in binding by Sangorski and Sutcliffe. There is only one other contemporary copy of these proceedings, and that is in the Public Record office in London. The verdict was against Wrenham, who was fined £1000. It was also ordered that his ears be clipped. In 1621 charges of corruption were brought against Bacon, who confessed. He was fined, degraded, and imprisoned.

The first sale of 1917-18 by the Anderson Auction Company, of New York, will probably not take place until about November 15, owing to the delay in getting the old Arion Club building in shape for auction sales.

Patrick F. Madigan, of New York, has just sold to a collector of autographs the following letter of Alexander Hamilton:

Sir,

As in our conversations on the important subject of a representation in the ensuing Congress I had the pleasure to perceive that you were inclined to pursue a moderate and accommodating line of conduct; and as I have reason to believe that representations will be made of the sense of this city calculated to nourish a spirit of pertinacity on the majority of the Assembly which may counteract the prudent views you entertain, I have thought it might be useful to possess you of a true state of facts on this head, of which you may make such use as you think proper.

The general sentiments of the citizens are that the Senate are right in the principle for which they contend; but a considerable number are of opinion that it would be better for them to depart from it than to hazard a loss of the seat of government for want of a representation on the Senate. This, however, though an extensive sentiment is far from being universal. I verily believe and I have taken great pains to ascertain the matter that a more considerable number hold that the Senate ought to persevere at every hazard. This I take to be a true account of the state of things here, and you may venture confidently to hold it up in opposition to the exaggerated stories with

which the violent partisans will endeavor to preclude the possibility of accommodation.

But if the case were in reality such as it will be represented to be what ought to be the inference from it? Will it therefore be reasonable to sacrifice the interests of the State to a humour utterly averse to all compromise or accommodation? Perhaps it may be supposed that in this situation of affairs the Senate will be induced to yield the point. I sincerely wish that an illusion of this kind may not be productive of mischief which we may all have occasion to regret. I flatter myself, you will believe me, Sir, when I assure you upon my honour that from everything I know of the disposition of the members of the Senate, I am led to conclude that the majority will in no event accede to the unqualified idea of a joint ballot. I am thus emphatical in my assurances on this point because I think it is of the utmost importance that there should be no mistake about it; and that if an adherence to that plan is resolved upon it may be under the full impression that a representation will not take place. And while I make this declaration I cannot but flatter myself that however it may be imagefied that I miscalculate the firmness of the Senate it will at least be believed that I am incapable of an attempt to deceive under the sanction I have used.

Truly, Sir, this is a matter of serious moment. And allow me to hope that you will dispassionately weigh all the consequences of an obstinate adherence to the ground taken in the Assembly. I am far from wishing that house to sacrifice its dignity; but I am satisfied that this cannot be the case by coming into the compromise we have talked of. The Senate will in this, as far as principle is concerned, give us more than the Assembly. Permit me to observe that however violent may become certain characters, your situation calls upon you to be an umpire between the zealots of all parties. You, Sir, as well as myself have assented to the National Constitution. Your reputation, as well as mine, is concerned that the event shall justify the measure and that the people shall have reason from experience to think we have acted well in making them parties to that Constitution. And this can only be done by pursuing such measures as will secure to them every advantage they can promise themselves under it. The vanity and malignity of some men may be gratified by embarrassing the outset of the government; but this line of conduct would be a species of political suicide in every man who has in any shape given his assent to the system. I cannot doubt, Sir, that this observation will strike you as of great and real force and that you will readily perceive a vast dissimilitude between the situation of those who have concurred in establishing the Constitution and those who have uniformly opposed. An alliance between these two descriptions of men is unnatural and if closely pursued will certainly give cause of repentance to the former.

In taking the liberty to make these remarks I persuade myself you will discover nothing of a disposition unfriendly to you. I am much mistaken if we do not now or shall not at a future day agree on the prudence of the suggestions contained in this letter. I remain,

Your obedient and humble servt.,
A. Hamilton.

New York, Jan. 21, 1789.
The Honorable Samuel Jones Esquire.
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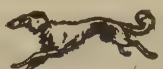
Lewis M. Thompson, of 29 Broadway, New York, has published a limited edition of "Americana Ebrietatis; the Favorite Tipple of our Fore-



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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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fathers and the Laws and Customs Relating thereto," by Hewson L. Peeke, of Sandusky, O., the possessor of one of the largest collections of books and pamphlets in the United States relating to inebriety. In the opening chapter on "Customs based on Race Source or Population," Mr. Peeke says:

> The drinking habits of the Dutch colonists were excessive. Tempered in their tastes somewhat by the universal brewing and drinking of beer, they did not use as much as the Puritans of New England, nor drink as deeply as the Virginia planters, but the use of liquor was universal. A libation was poured on every transaction, at every happening of the community; in public as well as private life John Barleycorn was a witness in the drawing of a contract, the signing of a deed, the selling of a farm, the purchase of goods, the arbitration of a suit. If a party backed out from a contract he did not back out from the treat. Liquor was served at vendues and made the bidders expansive. It appeared at weddings, funerals, church openings, deacon ordainings and house raisings. No farm hand in haying, no sailor on a vessel, no workman in a mill, no cobbler, tailor, carpenter, mason or tinker would work without some strong drink or treat.

In the chapter on "Bench and Bar," Judge Story is quoted as saying:

> Our intercourse is perfectly familiar and unrestrained and our social hours, when undisturbed with the labors of law, are passed in gay and frank conversation which at once enlivens and instructs. We take no part in Washington society. We dine once a year with the President, and that is all. On Mondays we dine together and discuss at table the questions which are argued before us. We are great ascetics and even deny ourselves wine except in wet weather. What I say about the wine gives you our rule; but it does sometimes happen that the Chief Justice will say to me when the cloth is removed: "Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain." And if I tell him the sun is shining brightly Justice Marshall will sometimes reply: "All the better for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere." The Chief was brought up on Federalism and Madeira and he is not the man to outgrow his early prejudices.

In the chapter on "Church and Clergy," there is a letter from Cotton Mather "to ye Aged and Beloved Mr. John Higginson," dated September "ye 15, 1682," in which he says:

> There is now at sea a ship called the Welcome, which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them. The General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott, of the brig Porpoise, to waylay the said Welcome, slyly, as near the Cape of Cod, as may be, and make captive the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked but we shall make great good for his ministers and people. Master Huscott feels hopeful, and I will set down the news when the ship comes back. Yours in ye bowels of Christ,
>
> Cotton Mather.

Notes and News

Pierre de Lanux is one of the brilliant group of young writers that made the "Nouvelle Revue Française" notable. He was secretary of the "Revue" for the first three years of its existence. He has served as a war-correspondent in the Balkans, and acted as chief of section in the French Ambulance in Belgium and Salonica until invalided home. He is now in America seeking to bring about closer relations between the young writers of America and those of his own country. He is the author of "Imaginaires," a book of verse, and a study of the problem of the southern Slavs.

Richard Aldington's poem was written in the trenches. He is now at an officers' training camp in England, preparing to return to the front.

Louis S. Friedland is associate editor of "The Russian Review," and a member of the staff of the "Viestnik Ameriki."

M. C. Otto's work is well known to readers of The Dial. He is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

A new novel by James Lane Allen is soon to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Ian Hay has completed the dramatization of his early novel, "Happy-Go-Lucky," for a London production.

A second edition of "Indian Names, Facts, and Games for Camp Fire Girls," by Florence M. Poast, has just appeared.

Elia W. Peattie is represented on Houghton Mifflin's autumn list by "The Newcomers," a story of young people who are newcomers in a village.

Sara Teasdale has compiled an anthology of love lyrics by women under the title, "The Answering Voice," which has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Harry A. Frank, whose name is familiar to all who have a liking for the vagabond in literature, recently sailed for France as second lieutenant in a division of cavalry.

Edward Robeson Taylor, former mayor of San Francisco, is the author of a collection of war poems, entitled "To Arms." The book is published by Paul Elder & Co.

Messrs. Boni and Liveright will shortly publish the first English translation of Charles de Coster's "La Légende de Thyl Uilenspiegel," with the original Rops illustrations.

Abraham Cahan, whose novel "The Rise of David Levinsky" was a recent publication of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is the editor of the largest Yiddish daily newspaper in the world.

Mary Pickford is to be featured in the film version of "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley," a sequel to which, "Amarilly In Love," is one of Little, Brown & Co.'s fall publications. Another of this company's fall books, Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," is also to be set to the camera.

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The Princeton University Press will publish shortly "The World Peril," consisting of the collected views of a group of Princeton University scholars on various phases of the war.

A. Eaglefield Hull, editor of the "London Monthly Musical Record," is the author of a book on Alexander Scriabin, the Russian composer, which will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," turning her attention to the twelfth century, has written a novel called "The White Ladies of Worcester," which will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Vida D. Scudder, professor of English literature in Wellesley College, has written a new study for general reading of Malory's Morte D'Arthur and its sources, which will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Robert J. Shores announces for early publication a volume of verse entitled "Christmas Days," by Judd Mortimer Lewis, who conducts a daily column in the "Houston Post," in which many of his poems of childhood have appeared.

Theodore Dreiser's first novel, "Sister Carrie," which has been published from time to time under more or less unsatisfactory conditions, is now to be published again in final, authorized form. The new publisher will be Boni and Liveright.

Robert M. McBride & Co. announce a second edition of Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights," the first edition having been exhausted on the day of publication. In October they will bring out a volume of Mr. Burke's verse, entitled "London Lamps."

Lieutenant J. S. Smith's "Trench Warfare" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) went into a second edition within a week of publication. The author is an American who enlisted as a private in the British army and has since been almost continuously at the front.

The Yale University Press is to issue in October "A Book of Verse of the Great War." Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Maurice Hewlett, Cecil Chesterton, Edgar Lee Masters, John Galsworthy, Alfred Noyes, and Rabindranath Tagore are contributors.

Something of a departure from the popular method of writing American history is promised in Harris Dickson's "Unpopular History of the United States," which is soon to be published by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. The author has drawn his material from authentic government data.

Mrs. Julian LaRose Harris, daughter-in-law of Joel Chandler Harris, has begun work upon the authorized life of her famous relative. Those who have letters from Joel Chandler Harris are requested to send them to her in care of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Co., 4 Park Street, Boston. All letters sent will be copied and promptly returned, if the owners so wish.

The "Proceedings" of the Nineteenth International Congress of Americanists, held at Washington, December 27-31, 1915, has just made its appearance. It is a handsome, royal octavo volume of 717 pages, with many illustrations, and in addi-

tion to the proceedings of the Congress includes ninety articles on American archæology, ethnology, folklore and tradition, history, linguistics, and physical anthropology. The work was prepared by Dr. A. Hedlicka of the U. S. National Museum, who was general secretary of the Congress, and is edited by Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

A book for American business men is announced by B. W. Huebsch, entitled "How Germany Does Business," by Dr. P. P. Gourvitch. The author is a graduate of a Russian commercial college and has studied economics in Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna. He has also lectured on foreign exchange, investments, and trade.

A new kind of adventure story is promised by John Lane in C. A. Robbins's "The Unholy Three." The characters are three freaks in a circus side-show who turn against society and start on a career of crime. In each of the characters the author finds the personification of some one of the evils that human flesh is heir to.

Allan Updegraff, whose first novel, "Second Youth" (Harpers), is attracting exceptional attention, was born in the middle West, and spent his early boyhood in Iowa and Missouri. His first journalistic experience was in South Chicago, where he worked up to the position of city editor. At that stage he left journalism and entered Yale, where he was later editor-in-chief of the "Yale Monthly."

The American Printing House for the Blind announce that the following books, published by Houghton Mifflin Co., are to be printed in New York point for the blind: "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William Dean Howells; "Union Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Joyful Heart," by Robert Haven Schauffler; and "Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge Morris. The books are being made for the New York State Library.

The plan for the awarding of the Loubat Prizes, established at Columbia University by Duc De Loubat, is announced as follows: The prizes are awarded every five years for the best original works in English dealing with North America at any period preceding the Declaration of Independence. The value of the first prize is not less than $1000 and that of the second not less than $400. The jury will consider the work of all persons whether citizens of the United States or of another country. The award of the prizes will be publicly announced at the annual commencement in 1918. The jury of award is: William Milligan Sloane, Seth Low professor of history in Columbia University; Paul van Dike, professor of history in Princeton University; and Herbert Eugene Bolton, professor of history in the University of California. Works which have appeared between January 1, 1913 and December 31, 1917 which treat of the history, geography, or numismatics of North America, or some topic comprised within these general subjects, will be considered. Competitors should address all communications to the Secretary of Columbia University, New York City.

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FALL PUBLICATIONS

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Ibsen: Journeyman Dramatist

Ibsen, like Wagner and Manet, has lived down his commentators, and is now ready to be examined and enjoyed for what he actually was, namely, a first-rate journeyman dramatist, perhaps the best that ever lived. Twenty years ago he was hymned and damned as anything and everything else: symbolist, seer, prophet, necromancer, maker of riddles, rabble-rouser, cheap shocker, pornographer, spinner of gossamer nothings. Fools belabored him and fools defended him; he was near to being suffocated and done for in the fog of balderdash. I know of no sure cure for all the sorrows of the world, social, political, or æsthetic, that was not credited to him, read into him, forced into his baggage. And I know of no crime against virtue, good order, and the revelation of God that he was not accused of. The product of all this pawing and bawling was the Ibsen legend, that fabulous picture of a fabulous monster, half Nietzsche and half Dr. Frank Crane, drenching the world with scandalous platitudes from a watch-tower in the chilblained North. The righteous heard of him with creepy shudders; there was bold talk of denying him the use of the mails; he was the Gog and Magog, the Heliogabalus, nay, the downright Kaiser, of that distant and pious era.

No such Ibsen, of course, ever really existed. The genuine Ibsen was anything but the Antichrist thus conjured up by impudent partisans and terrified opponents. On the contrary, he was a man whose salient quality was precisely his distrust of, and disdain for, any and all such facile heresies; a highly respectable gentleman of the middle class, well-barbered, ease-loving, and careful in mind; a very skilful practitioner of a very exacting and lucrative trade; a safe and sane exponent of order, efficiency, honesty, and common sense. From end to end of his life there is no record that Ibsen ever wrote a single word or formulated a single idea that might not have been exposed in a newspaper editorial. He believed in all the things that the normal, law-abiding citizen of Christendom believes in, from democracy to romantic love, and from the obligations of duty to the value of virtue, and he always gave them the best of it in his plays. And whenever, mistaking his position, someone charged him with flouting these things or with advocating some notion that stood in opposition to them, he invariably called the plaintiff to book, and denied vehemently that he was guilty, and protested bitterly that it was outrageous to fasten any such wild and naughty stuff upon a reputable man.

Had he been, in truth, the extravagant iconoclast that a misinformed rabbinism tried to make him out, he would have remained, to the end of his career, a mere freak and blank cartridge in the theatre, and of no more influence than such extremists, say, as Max Stirner, Arthur Gobineau, and the Marquis de Sade. So long, indeed, as he was generally held to be such an iconoclast, he actually suffered that fate. But when it began to be noticed, first by other dramatists and then by a widening public, that his ideas, after all, were really not extraordinary—that what he said, in the last analysis, was simply what every reasonably intelligent man thought—that his plays, for all their smashing air, were not actually blows at Christian culture—when this began to be understood, then he began to make his way, and all the serious dramatists of Europe began to imitate him. But they saw him, with their keener professional eyes, more clearly than the early and so absurd Ibsenites had seen him. They saw that he was not a brummagem prophet, but a play-maker of astounding skill—one who had a new and better method to teach

them. And so, when they set out to follow him, what they imitated was not the imaginary mystifications that foolish fuglemen had read into his dramas, but his direct and adept manner of clothing simple and even self-evident arguments in unusually lucid and brilliant dramatic forms —in brief, his enormously effective technique as a dramatist. He didn't teach them to think extraordinary thoughts; he taught them to put obvious thoughts into sound plays.

All this must be plain to anyone who goes through his so-called social dramas to-day, despite the confusing memory of all the gabble that went about in the high days of the Ibsen uproar. What ideas does one actually find in them? Such ideas, first and last, as even a Harvard professor might evolve without bursting his brain—for example, that it is unpleasant and degrading for a wife to be treated as a mere mistress and empty-head; that professional patriots and town-boomers are frauds; that success in business usually involves doing things that a self-respecting man hesitates to do; that a woman who continues to cohabit with a syphilitic husband may expect to have defective children; that a joint sorrow tends to dampen passion in husband and wife, and so bring them together upon a more secure basis; that a neurotic and lascivious woman is apt to be horrified when she finds that she is pregnant; that a man of fifty-five or sixty is an ass to fall in love with a flapper of seventeen; that the world is barbarously cruel to a woman who has violated the seventh commandment or a man who has violated the eighth. If you are discontented with these summaries, then turn to summaries that Ibsen made himself—that is, turn to his notes for his social dramas in his "Nachgelassene Schriften." Here you will find precisely what he was trying to say. Here you will find, in plain words, the ideas that he started from. They are, without exception, ideas of the utmost simplicity. There is nothing mysterious in them; there is not even anything new in them. Above all, there is no idiotic symbolism in them. They mean just what they say.

As I have said, Ibsen himself was under no delusions about his dramas of ideas. He was a hard-working dramatist and a man of sense: he never allowed the grotesque guesses and fantasies of his advocates to corrupt the clarity of his own purpose. Down to the time he lost his mind—he was then at work on "John Gabriel Borkman"—he never wrote a line that had any significance save the obvious one, and he never forgot for an instant that he was writing, not tracts, but stage plays. When the sentimental German middle classes mistook "A Doll's House" for a revolutionary document against monogamy, and began grouping him with the preachers of free love, he was as indignant as only a respectable family man can be, and even agreed to write a new ending for the play in order to shut off that nonsense. A year later he wrote "Ghosts" to raise a laugh against the alarmed moralists who had swallowed the free lovers' error. The noise of combat continuing, he decided to make an end of it by burlesquing the Ibsenites, and the result was "The Wild Duck," in which the chief figure is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern Drama Leaguer. In "The Master Builder" he took a holiday from social ideas, even the most elemental, and put himself into a play, shedding a salt tear over his lost youth. And in "Hedda Gabler," as if to confute the Ibsen talmudists forever, he fashioned a thumping drama out of the oldest, shoddiest materials of Sardou, Scribe, and Feuillet, nay, Meilhac and Halévy, as if to prove, once and for all time, that he was a dramatist first and last, and not a windy evangelist and reformer, and that he could meet any other dramatist, however skilful, on equal terms, and dispose of him neatly and completely.

Ibsen's chief interest, from the beginning to the end of his career as a dramatist, was not with the propagation of ethical ideas, but with the solution of æsthetic problems. He was, in brief, not a preacher, but an artist, and not the moony artist of popular legend, but the alert and competent artist of fact, intent upon the technical difficulties of his business. He gave infinitely more thought to questions

of practical dramaturgy—to getting his characters on and off the stage, to building up climaxes, to calculating effects—than he ever gave to the ideational content of his dramas. Almost any idea was good enough, so long as it could be converted into a conflict, and the conflict could be worked out straightforwardly and effectively. Read his letters and you will find him tremendously concerned, from the start, with technical difficulties and expedients—and never mentioning morals, lesson, symbols, and that sort of thing at all. So early as the time he wrote "The League of Youth" you will find him discussing the details of dramatic machinery with Dr. Georg Brandes, and laying stress on the fact, with no little vanity, that he had "accomplished the feat of doing without a single monologue, in fact without a single aside." A bit later he began developing the stage direction; go through his plays and observe how he gradually increased its importance, until in the end it almost overshadowed the dialogue. And if you would get, in brief, the full measure of his contribution to the art of the drama, give hard study to "A Doll's House." Here, for the first time, his new technique was in full working. Here he deposed Scribe and company at one blow, and founded an entirely new order of dramaturgy. Other dramatists, long before him, had concocted dramas of ideas—and good ones. The idea in Augier's "Le Mariage d'Olympe" was quite as sound and interesting as that in "A Doll's House"; the idea in Augier's "Les Effrontés" perhaps exceeded it in both ways. But Ibsen got into "A Doll's House" something that Augier and Feuillet and Dumas *fils* and all that crowd of Empire dramatists had never been able to get into their plays, and that was an air of utter and absolute reality, an overwhelming conviction, a complete concealment of the dramatic machinery.

And how did he conceal it? Simply by leaving it out. Scribe had built up an inordinately complex dramaturgy. His plays were elaborate and beautiful mechanisms, but still always mechanisms. He had to sacrifice everything else—reason, probability, human nature—to make the machine run. And Augier, Feuillet, and Dumas, better men all, followed docilely in his tracks. They were better observers; they were more keenly interested in the actual life about them; they managed, despite the artificiality of their technique, to get some genuine human beings into their plays. But that technique still hung around their necks; they never quite got rid of it. But Ibsen did. In "A Doll's House" he threw it overboard for all time. Instead of a complicated plot, working beautifully toward a foreordained climax, he presented a few related scenes in the life of a husband and wife. Instead of a finely wrought fabric of suspense and emotion, nicely balanced, neatly hanging together, he hit upon an action that was all suspense and all emotion. And instead of carefully calculated explanations, involving the orthodox couriers and prattling chambermaids, he let the story tell itself. The result, as William Archer has said, "was a new order of experience in the theatre." The audience that came to be pleasantly diverted by the old, old tricks found its nerves racked by a glimpse through a terrifying keyhole. This thing was not a stage play, but a scandal. It didn't caress and soothe; it arrested and shocked. It didn't stay discreetly on the stage; it leaped out over the footlights.

The audience gasped and went out gabbling, and the result was the Ibsen madness, with its twenty years of folderol. But there were dramatists in the house who, with professional eye, saw more clearly what was afoot, and these dramatists, once they could shake off the Scribe tradition, began to imitate Ibsen—Jones and Pinero and later Shaw in England; Hauptmann and Sudermann in Germany; Gorki and many another in Russia; Hervieu, Brieux, and their like in France; a swarm of lesser ones in Italy, Scandinavia, and Austria. Ibsen, in brief, completely overthrew the well-made play of Scribe, and set up the play that was a direct imitation of reality. He showed that the illusion was not only not helped by the elaborate machinery of Scribe, but was actually hindered—that the way to sure and tremendous effects was by the route of

simplicity, naturalness, ingenuousness. In "A Doll's House" he abandoned all the old tricks save two or three; in "Ghosts" he made away with the rest of them, and even managed to do without a plot; by the time he got to "Little Eyolf" there was nothing left of the traditional dramaturgy save the act divisions. It was not, of course, an easy reform to put through. The habits of mind of audiences had to be changed; the lunacies of the Ibsenites had to be lived down, and the moral ire of the anti-Ibsenites; above all, the actors of the time had to be untaught all that they knew about acting, and taught a lot of new things that violated their vanity and hurt their business. But Ibsen's notions had logic behind them, and they had the force of novelty, and there was in them a new and superior opportunity for the dramatist who really had something to say, and so, in the end, they triumphed in the world. To-day the methods of Scribe are so archaic that they excite laughter; only the Broadhursts and Kleins of Broadway stoop to them. If an intelligent dramatist were to expose a play built upon the plans of "Verre d'Eau" or "Adrienne Lecouvreur," even the newspaper critics would laugh at him. All that sort of thing now belongs to archæology.

But Ibsen, as I have said, was a dramatist first and last, and not a tin-pot agitator and messiah. He depicted the life of his time and he made use of the ideas of his time; he had no desire to change those ideas, nor even, in the main, to criticize them. "A dramatist's business," he used to say, "is not to answer questions, but merely to ask them." He asked a question in "A Doll's House." He asked another, ironically, in "Ghosts." He asked others in "The Lady from the Sea," "The Wild Duck," and "Little Eyolf." In "The Master Builder," rising, so to speak, to a question of personal privilege, he abandoned his habit and ventured upon a half-answer. But is there any answer in "Hedda Gabler"? Surely not. The play is still chewed and belabored by advocates of this answer or that; the very lack of agreement shows the dramatist's neutrality. "It was not my desire," he once said, "to deal in this play with so-called problems. What I wanted to do was to depict human beings, human emotions, and human destinies, upon a groundwork of certain of the social conditions and principles of the present day." That is to say, here is your state of society, here is your woman, here is what she does—what do you think of it? So, again, in "Pillars of Society." Here is your society, here are your pillars, here are their rascalities—what have you to say of it? Joseph Conrad, another great artist, once put the thing admirably. "My task which I am trying to achieve," he said, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything."

H. L. Mencken.

The Limits of Tolerance

Bitter thoughts are in the minds of members of minorities nowadays, even where their lips are guarded against bitter words. War breeds intolerance: its business is stern, and its measures are severe; with the same harsh pressure it drafts men to fight and shuts the mouth of opposition; its high enterprise demands concentrated coöperation and renders at once impossible the social laxity and bickering normal to times of peace. Freedom of action, of speech, even of conscience, all are subjected to violent shift by military undertaking and its régime, and as a result of the shift men become suddenly and rawly conscious of the interference with their custom,—and, in democratic countries, jealously sensitive of their rights. Dark prophets have long been saying that the Allies will crush militarism only by becoming militaristic, that a defeated Germany will seize the victor's iron and weld therefrom the fetters of civic liberty. Since the United States entered the war the ugly boding is swollen: where is our pride of free speech? where is our tolerance of opinion? where is our good-humored companionableness and partisanship without rancor? A world "safe for democracy" were hollow indeed if the safety be secured at the cost of that lib-

erty of the individual which is democracy's soul.

Six months of being at war,—six months of mounting suspicions and sharpening inquisition on the part of the public, of raids and suppressions on the part of officials, and of rumor of secret service astounding honest ears,—has made every American realize the hitch between his peace-trained theory of the state's activities and its belligerent practice. Naturally, there have been accusations of intolerance, and preaching of tolerance; certainly, too, suppression has produced cankerous ingrowths of disloyalty. But, with it all, has there been (what a sane treatment calls for) that diagnosis of the powers and purposes of the state, in time of war, which shall enable us to set rational limits to tolerance, preventing officials—through understanding — from overstepping their country's need, and satisfying citizens of the justice of official action and the safety of their rights? Assuredly, the symptoms call for a verdict.

In times of peace the limits of tolerance are defined by custom. In democracies laws are made and conduct is controlled by temporary majorities. It is the fact that these majorities are temporary, that they submit their rule periodically and frequently to electoral tests that define party strength, which gives a sense of public fairness and insures the equilibrium of the state. Furthermore, the minority has always at its disposal certain recognized means of converting itself into a majority,—chief among them free speech and free party organization. The system thus rests upon the assumption of perpetual differences—of "issues"—relative to the control of the conduct of citizens; and indeed, if these "issues" did not exist, democratic government would cease. An agreement to disagree (within limits) is thus the very core of institutional democracy; and the thing we call "democratic tolerance" is our name for the range of disagreement which we normally permit.

For tolerance, even in times of peace, has clear limits. There are acts and conditions that cannot be tolerated and society still endure. We recognize readily a human duty to be intolerant of, and to suppress and extinguish even at a cost of force and bloodshed, crime and sin: our criminal code is the profession of such an intention. Less consciously, but more tyrannously, the burden of a public will is imposed upon the individual in multitudes of details of our economic and social life, which we bear, for the most part, comfortably,—as we wear collars and shoes, not realizing that they are fetters. All this is quite as it should be: if we would be men, we must recognize moral obligation and acquiesce in social restraint.

In time of war the latitudes of difference which we permit in the midst of peace are stringently narrowed; and it is this narrowing of the latitude of action to which we are accustomed that stirs sensibility and arouses the jealous suspicion of outraged rights. Nor is war the only condition which entails such consequences; other perils, as pestilence and flood and even the humanly created discomforts of economic strife, call for their own types of limitation of privilege and readjustment of rights. In them all is a certain common character: they represent, as compared with the normal life of society, a sharp simplification of social ends and a great compression of social endeavor. The presence of peril acts immediately to define the near and major task of the body politic; the complex and divergent activities of normal times become temporarily but emphatically subordinated to the great activity of the preservation of their condition, and, as a consequence, the main force of society sweeps into a single channel. Small wonder if the swollen majority becomes tyrannous, for its effort is at once more intense and backed by huger power than in the ordinary.

Under ordinary conditions most men will accept as a reasonable rule of political conduct that opposition to the will of the majority should extend to its policies, but not to its execution of them, until the majority has been reversed by election. This is the rule of "politics," of parliamentarism; it is the assertion that laws are the friends of the citizen, or, with Aristotle, that "men should not deem it

slavery to live under the constitution, for it is their salvation." This rule, from the side of the government in power, is equivalent to the statement that it will tolerate all opposition which does not interfere with the execution of the tasks decided upon by the ruling majority. In brief, the range of tolerance is directly proportional to the demands of efficient government.

This is the rule of political conduct in normal peace. In time of peril, war, or pestilence, it should be not different in principle, much as its practice must necessarily differ. But there is a complication. In the presence of pestilence there is an almost unanimous fear and willingness to submit to governmental guidance. War is man-made, and it is difficult to define its partisanships by national boundaries. Nor is its threat so transient; there is fear of post-bellum alterations, modifying the whole order of life,—a fear, on the whole, justified by history. Men, therefore, do not submit to military regimentation with the same resignation with which they undergo sanitary regulation. Passion poisons reason; copperheadism develops into political disease; and, on the side of the government, the legitimate limitation of individual privilege in accordance with the needs of efficient action is too readily replaced by a vengeful constraint, which is the only true intolerance.

In the United States to-day we have not as yet come to a bad pass, either in regard to the draft or to free speech. The will of the majority is unambiguous; the causes of the war are generally felt as justifying causes and the government is generally believed to be honest and competent. But this is not to say that we have no problem, nor that it is not developing. There is a minority, composed of the resentful ignorant and the embittered opposition; and the majority have not invariably shown the tact and judgment in the exercise of their prerogative which would diminish the resentment and the ignorance. Certainly, the condition is not malignant, but before it has the opportunity of becoming so, there is needed such clear thinking-out and clear expression of our national policies as shall reassure the doubting and comfort the opposition with respect to that one point in which they are entitled to assurance—the preservation of their minority rights.

The practical problem is twofold. On the part of the minority it calls for individual self-restraint. Its members should remember not only that they owe all citizenship rights to the state, but that they owe to it their essential humanity as well; for, as Rousseau shrewdly remarked, not only is man a political animal, but he is never truly man except as political. From this it follows that human "personal liberty" is liberty of the civic person, and must be defined by civic relations; and again it follows that that relation of communication which is "freedom of speech" does not mean the right to unlimited hearings nor to command of the public ear. Further, the member of the minority should bear in mind that the contract of citizenship is not lightly drawn; it is signed, as it were, when the first ballot is cast, and its terms are such (as once more Rousseau notes) that the citizen binds himself to take what punishment the rules of its operation may bring upon him. He will remember, perhaps, that such a personality as Socrates chose, as the lesser evil, to die under an unjust condemnation rather than break his country's laws. With such precepts and example he should not find conformity hard,—provided always that he is convinced that the other member to the contract is acting in good faith.

The obverse of the problem is the obligation of the majority. First and clearly, it is the duty of the government to be frank as to its policies and as free as the performance of its task will permit in its statement of current fact: news-doctoring in the interests of policy is the straight road to damnation, as Germany is illustrating. In living up to this duty, our government at present stands square; the prestige which the United States has attained is almost entirely due to the frankness with which the President has stated our policies. Nevertheless, there is a form

of assurance, internal rather than external, which the times demand and which the government has not given. War is an unusual national enterprise, calling for an unusual majority supporting the government that is waging it—a majority by no means represented by the alignment of the parties of normal times of peace. In European democracies this fact has been reflected in the formation of coalition ministries. Our cabinet is no responsible ministry; nevertheless, the obvious fact that the war party in America is enormously bulkier than the controlling political faction ought to have been recognized—should now be recognized—by the formation of at least a bi-partisan cabinet, comprising those men of the two parties who most command the public confidence. The reason for doing this is—here as in Europe—less for the conduct of the military enterprise than for the reassurance of the citizenry at home. For the best guarantee that our government can give, not only that we are engaged in war for no meanly political ends, but that the peace rights of our citizens are not to be imperilled by any post-bellum militarism, is the responsible participation in the national councils of the broadest representation possible. This would be a governmental pledge of faith.

Thus the limits of democratic tolerance appear in the nature of democratic government. It is not, however, out of place to note that Christian charity may add a virtue of even political value. Christianity teaches that no man in the flesh is beyond hope of redemption; hence, it is infinitely charitable of sinners, though never of sin. Similarly, tolerance, as a virtue, extends to men, never to their misdeeds; and above all, it extends to the ignorance of men. Applied to the present, this means that we should hate injustice and atrocity, but not Germans. Certainly it is difficult to direct the emotions *in abstracto,* but if we can succeed in doing so we shall have given ourselves the deepest possible assurance of the security of our national ideals.

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER.

Literary Affairs in France

(Special Correspondence to THE DIAL.)

Fifty years ago the last day of last month, Charles Baudelaire died in Paris, where he was born in 1821, and consequently, in accordance with French law, the copyright on his works ended with the advent of the present month. So, notwithstanding the war, the poet has been much in evidence of late in the French publishing world, in Paris periodicals, and among the literary critics of the capital. It is not forgotten how, when some thirty years ago there began a tendency to apotheosize the author of the famous, some would and do say infamous, "Fleurs du Mal," Brunetière and Faguet led in the opposition and indulged in virulent attacks on the man and his verse. In "Nouveaux Prétextes," M. André Gide is considered to have refuted the latter, while the "Mercure de France" has discovered in an article of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for June 1, 1887, an amusing blunder in which the always rather magisterial future editor of that periodical says that when Baudelaire wrote "Les Fleurs du Mal" he was "in one of those fits to which specialists have applied a word which never better suited the case,—*période clownique.*" Brunetière mistook *clonic,* a medical term for *spasm,* for the English word *clown,* used so commonly in French!

Nor does Baudelaire to-day, a half-century after his death, escape from the critics, though for every friend and reader during his lifetime, he now probably has a thousand. Even M. Paul Souday, generally so amiable toward him, said recently that "there was in this poet-innovator a substratum of philistinism and a touch of the church-warden; and what is most lacking in his writings is manly firmness." On a single Paris daily, "Le Petit Bleu," are two contributors who are especially severe in their judgment on the moral effect of Baudelaire's poems on the general public. "Such articles are signs of the time," remarks the "Mercure" somewhat contemptuously. One of these rather straight-laced censors, M. Jean Hess, considers "the erotic perfume of 'Les Fleurs du Mal' a veritable danger, a national peril"; while another, M. Jacques Nargaud, himself a poet, who some twenty years ago brought out at "La Plume" a volume of verse, "Soliloques," dedicated to Baudelaire, though still an ardent admirer of him—"I collect everything I see which speaks of this unique poet," he once said to me—dilates

in one of his recent articles on "the poisoned bouquet of 'Les Fleurs du Mal.'" But another contemporary French poet, M. Ernest Raynaud, seems to sweep aside all this depreciation when he informs me that he is busy on a volume "whose aim is to refute all the accepted lies about the poet."

More interesting perhaps, or at least less apt to cause discussion, are some notes which I have accumulated concerning the various editions of "Les Fleurs du Mal."

Writing me from the Paris office of the Société des Poètes Français, of which he is the vice-president, M. Ernest Raynaud says:

If one considers solely the order of the poems and their typographical form, the only editions which count are those published during the lifetime of the poet, which he could supervise. All the posthumous editions of his works have been done rather carelessly. But if we are to have regard to the value of the documents bearing on the subject and to critical observations, none satisfies me completely. In the matter of different readings, Prince Ourousoff's work is interesting, while the notes of Van Bever show him to be a ferreter with a cautious and conscientious mind. But so far nothing of capital importance, nothing that is decisive, has been printed in this field of Baudelairiana. Most of the publishers of new editions repeat the old faults without attempting to correct any of them. And what a lot of foolish things have been said about Baudelaire, beginning with the famous Preface of Théophile Gautier, which might astonish us by its incompetency and its nonsense if we did not know that it was written in this way on purpose. Some day I may explain the true inwardness of the pretended friendship between Baudelaire and Gautier. The whole subject of Baudelaire is so interesting that I have found a volume, "Le Cinquantenaire de Charles Baudelaire" (Paris: Meunier, 3 fr. 50), necessary to present properly all that I have to say. At the end of the volume will be found a bibliography giving all the articles which I have been able to find concerning him and which I have made as complete as possible in other respects.

To return to the question of the different editions of Baudelaire, M. Jacques Nargaud writes me as follows:

The most widely sold edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal" is that of Calmann-Lévy, issued at the end of the sixties, being a volume of the Complete Works, which include the translations from Poe. But it is far from perfect from all points of view. I say nothing of the first and second editions, printed in the fifties by Poulet Malassis, one of which it is difficult to find and both of which are very costly when found. A little before the war, the publisher Crès put on the market a limited edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal" which has always seemed to me to be the best. But copies of this, too, are not easy to get. The cheap edition just issued by Calmann-Lévy is not handsome typographically, nor does it contain the fine introduction by Gautier found in the edition mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph.

Those who wish to make a serious study of Baudelaire should see a volume by Charles Asselineau, published by Lemerre but long out of print, and especially the volume of souvenirs by Crépet, issued by Messeiu, which it would be hard to obtain at present, however, as M. Messeiu is in the army and his shop closed.

The Lemerre edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal" appeared in the collection "Petite Bibliothèque Littéraire," but is now out of print, though a new edition is under way. "This edition, however," M. Lemerre writes me, "is the same as regards the text, as that issued by my fellow-publisher, Calmann-Lévy." I might add that this last mentioned book will now be largely replaced by the new "popular edition" issued by this same publisher (at 1 fr. 25) and referred to above by M. Nargaud. I would further add that the numerous little errors in the text of the first impression have been practically all removed—I myself have compared with care the two impressions—in the volumes now on the market.

The National Printing Office of France set up a year and a half ago a rich edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal," partly as an official tribute to the memory of a great French man of letters. But the director informs me that copies cannot be obtained from him but from two Paris publishers, Vollard, 6 rue Laffitte, and Helleu, 125 Boulevard Saint-Germain; and the latter writes me in this connection: "Mine is a typographic edition, simply decorated, and sells at 25 francs, whereas the Vollard edition, which came out at the end of 1915, is illustrated by Bernard and sells for from 300 to 600 francs." But here again the admirers of Baudelaire and good typography have not been wholly satisfied, largely because of a faulty arrangement of some of the verses, the blame for which, it would seem, should be laid rather to the National Printing Office than to the publishers. But I believe that M. Helleu has removed these blemishes from his volumes.

I may close these notes with these reflections of M. André Fontainas on some of the editions just mentioned:

There are several rich editions of "Les Fleurs du Mal," limited as regards the number of copies printed, largely subscribed for in advance and quickly out of print. To my mind, their most striking characteristic is the badness of the illustrations. The truth is, it seems to me, that there is no really good edition of "Les Fleurs du Mal." Crès's edition, which was first published at 10 francs, now fetches, I believe, from 80 to 100, when a copy can be found. But it, too, is full of faults.

But the proverbially strong taste of the French for poetry has not been confined during the past months wholly to the dead poets, though Shakespeare and Baudelaire have monopolized much attention. Considering the all-absorbing influ-

ences of the war, much new verse has been produced; and none of the singers has surpassed M. Paul Fort, the "Prince of Poets," at least as regards quantity.

M. Paul Fort's most recent volume is "Si Peau d'Ane m'était conté" (Paris: Emile-Paul, 3 fr. 50), described by the author as "tales, written in war time, for Jacques Bonhomme," with this pretty thought forming the whole of the author's preface: "In this book of fairy tales and poems, the only fairy is the author's imagination." From Maeterlinck's preface, which the literary world on both sides of the Atlantic should meditate, I take these lines:

> Paul Fort is perhaps the only complete poet we possess, . . . which is at once his glory and his misfortune. He can only write poetry and can do nothing else. So he publishes one after the other, with disastrous abundance, a dozen or more volumes. . . It is high time that he were given, while still alive, the glory that is his due. We shall not have him always among us, and the remorse and amends will come when it is too late.

Maeterlinck does not exaggerate Paul Fort's excessive literary productivity. Besides the volume just mentioned, he has published during the present year "Anthologie des Ballades Françaises" (Paris: Mercure de France, 4 fr.), selections from twenty volumes issued during a period of twenty years, from 1897 to 1917; "Poèmes de France," which he calls "my lyrical war bulletin"; and "Deux Chaumières au Pays de l'Yveline." These last two volumes I have not seen. In the meantime, he has been preparing for, or seeing through, the press three other volumes. In October will appear "Que j'ai de plaisir d'être Français," about which he writes me:

> I have just corrected the proofs. To express my *intense* love for France, I took as the subject of this new book the three trips which I have made in Touraine and to Blois and Vendôme, which are as decidedly French as are the Ile de France, Champagne, and Picardy, about which I have sung a thousand times.

In November will appear "L'Alouette," a volume made up of popular songs, "or at least songs written in the note of the old Gallic ballads." The poet thus describes the volume which he expects to have out in January:

> At the present moment I am giving the last touches to "La Lanterne de Priollet ou l'Epopée du Luxembourg," in which I recount my childhood and adolescence, the awakening in me of a soul for poetry. I there affirm the "divinity" of children and tell all my love for that garden of gardens, our fairy Luxembourg, where more than at school I was formed, found myself, and discovered that I was a poet.
>
> So you see that though a soldier, an auxiliary, I have not been idle with my pen these last months, for two good reasons: first, because I like to sing, and secondly, because I must live, and I am a poet, nothing but a poet. War doesn't bring gold to the pockets of troubadours. In France, if they would live even modestly, they must sing, and it is all the worse for them if they do not always feel in a singing mood, which often happens to me. So don't be astonished at the number of volumes. I must live!

Thus during 1917, M. Paul Fort will have printed or finished in manuscript not less than seven volumes, not to speak of two others which one of his publishers announces as "being under way." This almost equals the elder Alexandre Dumas, with the marked difference however that Paul Fort has not a basement-full of "collaborators" preparing novels which "the master" simply touches up. No wonder, therefore, that so far in his career, Paul Fort has had to have half a dozen different publishers.

THEODORE STANTON.

September 18, 1917.

Mr. Howells and the Anglophobe

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: A STUDY OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF A LITERARY ARTIST. By Alexander Harvey. (B. W. Huebsch; $1.50.)

Mr. Alexander Harvey writes some two hundred and sixty pages of jottings about Chingachgook, Mr. W. C. Brownell, Edgar Allan Poe, the late Charles Francis Adams, Philistinism, Genius, Boston, Woman, Quackery in Literature, and a host of other Cabbages and Kings, all of them so equally and energetically dealt with that it is more than a little difficult to tell the Cabbages from the Kings. Having finished the collection, he has the whimsical thought to call it "William Dean Howells: A Study of the Achievement of a Literary Artist." No sooner thought than done: to have a thought is, for Mr. Harvey, to execute it. The result, so far as the relation to a nominal subject is concerned, is a critical counterpart of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." This is slightly exaggerated, of course,—Mr. Harvey would be the last person to mind that,—but it is the truth that is exaggerated. The author's text is not so much a book as a tirade, not so much a tirade as a miscellany, and not so much a miscellany as the preface to an index.

For Mr. Harvey has his own idea of indexes, as of most else: he has "long suffered at the hands of the makers of indexes," and he strives to "give those hacks a lead." One may cite selectively, to show both his idea of "thunder in

the index" and the pet aversion on which his book hinges:

> Britons, Imbecilities of the. A large topic! I can do no more than glance at it. I ought to say in fairness that I dislike Britons heartily, although it is true that they have many noble qualities.
>
> London. Its pontifically final attitude to ourselves in literature.
>
> Mississippi. That sublime river is mentioned by way of illustration. In the average index the name would be set down and a number would follow it. This is too absurd. Such are the consequences of following a British literary example.
>
> Novel. It deteriorates in the British Isles.
>
> Victorians, Those. Confound them!

This cluster of items will suggest that Mr. Harvey has undertaken to prove himself the most implacable of Anglophobes. His book is an indictment of "the British literary superstition," as he calls it, and as Mr. Howells called it a quarter of a century before him. The British literary superstition is that perverse humility which induces American newspapers, critics, professors, schools, and the great American public to swallow all literary opinions imported from London, and to despise all things American until they have the pontifical sanction of the British Isles. It is, as described by Mr. Harvey, our imbecile deference to the artistic prejudices of a nation incapable of art, a nation of non-thinkers and sentimentalists, wrapped in impenetrable self-esteem and childishly enthralled by a national literature which is the laughingstock of Europe. The English are pitiable because of their pretensions to literary judgment; we Americans are pitiable because of our deference to the English pretensions. Such is the main thesis; and the book is written primarily to undermine our deference by riddling the pretensions. Mr. Howells, the most American and at the same time the grandest and most spacious phenomenon we have produced in letters, is used as a mere handle to the argument.

Now, the American Anglophobe, whether he realizes it or not,—and Mr. Harvey often seems not to realize it,—is in a pretty difficult position. Whether his general estimate of British taste be right or wrong, he never escapes the weakness of having to relate everything to an *aversion*. The centre of his cosmos is a dislike; by that dislike he measures and evaluates everything else; in it he moves and has his being. He likes things, not for what they are, but for what they are against. We feel this weakness in Mr. Harvey. His praise of Howells is unstinted, extravagant, a measure pressed down and running over. Howells is the greatest living master of fiction; he is the consummate stylist; he creates women as great as Shakespeare's; his dialogue is unmatched; he is superior to Thackeray, Balzac, George Eliot, Meredith, Dostoevsky; he has the ultimate magic as a narrator; he maintains "that perfect balance of all factors which is the secret of the equilibrium of the universe." Yet somehow the superlatives ring strangely hollow. Because Howells is praised and overpraised to serve a vindictive ulterior purpose, this very enthusiasm of the critic does more to belittle him than even a very temperate estimate could do if it were disinterested.

But this is by no means the most serious dilemma of the American Anglophobe who makes the brunt of his argument fall on Mr. Howells. It happens that, of the three generations of Anglophobia represented by Poe, Howells, and Mr. Harvey, only the second is really American. Poe had no anchorage in either space or time: he was almost strictly extramundane. Anglophobes of the younger generation are cosmopolitan; they are anti-English simply because they are anti-provincial. But Mr. Howells happens really to believe in and love America. He is alone among Anglophobes in that he definitely chooses one kind of provincialism, which is American, against another kind, which is English. All the rest choose cosmopolitanism against provincialism in general; and when they make of Mr. Howells their heaviest bludgeon, merely because he has agreed with them so far as to denounce the British literary superstition, they commit strange distortions and fall into strange inconsistencies.

Here is Mr. Harvey, for example. He likes America best when he is thinking about England —because America is not England. But when he looks at America directly, she fails to stand the test of his exacting cosmopolitan standards. It is a rather pathetically homeless state of mind, this cosmopolitan skepticism. Its loyalty to one tradition is based on distrust of another; and yet its own tradition seems not to bear analysis any better than the other does. Mr. Harvey is rather like an atheist becoming a member of the English Church out of pure temperamental aversion to Dissenters. America is not England: therefore it must be Utopia. But, on second thought, America is Philistinism; America is the American newspaper; America is critical taste dictated by an advertising policy; America is the Victorian family system; America is Boston; America is the New England conscience; Amer-

ica is a vile subservience to British literary prejudices: therefore America is not fit to live in.

Not even in direct treatment of Mr. Howells, idolatrous as his treatment is, can Mr. Harvey wriggle free of such contradictions. On one page Howells is the supreme artist. On another, "the art of Howells is barren"; it is "art and nothing more." "Howells will not be superseded because there is nothing about him to supersede. He has not made anything original even in the way of a mistake." We hear Howells praised for having read the inmost soul of America; then we hear America scorned for having no soul, nothing but surface. In one passage, "his knowledge of character is manifest in his feminine portraits . . . he has a precious insight into the heart of woman. . . the art with which their souls are bared to us is the authentic art that has come down to us through the few masters of the written word." Here, of course, Mr. Harvey is thinking of Howells's superiority to British novelists. Later, though, "the genius of Howells is objective and not subjective. . . He does not think. He merely observes and jots down impressions. . . Topography, objects, material items, are his all in all. He does not get below these physical manifestations of life to the life itself, the essence, the soul." And, crime of crimes, he has created and sponsored the "Sissy School." He, more than any other one writer, has rendered contemporary American literature a thin syrup, perfumed to a feminized taste."

Thus, throughout, Mr. Harvey tries to have his cake and eat it too. Hills are marched up and then marched down again; superlatives deny each other with crushing emphasis. And, to palliate the inconsistencies, there is nothing whatever except a well-worn ruse of that very academicism which the author himself denounces on suitable occasions: namely, the barren distinction between the "art" in fiction and the substance. As though there could be any great art except that which leans on great truth!

After all, one likes Mr. Harvey, who writes a preface to an index, a great deal better than one likes Dr. Dryasdust, who only writes an index to an index. Mr. Harvey diverts even while he irritates; and often he is unsurpassably acute, as when he says: "The supreme object of the earthly existence of men and women in a Howells atmosphere is to have things go on as usual. There is an agitating possibility that they may not." We ask for bread and are given—by no means a stone, but, let us say, a cocktail. The alert reader of the book can extend and amplify this analogy for himself. Suffice it to add, the bread which Mr. Harvey *might* have given us is a generous recognition of the extent to which all literature, including the British, is being Europeanized. Whatever English fiction has been, it is to-day integral with a world tendency. One of the great achievements of Howells was his revolt against the narrow obtuseness and self-love of British fiction when those qualities really had a threatening prestige. But the last two decades have seen Britain's fiction broadened, internationalized in both method and purport. All intellectual Britain revolts against its own former obscurantism; and when we look about our world for the positive and constructive Anglophobe who has the strongest claim to our notice, lo! he is none other than the British novelist of the younger generation.

HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT.

Patriotism and the Workers

THE RESTORATION OF TRADE-UNION CONDITIONS. By Sidney Webb. (B. W. Huebsch; 50 cts.)
WOMEN AS MUNITION MAKERS. By Amy Hewes and Henriette R. Walter. (Russell Sage Foundation; 75 cts.)

The present war must be won in field and factory before it can be won in the trenches. An army has become, as never before, only the outermost point or apex of a pyramid of organization of which the base is the country's industrial and agrarian system. The maker of victory is the laborer far more than the soldier.

That this remark has become a commonplace does not relieve one of the necessity of repeating it, and still repeating it, and repeating it again. For it is a commonplace which the manufacturer and contractor have regarded thus far as defining only the duty which the workman owes; and they have denied and ignored the duty which they and the government owe the workman. Already his assertion of his just rights, of what are, indeed, the indispensable conditions of his effective serving, are met with "slacker," and "disloyal," "pro-German," while the attempt properly to tax war profits has failed and that extraordinary piece of impudence, the petition of a group of manufacturers which declares that the workman is not meeting his responsibilities, and that his demands for better wages and right shop-standards should be forcefully restrained and arrested, is regarded as

"patriotic." In wartime, as always, that is "patriotic" which decorously cloaks one's private interest under pleas for the public weal, and that is disloyal or "pro-German" which is likely to interfere with one's private interests, even when it most successfully serves the commonwealth.

Hence, the fact that the basic maker of victory is the laborer in field and factory has not resulted in the improvement of the conditions of production of food and weapons to which it points. The whole country is solicitous about the health, the happiness, and the future of the soldier. He is guarded against disease, against unnecessary fatigue, and if the insurance bill is passed, as it should be, against the hazards of battle and death. Not so the workman. He is left to shift for himself, to conduct his rather blind and ill-conceived strikes, to meet fatigue and disease and maiming and death as best he may. The German government, whom we are fighting, has known better. Its military ruthlessness abroad is grounded upon its industrial considerateness at home, and it has held out so long precisely because it has guarded its working masses against fatigue and disease and maiming and death. But the German government is an autocracy, responsible to no one, and may act as it will. So it not infrequently deviates into intelligence. The governments of England and of the United States, being of democratic constitution, act as they must, and the compulsion upon them is very various—public opinion, the inertia and circumlocution of departmental tradition, the interests of the "invisible government," and, *per accidens,* also intelligence. Mostly, however, democratic governments learn only by the method of trial and error. They have short memories and cannot easily profit by the past, particularly if the past is not their own. They are consequently wasteful of treasure, life, and time—you need only regard the history of England in this war to realize how much and how stupidly. Those who desire consolation may consider the idea that democracies are built for comfort, not for speed. . .

The record of the handling of labor in England for the period of the war is a characteristic piece of British muddling. The history of labor in the United States since this country entered the war is a characteristic piece of American thoughtlessness. There was, and there is, the example of England before the public officials and the private industrial magnates; there were and there are before them the various findings of the Health of Munition Workers Committee; also the various reports of the Chief Factory Inspector. They were aware of the remarkable document on which the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the Oregon Eight Hour Law; they were aware of the varied testimony of the efficiency experts of America. But they went their own way, regardless, with the consequence that there have been more strikes in the three months past than in the last three years; delay instead of promptness, inferior work instead of excellence, disorder instead of order, and discontent instead of coöperation. And as we shall be deeper in before we are farther out of this war, the future—looks promising.

Britain's handling of the labor situation is on a par with her handling of the Gallipoli campaign. But Gallipoli is a costly error which may be retrieved, while there is a "no thoroughfare" at the end of all the ways with which the British government has dealt with its labor problem up to the present. When the war came trade-unions in England had a strong and peculiarly influential position. They had achieved power in politics and their relations with the employing class were governed by what Mr. Webb describes as "a complicated network of usages and regulations, differing from district to district, and often from establishment to establishment." These had grown up as "necessary defences against a progressive degradation of their standard of life," and their rôle in the industry of the nation was like that of the British constitution in the political affairs of the nation —a very complicated, unwritten tradition, the winnings of a struggle between the possessing and the dispossessed, and the palladium of such liberties, industrial or political, as Englishmen currently chose to secure and to defend. War found England altogether unprepared for its exigencies, and her industrial unpreparedness was worse than her military. War compelled, therefore, an industrial reorganization of England, a reorganization, Mr. Webb declares, tantamount to a revolution. Nothing less could have served to bring production to the point where the enemy could be met, at least, on equal terms. A revolution accordingly took place. The trade-union network was swept away; labor was "diluted"; non-union women workers and unskilled men were set to work; single processes were broken up into parts and given to separate workers; automatic machinery was introduced; the hours of labor were lengthened; holidays were abol-

ished; machinery was sped up. The industrial organization of England was, as one trade-unionist put it, Americanized.

This was done with the good will and consent of the whole British labor organization. At a stroke it sacrificed for the good of the nation, the hard winnings of three-quarters of a century of industrial conflict. All that it required in return was, as Mr. Montagu, then Minister of Munitions, said in the House of Commons on August 15, 1916, "a scrupulous record and recognition of what they were conceding." This was promised them, and more, by minister after minister. The "more" was a pledge completely and absolutely to restore trade-union conditions after the war. And an act of Parliament made the promise the promise of the nation.

It is not a promise that can be kept. British industry, both war and non-war industry, has been completely transformed. The new machines, the use of piecework, the standardization of processes, the great increase in new labor, which will remain in the field after the war, all mean a new situation which the old "trade-union network" can neither meet nor control. Moreover, in spite of the many solemn promises, the record of the customs, usages, and standards abolished has in most instances been very laxly kept, in some instances not kept at all. The ministry of munitions has been tender about compelling employers to abide by this part of their contract. It seemed to hold in its mind's eye heaped-up mountains of munitions, and gave little thought to the quality of human nature which heaps such mountains up. The Munitions of War Act had "prohibited strikes and lockouts in war industries," writes Miss Walter, "and substituted compulsory arbitration." Workmen were required to show "certificates of discharge" from their employers and were subject to trial by local munitions committees for anything "tending to restrict production." There ensued a heyday of exploitation by profiteers.

This was followed by the inevitable consequences. Workers could not be recruited and held in sufficient numbers to insure an adequate supply of munitions; while those at work "slacked," missed days, and otherwise fell short. Finally, in September, 1915, there was appointed, under the Ministry of Munitions, the Health of Munition Workers Committee, with Sir George Newman as chairman. Its findings are grouped by Miss Walter under five heads—hours of labor, health and hygiene, general welfare, employment of women, juvenile employment.

The findings are the expected. That excessive hours, continuous labor, overtime, night work, all decrease the output, while shorter hours, with appropriate periods of rest, increase it. That fatigue, accumulated, retards production, spoils work, causes accidents, sickness, lost time, and staleness, and that it was the cause of much that the employers denounced as slacking. That accidents are due also to unguarded machinery, the lack of safety appliances, absence of regulation of dangerous processes, inadequate lighting, dirty machinery, uninstructed employees. That disease is also due to inadequate attention to slight wounds and abrasions, to insufficient protection against poisonous material, and to the lack of proper washing facilities, ventilation, heating, and lighting. That output depends on good housing, easy transportation, proper nourishment, humane incentives to work. That the existence of right conditions is indispensable where women and children are employed. The report may be summarized as pointing out that the human machine at work is at least no worse than other machines, that it is, like other machines, subject to deterioration and wastage, and that it consequently should have at least the same constant, careful examination and repair as the others if it is to be kept at maximum utility.

But there is this unhappy paradox: human beings are not merely machines. That is why they get worse treatment, and are, in addition, blamed for not doing so well as machines. Hence, although the Newman committee did its work thoroughly, its effect has not been great. There has been some improvement, but things are very much as they were, and, as is usual in such matters, are likely to grow worse rather than better. The English government has organized its industries, but it has alienated the workers. It has failed even to maintain the human part of the industrial machine at adequate efficiency. It has made the workers a pledge that it cannot keep after having received at their hands the greatest sacrifice to national welfare that any social class has yet made. There is distrust in England, and when the war is over there will be worse. "Up and down the country," says Mr. Webb, "the workmen will be very angry. . . In every branch meeting . . . at every labor conference, the tale will be discussed of how, when the government was in a hole, and the employers were eager for

war profits, the opportunity was taken to play upon the workmen's patriotic feelings to induce them to make what the responsible minister described as perhaps as great a sacrifice as has ever been asked of any community; of how the Trade-Union Leaders, in the name of the workmen . . . made this sacrifice . . . in reliance on the pledge of the government and the employers that the 'pre-war conditions' . . . would in their integrity be restored; and of how, when the time came, the nation and the employers, having secured all the advantages, broke their word, and the workmen found themselves done!"

War, in a word, cannot go on forever, and no state, not even the German, can live by war alone. The democracy for which the world must be made safe is industrial democracy even more than other kinds, and the British way of making the world safe for democracy in industry has too close a family resemblance to Jonathan Swift's solution of the Irish problem. England may, of course, go on muddling. The authorities may, Mr. Webb suggests, deceive the workmen. They may effect a sham restoration, and so intensify the class war, keep real wages down, and put a premium on the practice of "ca' canny" or limiting the output. Both employees and employers will suffer, and the country will suffer.

The way deeper in is here obviously not at all the way out. The way out is another way altogether. It is the way of a return to first principles, and first principles demand a reconsideration of the motives and energies of human life and the value of the machinery of society in enlarging and perfecting them. Mr. Webb's proposals consequently derive from an implicit and daring assumption that working people are men and women first and carpenters, or ladlers, or cartridge-fillers afterward, and that they become the latter in order to preserve the former. They want, in a word, to live, to express their spontaneous energies, to find happiness. To do this well, they must be insured against unemployment, against destruction of their standards of life, against assault on their collective interests. And they must be guaranteed the right to strike. Their livings, in short, must serve to emphasize their lives. This is really what trade-unionism aims at.

Against this need is the employers' demand for "a progressive increase in industrial efficiency." Sir George Newman's committee has shown that far from being opposed, these two interests are interdependent. To secure the maximum to both Mr. Webb suggests a new industrial charter to replace the unrestorable "trade-union network." The first article of such a charter is the prevention of unemployment through such a programme of public work, covering the first decade after the war, "as will maintain approximately level from year to year the aggregate wage total of the kingdom." The second is the maintenance of standard rates of wages. The third is a constitution for factory and industry, involving in principle and in organization industrial democracy within a given trade. The fourth is the result of the first three —the abolition of "ca' canny." The fifth is the freedom of men and women to enter or leave trades, with the public guarantee of skilled craftsmen against unemployment and against reduction of standards.

Such is Mr. Webb's modest proposal—modest, this time, not in Dr. Swift's sense.

What bearing have this proposal and the conditions that evoked it upon the wartime industrial situation in America? Here industrial conditions are in many respects very different from those in England, and American trade-unionism differs from British both in influence and in vigor.

In England the political action of organized labor is direct; in America it is indirect. American labor organizations are without the English experience in coöperation, productive and distributive, in the significance and value of education, in political insight. The American trade-union is still a very primitive thing—merely a battle-formation in the class war, designed to wrest better wages, hours, and working conditions from the employing classes. It is not, as it is in so many cases in England, an agency in the creative reorganization of the workman's life. It is without responsibility in the industry which it serves, without traditions, and not so resistant to innovation. Thus, "efficiency engineering," unknown in England until the war, is an American profession, and plants like the Ford or the Franklin are primarily American phenomena. Trade-unionism is still far from being what it should be in American industry—an automatically accepted constituent in the country's industrial life. The primitivism of union organization in America is a limitation, but a limitation which is also an opportunity.

The evil effect of the limitation showed itself in the munitions works in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Although Miss Hewes's study is confined

to the subject of women as munition-makers, its social and economic findings apply generally. It is a study limited in scope because the authorities at the plant refused the Russell Sage Foundation permission to make an exhaustive study of the industrial situation in the plant. When such a study as could be made "was submitted in manuscript in advance of publication, to officials of the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company for their criticism . . . " they suggested "that no study could be accurate which was not based on data obtained in the plant itself." Thereupon, once more, "the Foundation offered to make a supplementary inquiry before publishing the report. This offer was refused." The findings of the report show why.

Conditions in Bridgeport during the summer of 1916 echoed "those under which English women worked for the first year or more of the war with such bad effects upon themselves and upon efficiency of production." In the summer of 1915, when war orders began to accumulate and "rumors of fabulous war profits" spread, a series of strikes established, "in spite of strong opposition of the Manufacturers' Association of Bridgeport," the eight-hour day and higher wages. But the unions were not strong enough to enforce a closed shop, and night work was on the increase.

The lure of higher pay, however, made of Bridgeport a boom town and brought upon the heads of its administration all the problems of housing, sanitation, education, recreation, and so on, that a boom town creates. Everything went up with the wages, and far outdistanced them, so that in effect, the actual wage of the workers was lower, not higher, than before the boom.

In the shops, moreover, accident-prevention has not gone far enough; mutilation and industrial poisoning were frequent. Said one mutilated girl: "I often had to complain about that machine, but they didn't put guards on it until after I was hurt." There was little regard, it will be noted, for the need of safety appliances. For sanitary precautions there seems to have been less: "One worker employed in a process in which she handled fulminate reported that employees in her department were forbidden to wash their hands until after the factory whistle blew for dismissal, and that the only washing facilities were long troughs with a number of spigots. She also said that no towels were provided."

Nor was the eight-hour day long retained. The women in the factories were "unable to offer effective resistance when little by little they were robbed of the gift [the eight-hour day], their schedules of working hours being modified, first by frequent overtime, and later by the company's regarding this overtime as part of the regular daily hours." In many instances the period for luncheon was fifteen minutes, and was not lengthened when the eight-hour, was dishonestly changed to a ten-hour, schedule.

And the workers were also defrauded of their higher wages. "When once the larger force was organized, the eight-hour day was gradually lengthened. So, during the summer of 1916, the management appeared to be engaged in the policy of reducing rates of pay. 'We used to get 12½ cents a thousand,' said an inspector, 'and that certainly did make slick pay for a girl. But now they only give us nine cents for the same work.' Even where piece rates were not reduced, the tremendous speed at which the machinery was driven, according to the testimony of many of the girls, so injured the machines that they could not turn out as much as they used to." Only—the lifeless machines were repaired when they were injured.

The upshot of the boom, thus, was, primarily and chiefly, the exploitation of the workers, and the deterioration of the town and its inhabitants. Here, however, the citizens of Bridgeport took a hand. "The merchants and manufacturers, the educators and the physicians, the Chamber of Commerce, civic and philanthropic associations united for action. They got expert advice and went to work." A bond issue was sanctioned by popular vote for a budget covering the items of education, public safety, sanitation, streets, roads, and parks. A recreation and housing commission was appointed, and the Bridgeport Housing Company was formed. Nothing, however, could be done to improve the industrial conditions. "Women still work at night . . . and protection against accident and industrial disease in munition shops is still inadequate, as is the amount of compensation for disability due to industry."

The industrial situation in Bridgeport is representative. Our participation in the war has aggravated it, not changed it. The pre-war machinery of adjustment and conciliation of the Department of Labor is too small and too weak to cope with it, and even if it were strong enough, it could affect only symptoms, not causes. The new machinery, consisting of the Commit-

tee on Labor of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, departmental advisors, and special committees like that headed by Mr. Louis Kerstein of Boston, is not coercive and therefore impotent. The readjustment which war conditions demand is a readjustment in principle, not in single cases. Merely to maintain the standards that existed before our entry into the war—and this is the ruling purpose which the committee on labor has defined for itself—requires a deference to a complex situation of which all the factors are constantly changing. Changes in wages are accompanied by changes in all the conditions of existence. We face a situation in which rising wages go with falling standards of living.

Now if the war worker is as significant as the soldier, he should receive the same care as the soldier. This care might be exercised at least through rigid government inspection of all plants where war work of any sort is done, and by a system of graded fines for failure to maintain definitely fixed minimum standards. Failure might be pilloried in the public press with "pitiless publicity." The report of Sir George Newman's committee failed in its effect, precisely for lack of such publicity. The administration of such a measure might well be entrusted to the committee on labor.

But such inspection and publicity are only beginnings. Standards of working conditions and standards of living are very different things. A return to first principles must take into consideration standards of living. Men and women will work more efficiently and devotedly if they have the assurance that the future is guarded against the great fears that beset all proletarians —the fear of unemployment, of accident, of ill-health, of penniless old age, and of death.* Industrial insurance in all war work is even more imperative than the proposed military insurance, and should follow the same lines. Only so can labor acquire anything but a hysterical interest in its share of the conduct of the war as a technique. But even this is a bare beginning. A real and enduring interest would require labor to become both responsive and responsible in the conduct of the war, and this implies on labor's part initiative far more than obedience. Consequently, a constitution, such as Mr. Webb recommends for British labor after the war, is a desirable instrument to enhance American labor's productivity during the war. Mr. Justice Brandeis's famous protocol in the garment-industries controversy is the American instance of an industrial constitution. The traditionless character of American labor-organization gives it a leeway for action that the English organization does not possess. Labor itself should, wherever possible, be accountable for shop-conditions, for insurance, for maximum production. In those trades particularly where the government supplies the raw materials, or the tools, or both, contracts might be made directly with the labor-unions, and they be left to themselves in carrying out the contracts. In the garment trades it is particularly easy to initiate such a movement. An advance among the war workers will force an advance in the whole industrial world. If, as is declared, strikes are formented by agents of the enemy, it must also be remembered that both employers and the government give the enemy aid and comfort so long as they tolerate conditions that make strikes necessary.

H. M. Kallen.

* "The War and the Labor Programme" in The Dial for June 28, 1917.

Enrico Ferri

Criminal Sociology. By Enrico Ferri. (Little, Brown & Co.; $5.)

More than thirty years ago a young professor in the University of Sienna brought out a new work on the offender which he called "Criminal Sociology." This book still remains the most distinguished general contribution to the subject of criminology, though much of its data and some of its conclusions are now out of date. The remarkable fact about this work, which brought it such immediate as well as lasting fame, is that it broke largely with the older anthropological theories of crime and became the textbook of the newer sociological school of criminology. This older school was known as the positivist or Italian—sometimes, from its greatest exponent, the Lombrosan—school. The positivist thinkers had in their day marked a distinct advance over the views of the classical or free-will theorists, which had persisted and dominated well into the nineteenth century. This older school had based its theory and treatment of the criminal upon a theory of the freedom of the will, holding that the offender is individually responsible for his acts and that the point of attack in repression or in reformation is upon the will itself rather than upon biological and environmental factors. There is, of course, much

truth in such a view, but when pushed to an extreme, it neglects just those factors, environmental and hereditary, which are now most emphasized. Lombroso saw the weakness of the free-will or classical theory of criminal causation as a final explanation and sought to locate the causative factors in the physical and mental make-up of the criminal himself, assuming after the fashion of his time that such characteristics were inherited rather than acquired. This explains Lombroso's dominant emphasis upon his several varieties of the "born criminal."

Valuable as was this line of investigation, which sought to establish definite and measurable data of criminal causation, it finally became ridiculous in the hands of its over-zealous supporters. Purely external characteristics, such as the shape of the head, the color of the skin, and the like, were urged as causes of criminality. This theory practically disregarded the factor of environmental causation, just as the older classical school had failed to see both heredity and environment in accounting for crime.

Ferri was only one of many scientific thinkers in the field of criminology and sociology who revolted against this one-sided emphasis, but he was one of the ablest of them all. After some years of study of both the environmental and hereditary factors, part of which time was spent as a pupil of Lombroso, he brought out his remarkable work in the first edition of 1882. By doing so he gave form to the synthetic or sociological theory of crime. He emphasized the neglected factor of environment more strongly even than he did the anthropological or hereditary ones. He continued to use much of the old terminology, including Lombroso's phrase the "born criminal" and the term "insane criminal," but he read a new content into these forms. To Ferri there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a born criminal, though there are offenders who owe much of their criminal development to bad heredity as well as to defective environmental conditions. The influence of this new viewpoint in criminology, and especially of Ferri's effective presentation of it, cannot easily be overestimated. Just as the new outlook of the positivist school stimulated anthropological investigation, this sociological school did much to develop a science of environment, both as a starting-point for the study of criminal causation and as a basis for the formulation of a new penology and a revision of penal law. Ferri's sympathy with the socialist philosophy—he was an active socialist and held political office—did much to predispose him to a greater appreciation of environmental influences. A scientific criminology, and therefore a scientific penology, was not possible until due weight could be given to such factors in criminal causation.

Though the heart of Ferri's contribution is in his new and stimulating interpretation of the genesis of the criminal, many other contributions set forth in his book should not be neglected. For instance, his theory of penal substitutes, which is an early form of our modern emphasis upon prevention, has had a marked influence upon our constructive attitudes toward the offender. So simple were his proposals that we should reform our institutions, laws, governments, and economic and social conditions as a substitute for our elaborate machinery of punishment, thus preventing the growth of most criminality, that it is surprising that such methods were not earlier appreciated and insisted upon. In the field of practical programmes he is mainly interested in the reform of criminal procedure, especially as it affects the conduct of the trial and the jury. He also devotes brief discussions to the problems of prison administration, penal colonies, deportation, prison architecture, and the like. His training was more on the legal and psychological than on the administrative side, a fact which accounts for his dominant interests.

Ordinarily a mere translation of a book presented to a foreign public some thirty years after its first publication would not call for extended comment, but too much cannot be said of Ferri's contribution even at this date. While most sociologists have accepted the new viewpoint and emphasis he has given us, popular thinking and the legal mind lag behind in the umbra of codes which are based upon the philosophy of the classical school of criminology.

L. L. Bernard.

Versified Henry James

Merlin. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Macmillan Co.; $1.25.)

An April Elegy. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25.)

Far apart as they are in other respects, these two long poems have one fault in common. Both lead the reader to expect narrative, and both, in different ways and degrees, disappoint that expectation. In both, the psychology is brilliant and searching. Swift pencils of light are flashed

again and again upon strange creatures that we dimly knew inhabited somewhere in the human heart and brain but whose faces we have never seen before. In "Merlin," however, the story is blurred, impeded, and dull. In "An April Elegy" it is trivial and hackneyed.

Potentially, of course, the Arthurian cycle remains for the poet of to-day what it has always been, perhaps the richest and most alluring body of legend in the world. But Mr. Robinson has not availed himself of this wealth. By the very nature of his endowment, perhaps, he could not.

Highest and rarest of all is the dramatic genius which draws character out of events and deduces events from character, making us see the two as only the outer and inner aspects of one inseparable whole. But Mr. Robinson, though his dramatic powers are by no means negligible, prefers to choose one static situation and to revolve his persons about and about its central light, allowing them to catch from it here and there what glints they may of expression and significance. His strength lies in the close delineation of human types, studied usually in attitudes of imminent or actual failure. Though his delineation is close, he never attempts to make it complete. Where the shadows fall he lets them lie, and he studies his subject not directly but as one should look at a dim star, with the more sensitive outer fringes of the retina. So it was that he studied Captain Craig and Shakespeare and The Man Against the Sky, investing them first of all with mystery and shadow, out of which there gradually grew some scattered gleams of quintessential interpretation.

For the rest, Mr. Robinson writes like a man who is moved to speech only slowly and with difficulty, like one whose imagination constantly smoulders but seldom breaks into bright, clear flame. His best poetry is almost never caught out of the flying lyric moment, but is the slow accretion from intense, long brooding over past experience. The highly characteristic, highly successful "Flammonde" illustrates a method which has become almost a formula. Thus Mr. Robinson makes poetry, so to speak, out of his very reluctances and inhibitions.

There can be no critical impertinence greater than that which tries to imprison a poet within the circle of his own past performance, and, despite our satisfaction in feeling that we have a writer adequately ticketed and shelved away, there are few of Mr. Robinson's readers who would not be glad to see him enter and possess some new field with the same mastery he has shown in the old. Nevertheless, one must feel it was a malicious elf that suggested Arthurian romance as a subject for his pen. The subject is new to him, but his method and manner are unchanged. Subject and method do not harmonize. Upon a style which has shaped itself in the delineation of modern types of mind—complex, eccentric, intensely individualized—is laid the task of depicting certain very unmodern characters which throughout a long and august tradition have been treated as simple, conventional, naïve. The result, in less skilful hands, would have been burlesque. Only one character in the poem, Sir Lamorak, reminds us that the Arthurian hero was a man of deeds rather than of words, and he is so hemmed about with voluble carpet knights who hint, guess, infer, surmise, and query in the style of Henry James, that he himself can do little more than talk of action. And where are the jostle and press, the flashing color and sonorous din which five centuries of English poetry, going back to "Gawayne and the Green Knight," have made us feel we have a right to expect? They are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Where is that Merlin who loomed so hoary and hirsute upon one's childhood, the king-making, empire-building, cloud-compelling Merlin? "Gone, faded out of the story, the sea-faring friend I remember." We do not so much object that he should commit spiritual suicide, if only he had been allowed to "do it beautifully." But this perfumed, purple-frocked, groomed, and barbered Merlin, with vine-leaves in his hair! One feels defrauded of a birthright.

If, for a moment, we allow ourselves to believe in Mr. Robinson's people, they suddenly appear amused and perplexed at themselves, as when Vivian complains of Merlin's beard:

> "O, that hair!"
> She moaned, as if in sorrow: "Must it be?
> Must every prophet and important wizard
> Be clouded so that nothing but his nose
> And eyes, and imitations of his ears
> Are there to make us know him when we see him?"

And again she says, scarcely in the tone of any traditional Vivian:

> Go on, and tell me all about the King;
> I'll bet the King had warts or carbuncles
> Or something wrong in his divine insides,
> To make him wish that Adam had died young.

This is clearly the amused play of a modern mind upon the mediæval characters, with the satire in the mouths of those characters themselves,—a recipe for excellent fooling, as Mark

Twain's Connecticut Yankee showed, but in this instance the artist does not want his people to step from the canvas and criticize the picture. The fault is that of inadequate dramatic projection. The poet is himself amused and perplexed. It is his unmistakably modern and all too idiosyncratic accent that we hear, the voice of the man who, in "Miniver Cheevey," has phrased to a nicety his estimate of sentimental mediævalism.

Mr. Robinson's habitual obscurity has never seemed less justified than it does in the present poem. There is no discoverable reason why Vivian should choose to ensnarl her meaning in the following tangle of words:

> You are the only one who sees enough
> To make me see how far away I am
> From all that I have seen and have not been.

Here there is no great depth or intricacy of meaning, but merely a failure to make words do their work. Neither does this devious verbiage individualize the speaker, for it pervades the entire poem. In other places the reader is perplexed by such things as the inordinate length of a sentence, ingeniously tortured sentence structure, or the trick of the transferred epithet. When one sees that a poet is struggling with a meaning really beyond the reach of simple language, he is willing to do his part, especially in these days when clarity has come to connote the elementary, but it is hard to be patient with the mere mannerisms of profundity. Eventually we ask the man who assumes a mysterious and cryptic air for some commensurate enlightenment. In reading this poem, we do not get it. The arcana are dark to the end, and we are forced to think of other poems in which Mr. Robinson's inveterate obscurity has had more excuse. He resembles his own Merlin, who has much to say about what he has seen and known without giving much notion of what it is, and who seems to rely upon our remembrance that he has been impressive in other scenes.

Because it is all talk, leading no-whither, because it is nearly void of external action, the poem seems inordinately long. It is, in fact, 168 pages of supple, vigorous, often daring, blank verse. Here and there the clouds lift to give us brief glimpses of memorable beauty. There is one picture of summer woodland and another of Vivian's park the like of which Mr. Robinson never found in the pages of his master. And, finally, there is one simile almost beautiful enough to redeem every fault that has been mentioned. Merlin, foreseeing a dismal end of all for Arthur and himself, is bidding farewell to Vivian:

> "I was wrong that other day,
> For I have one more story. I am old."
> He waited like one hungry for the word
> Not said; and she found in his eyes a light
> As patient as a candle in a window
> That looks upon the sea and is a mark
> For ships that have gone down.

The plot of Mr. Ficke's poem reminds one as strongly of Elinor Glyn as the dialogue in "Merlin" does of Henry James. So far as plot is concerned—and here it should be said that Mr. Ficke seems to hold the extreme romantic view that one's choice of subject is of no consequence—the poem is as mawkish as the dream of a sentimental schoolgirl. A man and a woman, he a budding musician and she a young libertine of sensation somewhat world-weary after many conquests, encounter each other one morning by the sea. She invites him, an utter stranger, to enter her "little light-winged boat," and they sail out to sea for some four and twenty hours, with amorous results which are swift, perfervid, and catastrophic. Then she disappears in quest of further frivolities, leaving him to a long debauch of his habitual melancholy brooding, edged now with passionate recollections, and to his pipe-organ. After some months during which he tortures himself with alternate longing and well-founded doubts of the girl's honesty, he sees her again for the second and last time. But the girl, an arrant and unabashed sensationalist, thinking it impossible ever to "recapture the first fine careless rapture," bids him a long and last farewell.

The whole-hearted sentimentalism of this tale, for which one is tempted to suggest the title "Two Nights," will certainly recommend it to many, though scarcely to those readers whom Mr. Ficke's real powers and previous performance fit him to address. Considered as a story, it is "fine lady" literature, with just the proper tincture of the pornographic. There are other readers who will find in its fever and ague of passion and in its treatment of situations which Puritans, and some others, tend to ignore, indubitable signs of what they understand as "realism." In fact, the story is wildly unreal. But those capable of appreciating the many passages of rare beauty and insight which the poem contains will understand that the story, taken by itself, is simply the old familiar "fiddling of harmonics upon the strings of sensualism."

ODELL SHEPARD.

An English View of the President

PRESIDENT WILSON FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW. By H. Wilson Harris. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $1.75.)

In presenting an English view of President Wilson, Mr. Harris has performed a service as valuable for American as for English readers. We of the United States, observing the inevitable inaccuracies and deficiencies in the consideration of our politics by a careful British student, may have a renewed comprehension of the greater depths of our ignorance of English politics.

Mr. Harris attempts an unadorned biography of Woodrow Wilson and a simple exposition of his presidential policies. What may appeal to most Americans as a fundamental error is his assumption that Mr. Wilson is primarily an initiating leader. A leader of exceptional power he undoubtedly is, but one who customarily takes the lead after a project has been formulated and organized and advanced to the dignity of either majority or strong minority support. This appears to be his self-chosen rôle. He does not waste his energy or influence in seeking out new roads and persuading the doubting hosts to follow. He watches mass opinion closely, and with the certainty of genius waits for and recognizes the gradual emergence of mature convictions and issues from the confused discussion of unhealthy or undeveloped policies wherein democracy thinks out loud.

Mr. Harris observes, for example, that the President changed his deprecation of preparedness in 1914 to a fervent advocacy before 1916, but lays the change largely to the education of Mr. Wilson by the events of 1915, giving the impression that the President then transmitted his enlightenment to the people. More accurately he might have written that the events of 1915, interpreted by the propagandists of preparedness, had enlightened the American people. A mass opinion demanding increased armament was formed, not with Mr. Wilson's aid, but considerably despite his very powerful resistance. The President, a high type of pacifist, reluctantly accepted the changed public opinion as his mentor. He took the lead with obvious hesitation, exhibited notably in his controversy with Secretary of War Garrison, but public opinion massed itself in increasing strength behind even this doubting leadership and when the break with Germany came the President was able to swing it against a stumbling, irresolute Congress, driving through his vast programme with enheartening ease.

Mexico furnishes perhaps a more vivid example of Mr. Wilson's quality on the negative side. The American people formulated no policy with regard to Mexico and the President in consequence, like the people, adopted "watchful waiting." The President had splendid ideals of Pan-Americanism, but ideals are not policies and it is a certain touchstone for Mr. Wilson's administration to note that his ideals are translated into policies only after the democracy, whose great servant he aspires to be and is, has formulated an opinion which can be relied upon to support an executive programme.

Woodrow Wilson the statesman combines a patient firmness in action, and an intellectual self-sufficiency in counsel, with an amazing and seemingly inconsistent responsiveness to public opinion. To interpret the public will seems to be his chosen ideal for a leader of democracy. To write successfully the life of such a man requires an intimate knowledge of the politics and politicians of his time. This knowledge Mr. Harris admittedly lacks. His minimizing of the profound influence of Progressivism, and the Progressive Party upon the President is peculiarly irritating to anyone well acquainted with the last decade of American politics. Mr. Harris refers to Senator La Follette, who bitterly opposed the Progressive Party and supported Wilson, as "one of the founders of the Progressive Party." He describes the Progressive platform, which sounded an absolutely new note in American politics and attacked vigorously both the old parties, as "a curious amalgam of the Republican and Democratic."

An inclination to be harsh with Mr. Harris should be restrained because of the clear sincerity and good intention of his work. He writes of recent American politics without a comprehension of the powerful influence of Colonel Roosevelt, and of the magnitude and depth of the struggle between him and Mr. Wilson. The two men are utterly different in character and method, and the conflict between them is inevitable and elemental. The life of neither can be written without a fair knowledge of the other. Mr. Harris labors under the handicap of having only superficial information concerning both.

His book will have the largest value for Americans in his interpretation of Mr. Wilson's international polity. Here, with a better com-

prehension of the issues and factors involved, he interprets more skilfully. Here, also, he is delineating a Wilson who is less the speaker of, and more the speaker for, democracy. The American people comprehend so little of international relations that they are accustomed to accept without controversy the presidential determinations of their will toward other peoples. The abrupt reversal of a policy of national isolation aroused little opposition, because to the masses "isolation," "Monroe Doctrine," "imperialism," and such terms had no poignant significance. The Balkan question will mean nothing to us as a people until it begins to cost us blood and money. Upon international questions Mr. Wilson spoke for the people, and his purposes rather than those of our people may be read in those utterances. Mr. Harris's exposition of Wilson as President of Humanity—to use the phrase of a hostile critic—is therefore more accurate and illuminating than his well-intentioned but inadequate presentation of Wilson as President of the United States.

DONALD R. RICHBERG.

The Belgian Carthage

THE NEW CARTHAGE. By Georges Eekhoud. (Duffield & Co. $1.50.)

After reading this work by the Belgian novelist, Eekhoud, one wonders whether it would have been translated if it had been written by anyone but a Belgian. One wonders further why this should have been the specimen of Eekhoud's work chosen for translation. There is a certain irony in the contrast between the "profound homage" with which the translator dedicates his work to the Belgian King, and this very unsavory picture of modern Antwerp, told by a passionate radical. If only good should be spoken of the martyred, some readers will not care to learn of the hatred of the people for the conscript army, of the miserable, exploited industrial serfs of Belgium, of the greedy and soulless upper-class society of Antwerp. But to the translator, Mr. Lloyd R. Morris, any Belgian book is evidently a good book, and he sends this one forth duly expurgated of those franknesses in which "Anglo-Saxon and Gallic taste are at variance." Even this neatest excuse for prudery, however, leaves in the book many of those "sensual aspects of life" which Mr. Morris in his preface tells us are of the Fleming's genius.

One could wish that a novel written about the great port on the Scheldt, so cruel, opulent, degenerate, with its grasping bourgeoisie and its swarming youthful workers, had made that life more vivid before our eyes. Eekhoud writes undoubtedly with strong anti-capitalist feeling, with hope for the day when Antwerp will "be restored again to her true children." He has a great theme, and he knows his city through all its turbulent layers. But he does not fuse the life really into artistic form. One thinks of "Germinal," and one misses the power and deep reference and social orientation of Zola. One thinks of "Pillars of Society" and one misses the cold, cutting subtlety of Ibsen in his exposure of that greed of the capitalist which sweeps away all human consideration. And one thinks of "Pelle" and misses the palpitating mass-life with its hunger, and its pathetic struggle against its masters and the elements. Eekhoud, in using these themes, suffers immeasurably by contrast with these greater books. His individuals are too unrelieved in their villainous materialism. They become stagy and thin. The city is unconvincingly fantastic in the Carthaginian flavor attributed to it. The separate scenes are not worked out, and the plot has little firmness of fibre. The city is seen through the eyes of the sensitive young Laurent, who leaves the unsympathetic relatives with whom he is brought up and follows a roving life, first with a group of radical artists and writers and then with poor workmen and the "runners" of the wharves. The thread of story is carried along through his love for the beautiful and wealthy Gina, his cousin, who marries a vile speculator, Béjard, trafficker in emigrants and war supplies, and grinder of child workers. The story passes to a melodramatic end in the sinking of the rotten ship which Béjard has loaded with deluded emigrants—among whom were Laurent's friends—for Brazil, and the destruction of Laurent and his enemy in the explosion of the latter's cartridge plant.

Yet this ending has not half the tragic power of that even more melodramatic dénouement of "Germinal," after we have followed for so long the pathos of individual lives set in the inexorable horror of modern industry. Eekhoud's novel is more the brave attempt of a writer who is a sociological prophet rather than an artist. Like a true socialist, he feels classes rather than individual lives. The best things are always the racy pictures of peasants, conscripts, dockers,

young criminals, and prostitutes. Here is the colorful type that he feels, the pulsing movement of the crowd. Read as a series of picturesque sketches of the life of the old port, the book is keenly interesting. Yet somehow in these groups, vividly and distinctly as they are felt, the sense of both the city as a whole and of the breathing significance of individual lives caught in the clash of groups, is strangely missing. The groups somehow delightfully live, but not the city which they compose nor the people who compose them.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Whims

UNICORNS. By James Huneker. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.75.)

Mr. Huneker has developed of late an unrestrained fondness for apocalyptic beasts. His totem in the present volume is the Unicorn, but he has not wholly abandoned his Ivory Apes and Peacocks, and when he essays to volplane perilously through the Fourth Dimension of Space, it is on the back of the Hippogriff, "with its liberating wings." The Unicorn, says Mr. Huneker, enables us to feel "the nostalgia of the infinite, the sorcery of dolls, the salt of sex, the vertigo of them that skirt the edge of perilous ravines . . ." He is cosmopolite and idealist and easily filled with ecstasy in the presence of the Seven Arts. He is, you may infer, a humorous projection of Mr. Huneker's own ego —the symbol of his life-long search for the beautiful.

To anyone curious about the growth of our culture Mr. Huneker's case is worth attention. He went abroad to saturate himself in the atmosphere of art somewhere near the beginning of the eighties. It was a great period for the devotee and he was a born devotee. The cult of art was never more resplendent or developed on a scale more grandiose and imposing. There was a touch of the mysticism of religiosity, a sacred ritual, and the austerity of personal sacrifice. Art then had its popes and its celibates. The incomparable Flaubert died in that period and was straightway canonized. "Madame Bovary" was the breviary of the novice. Huysmans was on the point of exhibiting the true source of much of this exaltation by writing "A Rebours" and preparing to merge the asceticism of the artist in that of the churchman. Whether the writer dealt with life directly or only dreamed about it in the studio, his vocation expressed a passion to separate himself from his fellows, from the vulgar mediocrity of the herd. To *épater le bourgeois* was not simply a pleasure; it was a duty and a badge of caste. The pontiffs of that shining period were as remorseless as the most violent of the Bolsheviki. Not being able to annihilate the bourgeoisie, they found it convenient to pillory them and to amaze them by the extravagances of art. A little later on, with Mallarmé, the crown was to be bestowed for unintelligibility. It was a world soaked in the delusion of grandeur.

The phenomenon of Mr. Huneker's style cannot be explained without reference to those years in Paris. He has lived through a transitional period, and he has come a little way along the new road. With what reluctance the reader is left to guess. He has, for example, a considerable indulgence for the bourgeois. He no longer sees him as the black beast with hoofs and long furry ears. But he can't avoid trying to shock him now and then by the extravagance of his language, any more than he can avoid instructing him in the course of the arts. Daisy Miller was abroad in the period of Mr. Huneker's novitiate and there is plenty of evidence on which to base the suspicion that he met her and took the measure of her limitations. She still represents his compatriots for him—an eager but innocent crew, who need a Baedeker in the realm of the arts. This sense of our limitations has been a handicap to Mr. Huneker. It has betrayed him into making of his work a curious pastiche—a mosaic of facts, dates, gossip, and criticism, with quotation predominating. The resulting pattern is bizarre, and it must give foreigners an exaggerated notion of the gaps in our national culture. Open his latest book at random and you come upon such passages as this:

> As old Flaubert used to say: such books are false, nature is not like that. How keenly he saw through the humbug of "free love"—a romantic tradition of George Sand's epoch—may be noted in his comment that Emma Bovary found in adultery all the platitudes of marriage. Ah! that much despised, stupid, venerable institution, marriage! How it has been flouted since the days of Rousseau—the father of false romanticism and that stupefying legend, the "equality" of mankind. (O! the beautiful word, "equality," invented for the delectation of rudimentary minds.)

Or this bit on George Sand:

> She had charm. She had style, serene, flowing, also tepid and fatuous, the style detested by Charles Baudelaire, and admired by Turgenev and Renan and Lamennais. Baudelaire remarked of this "best seller" that she wrote her chefs d'œuvres as if they were

letters, and posted them. The "style coulant," praised by bourgeois critics, he abhorred, as it lacked accent, relief, individuality. "She is the Prudhomme of immortality," he said—not a bad definition—and "she is stupid, heavy, and a chatterer." She loves the proletarian, and her sentiment is adapted to the intelligent wife of the concierge and the sentimental harlot. Which shows that even such a versatile critic as Baudelaire had his prejudices.

It is all in the same manner, obligingly informative and genially casual. It has the compactness of pemmican. It is guaranteed by the authority of great names, and shows an agile intellect dovetailing epigrams. Mr. Huneker has never escaped from the blight of cleverness that characterized the nineties. He has the air of a bon-vivant who dines nightly with the Muses and has to store up dinner-table witticisms to keep them from yawning like the weary business man. To be sure, he borrows more than he invents, but even that is a strain on the memory unless he keeps a card catalogue or a secretary. One trembles to think of what would happen if the memory were to go blank or the card catalogue to go up in smoke. Mr. Huneker's pages would look like dispatches that had gone through the hands of the censor.

If we turn from the manner to the underlying philosophy, we see that Mr. Huneker sweeps here, too, with a wide net that takes in metaphysics, science, sociology, and political philosophy. "Science only attains the knowledge of the correspondence and relativity of things—no mean intellectual feat, by the way—but not of the things themselves . . ." "Man must no longer be egocentric. The collective soul is born. The psychology of the mob, according to Professor Le Bon, is different from the psychology of the individual . . . Mob psychology is always false psychology. The crowd obliterates the ego." "His birth, breeding, and temperament made Mallock a foe to socialism, to the promiscuous in politics, religion, society, therefore an apostle of culture, not missing its precious side; witness Mr. Rose in The New Republic, and one who abhorred the crass and the irreverent in the New Learning." "Withal, the didactic side of our fiction is overdone. I set it down to the humbug about the 'masses' being opposed to the 'classes.' Truly a false antithesis . . . As if a poor man suddenly enriched didn't prove, as a rule, the hardest taskmaster to his own class. Consider the new-rich. What a study they afford to the students of manners . . ." and so on, and so on.

To compensate for a suspicion of staleness in these high realms, Mr. Huneker shows his hospitality by embracing "Creative Involution" and turning joyous somersaults in the Fourth Dimension of Space. But that, I am sure, is only his way of escaping from the tyranny of the actual, and we may fairly lay the blame on the Unicorn and the Hippogriff and suspect that he has his tongue in his cheek. Even a ghostly and diminished passion to *épater le bourgeois* is likely to tempt a man to keep a strange menagerie about the premises, especially a man who loves a joke as well as Mr. Huneker. His great merit is that he has banished solemnity and cant; he talks about books because he loves them, and there isn't an ounce of pedantry in his whole nature.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

A Parable of Toleration

THE COMING. By J. C. Snaith. (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50.)

Fiction can express almost any idea of which the human mind is capable, certainly all ideas relating to human character, intercourse, social relations, and government. A novel cannot include a treatise on vector analysis, but if a novelist wishes to do such a strange thing and knows how to manage narrative, he can make one of his characters a professor of mathematics and through the professor's talk indicate that vector analysis is, or is not, of value to humanity. We do not expect to find in a love story a discourse on free trade or any other formal division of economics; yet a novelist can make his young man and the girl's father political opponents and so bring out any idea about free trade that he wishes to impress on the reader. It all depends on how skilfully the novelist manages the talk of his characters, how deeply he interests us in the persons who hold this opinion or that.

English and American novelists have dealt with all manner of political, social, and religious ideas. Dickens, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Trollope, Meredith, Mrs. Stowe, Howells, not to mention Wells, Galsworthy, and the many other young, alert students of life, have found the novel a palatable vehicle for ideas that in straight doses are hard to digest. In Russia, where ideas if put in the expository form most suitable to them used to be suppressed, the novelists wrapped a pill that would have been bitter to the government, in the sugar of romance. Aylmer Maude quotes in his "Life of Tolstoy" a letter from Drouzhinin, a Russian critic:

An Englishman or an American may laugh at the

fact that in Russia not merely men of thirty, but gray-haired owners of two thousand serfs sweat over stories of a hundred pages, which appear in the magazines, are devoured by everybody, and arouse discussion in society for a whole day. However much artistic quality may have to do with this result, you cannot explain it merely by art. What in other lands is a matter of idle talk and careless dilettantism, with us is quite another affair. Among us things have taken such shape that a story—the most frivolous and insignificant form of literature—becomes one of two things: either it is rubbish, or else it is the voice of a leader sounding through the empire.

In England and America official restriction of thought has not yet become so strangling as it was in Russia before the revolution. But in both the so-called Anglo-Saxon democracies there are disheartening signs of a disposition on the part of officialdom and of "public opinion" to throttle the ideas of the liberal minority; such signs are the treatment accorded by the British government to the temperate and high-minded protests of Bertrand Russell and others, and, in this country, the utter disregard, by Congress and others in authority, of the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and press and of the right of peaceful assemblage. If Mr. Snaith had set forth in direct exposition or argument the essential ideas of "The Coming," he might even now be confined, like his mystical hero, in a state institution for lunatics, or more likely in a penal institution, along with Morel and the rest. Probably it was not so much a consideration of this danger as the artist's knowledge that the parable, a form at least as old as the Bible, can be artistically as well as ethically effective, which led him to cast his ideas in the mould of fiction.

The least favorable thing that can be said about "The Coming" is that the personages in whom the ideas are embodied are not sufficiently specific and individual. The clergyman is a conventional clergyman, he is generalized, provincial "vicarism," as compared with Trollope's clergymen who, as Trollope himself said, with his sure instinct for character, are men first, who happen, as a secondary matter, to be priests. Dr. Jollife is a conventional Irishman. Murdwell, the American inventor, is not only the American as the Englishman conceives the type, clothes, manner, breeziness, and all, but also the literary man's conventionalized idea of the inventive, scientific genius. The mystical, Messianic hero does not quite emerge visibly and audibly a creature of flesh and blood; but vagueness and unreality are, to be sure, in character with this strange superhuman being. And the parabolic nature of the story perhaps justifies the generalization of all the characters, who are meant to stand for types of ideas.

The miraculous cure and the mysterious Wellsian discovery of the inventor are unnecessary burdens on probability; they threaten to drive it outside the frame of reality. In this respect the story is inferior to Artzibashef's "Death of Ivan Lande." In that story the forces which the idealist encounters and before which he finally succumbs are the plain everyday facts of life. This is what would happen to the saint, and what, in the greatest case in history, did happen. Yet though the individual perishes, the ideas survive, for there is the Bible, and there is your novelist, the modern parabolist, who in the very act of recording the death or defeat of a character preserves the ideas for which he died; they "arouse discussion in society for a whole day," perhaps for many a day. Mr. Snaith makes his idealist triumphant by the too easy device of endowing him with dramatic genius which takes the world by storm and revolutionizes the theatre. I will believe that when Mr. Snaith writes the wonderful play that wins the Nobel peace prize and finds an idealist under the waistcoat of an American theatrical manager. Mr. Snaith's saint converts his enemy and makes a real Christian of him. That is barely possible, but it is asking a good deal of human nature, of that kind of human nature which he ascribes to the vicar. He would have served ideas as well if he had worked them out as the Russian did in "Ivan Lande," and not made them so immediately and practically victorious.

For the essential ideas are good, and at present it is real service to have presented them in an attractive way. Those ideas are so simple, so humane, the commonplaces of two thousand years, that it is bewildering to think that they seem insane to an insane world and wicked to a wicked world. John Smith has the audacity to quote some of the charitable and pacific sentiments of the Bible. Therefore he is blasphemous. He is a poet, and speaks in parables, riddles, mystic metaphors. Therefore he is insane. He has a vision, which he regards as a reality; Goethe appears to him and says, "I have come to pray for Germany." "Certainly," says John Smith, "I am very glad to pray for Germany." Therefore he is a traitor, to be prosecuted, if he be intellectually responsible, under the Defense of the Realm regulations. The official attitude toward German literature (Mr. Snaith reserves this ironic thrust for the end of

the book) is that of the representative of the Royal Academy of Literature who said at a public meeting that "he had done with Goethe forever."

The vicar stands for ecclesiastic and civil authority. He is all for duty, justice, and kindness. He and the English have Christ and the right on their side; the Germans are the incarnation of wrong, Antichrist. Minister of a religion which deals in parables, visions, poetic indirections, sublime impracticalities, he has not imagination enough to have caught the spirit of the idiom which he employs every Sunday. All that sort of thing happened in the world long ago, once for all; that anything like it should be embodied in a modern man is inconceivable, worse than that, sacrilegious. There seem to be many Christians like the vicar on both sides of the conflict; you are at liberty to share Mr. Snaith's optimistic confidence that they can be brought to see the light.

The inventor, Murdwell, represents the suicide of science by its own prowess. The devilish ingenuity of invention has been turned to the destruction of the world. A horrible agent of death which Murdwell has discovered fortunately dies with him. This expresses the literary idealist's despair of scientific achievement, the old contest between knowledge and spirit. The character is not convincing, but the problem it suggests is interesting, whether the conquest of natural forces by human intelligence will result in the annihilation of the race or will be directed to constructive ends.

The best character is the squire who has come home from the war paralyzed. He hates war, hated it before he went into it, but did his part faithfully and accepts his invalidity without complaint. He does not hate people, even Germans, and he is baffled and distressed by the animosities of civilians who are more bitter than the men in the trenches. Though it is unlikely that soldiers on either side are wasting much affection on their enemies, yet there is evidence that the actual business of fighting does not engender a permanent spirit of revenge; that American officer who counselled his men that they must learn to be "dirty fighters" has not yet been in the trenches. There are abundant records of fraternization between Union and Confederate soldiers during the Civil War, certainly soon after the war. It may be that we shall have to wait for the soldiers to come home to chasten the odiums of militant civilians.

JOHN MACY.

BRIEFS

IN GOOD COMPANY. By Coulson Kernahan. Lane; $1.50.

A poet who had just published a volume of verses was asked whether Theodore Watts-Dunton was likely to review the book in the "Athenæum." "God forbid!" was the poet's reply, as recorded by Mr. Kernahan. "He would simply make my unfortunate book the peg upon which to hang a wonderful literary robe of spun silk and fine gold. He would begin—omitting all mention of me or my book—with some generalisation, some great first principle, whether of life, literature, science or art, no one, other than himself or the God who made him, could ever be sure beforehand. . . Then he would launch out into an essay, incomparable in knowledge and in scholarship, that would deal with everything in heaven or earth other than my unhappy little book. . . I should deem myself fortunate if, at the end of the review, I found my name as much as mentioned. . . if there were as much as one line in the whole four-page essay about my book."

Mr. Kernahan's recollections offer many a tempting "peg." The paragraph just quoted, supplemented by Watts-Dunton's own similar, though soberer, version of his method of reviewing, is a challenge to a discussion of the function of the critic. The statement, made rather mournfully, that Watts-Dunton's "*magnum opus* must be looked for, not in literature but in friendship," and that his best books stand upon our shelves with the names of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne on their covers, invites a tribute to those uncelebrated artists whose genius finds expression in the ephemeral art of being. The somewhat naïve speculation as to whether Oscar Wilde's sins may not be traced, literally, to demoniacal possession demands a jeremiad on the unconquerable propensity of human beings to overestimate the importance of the irrelevant. Most of all, the epigram of some famous unknown, with which the foreword begins—" 'Recollections' are generally written by people who have either entirely lost their memories or who have never, themselves, done anything worth remembering"—is an opening for a discussion of the place of the literary gossip in literature.

All of which is by way of saying that Mr. Kernahan's book, like all good company, is stimulating and provocative. It is too often dull; it is marred by mysterious hints at things the author might tell an he would, and by a very wearisome and embarrassing—an almost servile—self-depreciation. And yet the glimpses that it affords of such ever-interesting figures as Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, and the mountain-

eer and scientist, Edward Whymper, who are the subjects of the best of the sketches, are amazingly lifelike. By very reason of his staunch partisanship, Mr. Kernahan makes his old friends live again, and takes the reader with him into the charmed circle of their society.

THE LATIN AT WAR. By Will Irwin. Appleton; $1.75.

The habit of filling up column space will always be a menace to newspaper writers. The present book should be cut down to half its size. The author is a good observer, he has had excellent opportunities to see the French and Italian armies, and he paints some graphic scenes; but his pages are cluttered up with long descriptions of things that do not count. If the reader will skip everything up to the author's arrival at the Italian front, he will be saved much weariness and will be inclined to read on. This is the best part of the book. The author describes in a stirring manner his visit to the Alpine heights, through trenches in the snow and dugouts in the solid rock, among batteries on mountain peaks where one would hardly believe guns could go. The Italian officer as we find him here is a most attractive figure, courteous, dignified, cheerful, and ever solicitous for the safety of his guest. These scenes will be new to most readers of war books. The later chapters are given up to the French again, largely around Verdun and in Lorraine.

THE HEART OF THE BALKANS. By Demetra Vaka. Houghton Mifflin; $1.50.

There are two kinds of travel books. In one the author devotes himself to matter-of-fact information regarding routes, hotels, what to see, and so on. In the other kind, the writer treats all that he sees subjectively and, consciously or unconsciously, creates literature. "The Heart of the Balkans" is in the latter class. It would make a poor guidebook indeed, but it is something better. Demetra Vaka and her brother travel through Albania, Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria, which means a trip on mules or ponies over roads that are hardly more than paths, and among a people barely civilized, where the best and cleanest hospitality is offered by the village priests. The men consider fighting the chief business of man. Demetra Vaka's concern, however, is primarily with the women: what they are like mentally and physically, and what their economic status is. She puts the various nationalities before us with great insight and literary power. She herself is a Greek, born in Constantinople, so she is well fitted to speak of these peoples. Her word pictures of the physical appearance of each land are suggestive and touched with beauty.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF GENERAL THE HON. J. C. SMUTS. By N. Levi. Longmans, Green; $2.50.

General Smuts is only forty-seven years old, despite the long record of varied achievement to his credit, and so the time has not yet come to write his biography, in the full sense of the word. But a very good beginning to such a work is furnished in this "character sketch" written by a South African journalist friend of Jan Smuts, whose admiration for his hero sums itself up in the closing assertion that "we are too close to our mountain to appreciate its altitude." The versatility of the man is attested in the brief summary: "In law he shone most brilliantly during the years that came after the Boer War, when he had still a private practice. As a politician he may be said to have done his best work hitherto as a Minister of the Transvaal, but we do not know what lies ahead. Few will doubt that he would have been an eminent divine, a great chemist, a famous surgeon, a Gargantuan tiller of the soil, had he not entered public life. His adaptability as a warrior is exemplified by what is happening at this very moment." Nevertheless one may safely doubt whether he would have been preacher, chemist, surgeon, and farmer, all in one, had not public life claimed him. The author speaks of some who "delight in painting him as an overintelligent Frankenstein, stalking through the human throng with scarcely a human feeling in him." But it was not Frankenstein that did the stalking, as has been pointed out often enough. In its contrasting portraits of the Cambridge-student Smuts and the mature statesman and general, the lank and lean and pasty-complexioned bookworm and the stalwart commander of imposing presence, this "character sketch" presents two strikingly dissimilar personalities—to the casual observer, at least.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CITIZENSHIP. By Arland D. Weeks. McClurg; 50 cts.

Words of special emphasis should be reserved to commend this small but unusually able and attractive book. Professor Weeks has succeeded in carrying a message of vital significance, in phrasing it in an effective style, and above all in selecting for emphasis the focal points of interest to the understanding of the mind of the citizen. This is popular psychology directed with skill to problems of daily concern. The emphasis upon the mind of the citizen means that social purpose can be accomplished only in so far as the task is accepted and understood by the intelligence of the average citizen. The limitation of reasoning must thus be admitted in addition to the needless limitations that affect social progress. Social inertia makes the most difficult and expensive variety of modern education, that of educating

aldermen and legislators and others concerned with communal interests. The psychology of citizenship is profoundly affected by the use of machinery, for this acts directly upon the human mind. The enormous significance of the mode of labor and its conflicts, the effects of modern publicity in shaping opinion, the peculiar character and disabilities of the legal mind, the dominations of the sense of propriety, the difficulties of establishing other varieties of human value,—all these form a part of the psychology of citizenship, and are set forth with extraordinary skill in this manual.

A Concordance to the Poems of Edmund Spenser. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. The Carnegie Institution of Washington; $20.

The publication of a concordance to a great poet is an important event in literary criticism. Such a work provides an extended and instructive commentary on the diction and subject-matter of the poet; facilitates research and a better understanding of all poets and poetry; tests critical judgments and opinions; enhances the value of other concordances in the search for literary relationships—both agreements and differences; and by thorough analysis prepares the way for original creation. The number of concordances has in recent years rapidly increased as their value has become apparent; yet Spenser has been missing from the list, a fact the more noticeable because of his rank in an age preëminent in English literature, and because of the vast influence which he has exerted on later poets. As a corrective of much shallow, general, and misleading Spenserian criticism; as an aid in discovering the full significance of the poet's intricate allegory; and finally, as a means of arriving at his real values "that his cultural and spiritual power may be enlarged among readers," a concordance to Spenser easily justifies its existence.

Professor Osgood's task involved a vast amount of mechanical labor and many perplexing problems. The absence of an authentic basic text necessitated much textual criticism in adapting and collating three others. Spenser's inconsistent use of hyphened compounds, his lawless orthography, and his use of archaic forms and dialect suggest some of the difficulties faced by the editor in his efforts to make a most serviceable work, and overcome by him with rare patience and scholarship. With their accustomed efficiency and thoroughness the Carnegie Institution of Washington have, as publishers, left nothing undone that would add to the attractiveness and dignity of the volume. To both editor and publishers all students and lovers of poetry owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

Our Part in the Great War. By Arthur Gleason. Stokes; $1.35.

The outstanding feature of this book is its collection of extracts from the war diaries of captured German soldiers. Mr. Gleason is said to be the only person not a government official of France or England who has been allowed free access to this unique library of unprinted war literature; and the fact of his having had this free access is proved by facsimile pages presented with translations in sufficient number to carry conviction. Significant indeed are these attestations of deliberate atrocity from the perpetrators themselves. Reluctance, abhorrence even, are often evident; but disobedience to the high command is apparently unthinkable. "That is what we were ordered to do," writes one soldier at the end of his shameful record, and other similar entries are not wanted in other diaries. "The people of Germany have bowed their will to the implacable machine. They have lost their soul in its grinding," says Mr. Gleason. "Our part" in the war, so far as the book describes it, is necessarily nothing further than the voluntary part of the thirty thousand who did not wait for national action, for these chapters were written before the present energetic preparations for ending the war had fairly begun. But even so there was enough to tell for the purposes of an animated and engrossing narrative. The author has seen service as an ambulance man, and is now special correspondent in the war zone.

A Seasonal Industry. By Mary Van Kleeck. Russell Sage Foundation; $1.50.

The trade of making women's hats is interesting not alone because 134,000 people in this country are employed in it, more than one-tenth of whom work in New York City alone. It is one of the most markedly seasonal of our industries, is highly subject to sweating, is dependent upon the whims and fluctuations of fashion as few trades are, while organization of labor within its limits meets with few permanent successes and wages are relatively low. All these facts naturally lead to disturbed domestic conditions, low standards of living, and many other problems of social adjustment which are pressing. Miss Van Kleeck's handling of these problems is characteristic of her usual insight and thoroughness as the most experienced investigator of the conditions of women's work in this country. She brings a point of view and a directness of attack to her field of study which make her conclusions convincing. Especially is this true of her demand for some sort of effective public regulation of the trade in the interest of the welfare of the workers.

ALASKA: THE GREAT COUNTRY. By Ella Higginson. Macmillan; $2.50.

One cannot read of Alaska without sharing the thrill of the Arctic traveller, and his feeling of the great, cold, wind-swept places, the high, snow-capped peaks, and the pounding surf. Mrs. Higginson's descriptions and her photographs of fir-tipped points, of swirling rapids, Eskimos in their parkas, and dog teams harnessed for their run across the frozen spaces, all make one long poignantly for bracing northern air and life among hardy, simple people. She has travelled from Dixon Entrance north along the coast out to the far Aleutian Islands and up to Nome. She has gone inland over the famous White Pass from Skagway to Lake Bennett and White Horse. To-day Skagway, like Dawson, is a peaceful, dull, respectable little town. But in the nineties Lake Bennett was a scene of wonder. As Cyanide Bill described it to the author, "Tents! Did you say tents? Hunh! They was so thick it took a man an hour to find his own."

Settlers other than gold-seekers are commonly repelled from Alaska by the poor reputation of its climate. But Alaska in reality offers fruitful opportunity to the farmer, its prevailing dampness making for an almost unequalled luxuriance of vegetation. Nothing, in fact, is niggardly in Alaska, neither the prices nor the generosity and cordiality of the people. Moreover, with its background of Russian ownership and Russian luxury, with the history of the early adventurers around its difficult shores, with the achievements of the missionaries, and the mingling of native races, Alaska offers a rich field for the historian and the anthropologist.

THE BIBLE'S PROSE EPIC OF EVE AND HER SONS: the "J" Stories of Genesis. By Eric S. Robertson. Putnam; $1.75.

Mr. Robertson apparently had several ends in view when writing this work, and he has attained them with varying degrees of success. In the first place, as the title indicates, he wished to study the "J" document of Genesis (those parts where God is spoken of as Jahveh) as an epic. He frequently speaks of it as a "morality play" and of its author as a "dramatist." Admitting willingly that the events recorded are mythological, not historical, he tries to show what the author meant to teach by these myths. Such is certainly the way in which the document ought to be studied, but the author has not always succeeded, nor is he always consistent with the general principles laid down at the beginning. Thus, in his chapters on Abraham, he discusses at length recent theories about Ur of the Chaldees and the laws of Hammurabi; it is as though a modern commentator on "Hiawatha" should try to show the poet's meaning by quoting the latest discoveries of anthropologists, for it is certain that the author of "J" knew no more of Hammurabi than Longfellow knew of the "Report of the American Bureau of Ethnology for 1917."

In the chapter on Eve, on the other hand, the original sin of our first parents is interpreted in a way which certainly never occurred to the "dramatist" or anybody else previous to Philo the Jew. Secondly, the author has attempted to sketch the early history of the Hebrews. He has assembled a number of odds and ends, especially from Robertson Smith and Sayce, which are not widely known, and which are most interesting. This part of the book is not carefully done, however, and there is no attempt to make a systematic study of the early Hebrews. On reading the book, one gets the impression that all this paraphernalia of scholarship is merely a passport to recommend the book to modern readers, while the author's real interest lies in moralizing and exegesis of the time-honored variety which allows one to deduce anything under the sun from no matter what text. Examples of this are found on every page. But when the author starts talking on his own account, he really does say many original and interesting things. Thus, in one chapter, he discusses the question of marriage—apropos of Eve—in a most unprejudiced manner and makes many excellent remarks on the subject. In another chapter he discusses temperance in the same spirit. Elsewhere, he lays the blame for the origin of war on private property. The results of his exegesis are excellent, but his method, though he dignifies it with the title of "reconstructive criticism," is that of the old-fashioned preacher. Why did he not simply write a book on "Wine, Women, and War," and leave the "J" document to the archæologists and folklorists to whom it belongs?

CONDITIONS OF LABOR IN AMERICAN INDUSTRIES. By W. Jett Lauck and Edgar Sydenstricker. Funk & Wagnalls; $1.75.

In recent years elaborate investigations by the federal government, the various states, and private agencies have disclosed an enormous amount of information relative to labor and its problems. Usually, however, the separate reports are practically inaccessible to the majority of people, and therefore some summary of these studies has a place in sociological literature. The purpose of this book is to meet this particular need. The authors used nearly thirty different investigations and reports in the study of wages, which closes with the disquieting conclusion that before the war began two-thirds at least of all male wage-earners eighteen years of age and over earned less than $600 annually. The budget of the laboring man's family has been the subject of a number

of important investigations. The tables presented deal chiefly with the sources of income and distribution of expenditures. Among the significant conclusions are the following: the wages of many men must be supplemented by those of their wives and children; the income of the girl living at home is often a main factor in the family budget; the high cost of living is forcing laborers to expend an increasing proportion of their income on food, since the subsistence wage has risen about $200 since 1900. The authors assert that the increased cost of living has largely nullified the advantage of higher wages. The book does not attempt to pass upon the validity of the information presented in the various reports used but generally accepts the statistics as trustworthy.

English Domestic Relations, 1487-1653. By Chilton Latham Powell. Columbia University Press; $1.50.

The subject of matrimonial relations appears to possess a perennial interest and certain recent studies have added much to our knowledge of the long history of the human family and to the appreciation and understanding of its many perplexing problems. The most recent scholar to venture into this field is Dr. Chilton Latham Powell, of Johns Hopkins University, who begins his investigation with the publication of Caxton's "Booke of Good Manners" in 1487 and closes his work with Cromwell's divorce legislation in 1653. The title-page of Dr. Powell's book promises "a study of matrimony and family life in theory and practice as revealed by the literature, law, and history of the period"; but the performance is scarcely equal to the promise. The second half of the volume deals with the literature of the subject and, though the author discusses a number of important but little-known writings, this part of the work is scarcely more than a critical bibliography. The important part of the study comprises the first three chapters, in which the author discusses the history and law of marriage in England, the development of opinion as to the nature of the family institution, attempts at divorce legislation, and kindred subjects. The field was harvested a dozen years ago with some thoroughness by Professor Howard in his monumental "History of Matrimonial Institutions"; but Dr. Powell has discovered several unused literary sources and has been able to correct Professor Howard's conclusions on various important points. The author's most notable contribution is his discussion of the attitude of the different Puritan sects and factions toward the nuptial union: some were inclined to hold that marriage is most properly solemnized in the presence of the Christian congregation; but the Independents took the extreme position that marriage is a civil contract and nothing more. Of peculiar interest is Dr. Powell's conclusion as to Milton's well-known attitude toward the question of marriage and divorce: he shows conclusively that this did not originate in the poet's own domestic unhappiness but was a matter of conviction and was in complete agreement with the Independent thought of the period.

The Russian Problem. By Paul Vinogradoff. Dutton; 75 cts.

"History is not a science enabling us to predict coming events with exactness, but it does make a significant difference whether we consider facts of social life as detached experiences or as links in a chain of development. In the first instance we shall hardly have anything to guide us but the impressions and appetites of the moment. In the second, we are able to obtain a wide perspective and a basis for rational plans." So, Professor Vinogradoff on the second page of his study of the psychology of the Russian people and their future after the war. And he goes on: "I may add that whatever may have been the shortcomings and the blunders of the Russian government, it is a blessing in this decisive crisis that Russians should have a firmly-knit organisation and a traditional centre of authority in the power of the Tsar. The present Emperor stands as the national leader, not in the histrionic attitude of a War Lord, but in the quiet dignity of his office. He has said and done the right thing, and his subjects will follow him to a man." Is it necessary to add that this book was written before the Revolution? The facts have written their own ironic comment on the margins of almost every page.

The Minimum Cost of Living: A Study of Families of Limited Income in New York City. By Winifred Stuart Gibbs. Macmillan; $1.

In this day even a formal budgetary study of living-costs may be of interest. Miss Gibbs, supervisor of the home-economics work of the New York A. I. G. P., studied the living conditions and family expenditures of seventy-five widows and their three to five children for one year, in order that she might be able to advise the poor with reference to wiser expenditures and planning of meals. Good results were seen in the improvement of health in these families as a result of the better balancing of diet and the diminished use of tea and coffee—a serious drain upon the purses of the poor without adequate returns in energy, especially in the children. Miss Gibbs presents elaborate schedules and tables illustrating her methods of study and the results of her investigations.

Briefer Mention

Basil Stewart's "On Collecting Japanese Colour-Prints" (Dodd, Mead; $2.) is intended for the amateur who is starting a collection, and as such it is a satisfactory handbook. The author gives a brief survey of the history and production of prints, mentioning only the better-known artists. In the cases of Hokusai and Hiroshige the various series, states, and editions are enumerated. The book contains much useful information, and ought to arouse those who are interested in collecting to a realization of the fact that the art of color printing in Japan is to-day a lost art and that it is their privilege as collectors to preserve the products of that art and to carry forward its best traditions to the future.

Those wishing to have the President's recent messages in convenient form will find that Stanton and Van Vliet's volume, "President Wilson's Great Speeches," is excellently suited to their need. Not only are the messages to Congress since the declaration of war included, but also a number of the President's speeches on other occasions which are most significant in showing his attitude toward the principles involved in the world crisis. A valuable feature of the book is the collection of important notes passing between this country and foreign powers, as well as the speeches on the occasions of the visits of the several foreign commissions in this country. (Stanton and Van Vliet, Chicago; $1.)

Dr. William J. Long, whose "English Literature" and "American Literature" are engagingly written and popular handbooks, has issued a one-volume "Outlines of English and American Literature" (Ginn; $1.40). While the new work is briefer than the others, giving about 340 pages to English writers and 200 to American, it is not a mere condensation; it covers the ground afresh. It has the same general qualities as its predecessors, including excellent illustrations. It is presumably intended for use in high schools.

Newell L. Sims is professor of sociology and political science in the University of Florida. His book, "Ultimate Democracy and Its Making" (McClurg; $1.50), is a compound of lectures delivered in and about New York City. It is well written, modestly and smoothly, yet it covers much, from Aristotle to Henry Ford, the philanthropist. Professor Sims is well read in the moderns, notably Giddings, Croly, and Veblen. He has hopes but recognizes all the old weaknesses of democracy, opposed as it is by "a compact body with great unanimity of purpose and action—Ignorance, Indifference, Unsocialized Individualism, Love of Inequality, Militarism, Aristocracy, Autocracy, and all the rest of them." Few will read Giddings, Croly, or even Veblen all through, and here is a way to supply the deficiency. Professor Sims quotes excellently.

The association of the physician with the clergyman no longer brings a sense of surprise, since the initiation of the Emmanuel Movement some years ago. It is in the spirit of that work that Dr. L. W. Batten records his experiences in a simple but systematic treatise, "The Relief of Pain by Mental Suggestion" (Moffat, Yard; $1.25). The double intention of the work appears in the reconciliation of interest in Christ's service as a healer with modern mental therapeutics. Both the book and the movement which Dr. Batten represents are free from extreme positions, and express a commonsense appreciation of the kinds of ailments aided by mental methods. While not extending the knowledge of the subject very far, the work is acceptable as a modest contribution.

"If one has anything to say, one might as well put it into a chair," said Mr. Le Gallienne. And if he has anything to eat, why not eat it in a beautiful dining room, or if he would dream, why not do it in a room decorated with the stuff of which dreams are made? But it is not every builder who knows how to put two beautiful things together without destroying their beauty or to construct dreams out of the material of which they are to be made. William Francklyn Paris's "Decorative Elements in Architecture" (Lane; $5.) appeals to the layman as a gem. It is descriptive, historic, and didactic, and written in a style which a layman can understand. The illustrations, of which there are ninety and nine, really illustrate. They are apt in selection and superb in execution. The author, the engraver, the printer, and the publisher may all well be proud of this volume.

John Dryden Kuser's "The Way to Study Birds" (Putnam's; $1.25) is a didactic primer devised to acquaint the novice with the fifty most abundant kinds of birds to be found in the neighborhood of New York City. Its content is such that it may be used widely throughout the eastern and central states, and its method is applicable everywhere. The author sets forth briefly the haunts, description, size, shape, call, seasonal abundance, and field-marks of the commoner birds, beginning with the ubiquitous English sparrow. The summer birds, the transients, and the winter birds are then treated. Directions for keeping notes, recording migrations, and learning bird songs, a partial list of books and a note on preservation and propagation of our native birds widen the usefulness of this valuable ornithological primer.

"Loyalty is obedience to the law," proclaims Charles G. Mutzenberg, author of "Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies" (Fenno; $1.25), and thereby misplaces the proper emphasis. Kentucky's feuds are, in any large sense, over. Some other traditional characteristics of the country are not—but that is another story. The clan feuds are important to-day chiefly as a picturesque memory, an echo from the past, that it is interesting to recall when you happen to shake hands with a Callahan or talk with a Howard, a Turner, or a Tolliver. Their history illuminates the character of the present-day "citizen"; it does not afford justifiable grounds for a polemic against his ancestors who made their own law and abode by it. It is a little ridiculous to exclaim against the disloyalty of a people who sent their entire able-bodied male population to defend the Union.

Notes on New Fiction

Any story-writer who has the luck to be recommended by Joseph Conrad will get attention, but he will have to stand a more searching scrutiny than if he had offered himself unannounced. A certain standard is expected of him, and merely good work will hardly do. On the jacket of Richard Curle's "The Echo of Voices" (Knopf; $1.50) Mr. Conrad commends the publisher for his enterprise: "I think your taking him up is a good move. He has brains; he has a writer's temperament. There's a lot in him." So there is. The temperament in particular is interesting and the eyes through which Mr. Curle views our world are fresh and penetrating. There is perhaps more than a suggestion of Mr. Conrad's own method, and more than a trace of the influence of the great Russians, especially Dostoevsky. But what then? These are are no bad models for a young writer with a temperament, and Mr. Curle has had the strength to put his individual stamp on all but one of these tales. Mr. Curle is fond of rogues, the smooth, round, over-elegant, masterful men on the fringe of things who manipulate other people's money, and he is fond of interesting failures, men with or without brains who, through some flaw in the stuff of which they are made, are doomed to go down. He is interested also in the lives of quite drab people, and knows how to write their shabby little tragedies in just the right key. It is interesting to see how much, for once, can be made of that motiveless malice which inspires quite half the unkindness in the world. Malice fascinates Mr. Curle, and it gets to fascinate us, too, as we read; it is not intruded but it is always there in the most casual relations, the sand on the axle of smooth intercourse. And it has absolutely no meaning, none whatever; it does no one any good. Mr. Curle has already the skill of the master in getting under way, snaring the interest; he can sketch a character in a sentence or a phrase, and his control over natural human speech serves him almost everywhere. The traces of his novitiate are not, however, completely obliterated as yet: he does not always sustain the interest to the end, and in some of the stories there is that progressive decline which indicates that the writer is losing confidence in himself and in his power to hold the reader. Neither can Mr. Curle always quite rise at the climax to the high level of excellence which the tale as a whole maintains, and since he is a serious workman, relying not at all upon tricks but holding you only by the veracity of what he has to show, the disappointment is proportionately keen. "The Echo of Voices" is an achievement which will make those who read it wait eagerly for the next book by Mr. Curle.

Is it because of our idealization of worldly success that American novels are so richly endowed with money and motors and the spinning wheels of invisible, but highly profitable, commerce? To indicate that "Cousin Julia," by Grace Hodgson Flandrau (Appleton; $1.40), is inconsiderable would be most unfair, and yet its lack of depth and subtlety, traceable, possibly, to American social experience, is redeemed only by vivid coloring and skilful arrangement of detail. The characters are thin but unmistakably American, their chances for development too often avoided in favor of clever bits of local color. Yet the book is more than readable; its charming pictures of the middle West and its sardonic understanding of the Cinderella background of *les nouveaux* help to point a shrewd moral. For suppose that the manager of all our destinies, the American mother, marries her favorite daughter to a French marquis, should the other daughter refuse to marry a millionaire who could finance them all?

Out of the heat of Africa, from camel-tracked Sidi-bel-Abbès, comes a story of the Foreign Legion of France that for sheer adventure and hardy romance could hardly be excelled. Scorched by the sun, the Legion scrubs its clothes in the paved reservoir, eats its monotonous dinner in cell-like barracks, and spends its half-penny a day riotously in the cafés of Sidi-bel-Abbès. In his "Wages of Virtue" (Stokes; $1.50) Captain Percival C. Wren has made a contribution to the literature of adventure. Out of all civilizations and from all countries come the members of the Legion, and their diversity of character and purpose is astounding. Whether or not you notice an overdrawing of the American's dialect, a self-consciousness in occasional epigrammatic turns of phrase, or an excess of high lights, your admiration is held throughout.

Six years ago Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's book, "Salt of the Earth" (Watt; $1.40), could hardly have been written. To-day it will find hundreds of eager readers. Think of all you have read of the despoiled chateaux of the Marne country; all you have heard of *Kultur;* add your recollections of the group of Prussian officers who sat at the next table to you in Berlin, and you will have made your own prologue to the book. It is a chronicle of hate for Prussianism, well thought out and presented. An English girl, carried off her feet by the passion of a young German officer, marries him—and the rest of his family—in a moment of romance. Before the end of the wedding-trip his insolence and arrogance have awakened her to his tyranny. From this point we see him as we are accustomed to seeing our enemy across the trenches, brutal, insensitive, greedy, unrestrained,—a product of

Kultur. Such international marriage tragedies are not unknown. The fact that a book of this sort can be so well written, so credibly assembled, is a commentary on the fact that we are at war. Formerly most of us should have accepted the quiet gardens and thatched, stork-crowned roofs of Heidelberg and grown contemptuous of the rest.

A well-written story of boyhood never fails to find favor with grown-ups. Howard Brubaker has been a real boy, but more to the point, he has the faculty of making his readers boys again. "Ranny" (Harper; $1.40) is excellent reading.

Perhaps a natural reaction from the depressions of war is an excess of frivolity. Three of the autumn novels indicate such a mood among the writers. Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal" (Little, Brown; $1.50), need be taken no more seriously than the fashion-plates in a popular magazine. Apparently wearied with the virtuously blind, he now turns his pen to the portrayal of those who have no such flaw in their vision. This is a "society" story. Everyone is fabulously rich, or appears to be. Only one of the characters is supposed to have red blood, and he is trapped into matrimony by the heroine, who in order to avoid the scandal consequent upon an innocent indiscretion coolly announces that she has secretly married him. Those having a taste for the sort of stories usually told over the cigars, after the women have left the room, will enjoy this bit of journalese. Something of the same situation provides Alice Duer Miller with material for "Ladies Must Live" (Century; $1.25). But Miss Miller is less highly seasoned with scandal and writes with frank humor of social pirates and their tricks. She seems to have drawn her characters from life rather than society journals and exhibits genuine wit in their handling. Louise Maunsell Field's new novel, "The Little Gods Laugh" (Little, Brown; $1.40), is about the people of whom one reads in the "society" columns. There is some clever characterization, but that is not a sufficient excuse for the addition of one more novel to the already overlong list of American mediocrities.

The story of a salt-air castle or two down on Cape Cod, where you can buy oilskins and fishhooks and kerosene and calico after supper if you want to, is the gist of James A. Cooper's "Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper" (Sully & Kleinteich; $1.25). The fog is real fog, and the breakers are really the Atlantic,—and it was really a case of love at first sight. If your last trip to the Cape has lost any of that delicious odor of clams and seaweed that clung even to your shoelaces, you can get a new whiff of it here, with a great deal of pleasure.

Casual Comment

Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould comes down very hard on the younger British novelists in the current "Yale Review." They write precisely alike; it isn't possible to tell Mr. Lawrence from Mr. Beresford or Mr. Walpole from Compton Mackenzie. They take in one another's washing, so to speak, and wear one another's clothes. They all bear organized society a grudge; they are bent on changing things without stopping to have definite ideas about what changes are likely to work. They are obsessed with sex and yet they create—if you can call it creation—odious women. Their heroines are huzzies or morons—often enough they are both. Mr. Bennett himself is no better in that respect. Look at Hilda Lessways! "Hilda is never a nice girl; she is a monster from the start and to the finish." As for Mr. Wells he has benefitted by the steadying force of an interest in social problems, and "his reward for having been perpetually occupied with them is to have won through to 'The Research Magnificent' and 'Mr. Britling.'" Mr. Britling gives you, so to speak, your cue and prepares you nicely for this judgment at the end—"it will take more than Mr. Walpole to make Russians credible to me. He seems to me no more plausible than Dostoievsky, and far, far short of Turgenev." This is the kind of faint praise that will rejoice Mr. Walpole and Mr. Mackenzie. To fail with Dostoevsky, and, inferentially, in the same manner, is the shining goal to which half the young Englishmen now writing strain their eyes.

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Before us on the table lies the second edition of the pamphlet of the Committee on Labor of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence. It was organized on April 2, with a membership of one hundred and fifty, and it has grown, at the present writing, to the plethoric number of five hundred, *circa*. Its programme is not pretentious, and the pamphlet speaks of sub-committees "whose plans are furthest advanced," particularly those in relation to wages and hours and mediation and conciliation. The programme pledges the committee to the maintenance of industrial standards existing before our country entered the war, changes to be permitted only when national safety, in the judgment of the Council of Defence, demands them. The chairman of the committee is the well-known Mr. Samuel Gompers. Now the interesting thing about the committee is this: since its formation, strikes have multiplied in important war industries. In some parts of the West there has existed a state of industrial warfare. And on the whole and everywhere labor conditions prom-

ise to become worse rather than better. Yet the committee has not assembled since its organization. None of its sub-committees, not even those whose work is "advanced," has had anything to offer by way of protest or programme. Whatever work has been done, has been done by departmental mediators, by special departmental committees, or by the spoken word of President Wilson. It is, however, true that Mr. Gompers has made many speeches in many places. Contemplation of the committee's pamphlet and of its record brings to mind the historic question of Lord Dundreary, when he was one day overwhelmed with a sense of the futility of earthly things: "Why," he sighed, "ah, why is a hen?"

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THE BLESSED WORD "MESOPOTAMIA" is the recorded ancestor of a line of such blessings, whose most recent and favored progeny is the blessed word "Creative." Since M. Bergson joined it to Evolution, it has had a distinguished, if rather confusing, series of mates. The pragmatists have set it before Intelligence, and dancers and other vaudevillains have joined it with their own pet substantives. In various instantaneous and futurist magazines Mr. Willard Huntington Wright descants on all sorts of creative newness, and in the town of Baraboo, Achille Lesceaux, tonsorial artist, announces Creative Haircutting. M. Lesceaux justifies his announcement with the philosophy of Benedetto Croce and Joel Elias Spingarn. The latter has written a book, *"Creative* Criticism," in which, particularly, M. Lesceaux declares, he has found his vindication and exposition. For if, as the book so truly and eloquently declares, all art is expression, and nothing but expression, and if the difference between good art and bad art is the mere difference between successful and unsuccessful expression, there can, first of all, be no reason for the snobbish and mid-Victorian exclusion of the tonsorialist from the fellowship of the imagists, cubists, and creative critics. Haircutting, M. Lesceaux insists, is also expression. Furthermore, according to the creative critic, the expression is indifferent to its material; its success or failure must be measured by the intention of the Expressor; and the less obstruction a material offers this intention, the more perfect the expression. God, who meets no obstruction whatsoever, creating, indeed, as in a vacuum, is most perfectly self-expressive, and the conditions under which the tonsorialist works, at least in Baraboo, M. Lesceaux submits, are, of all that obstruct the artist, nearest to God's own. M. Lesceaux is, however, reluctant to press too hard his claim to admission to the fellowship of creative artists. He is restrained by the irrefutable demonstration of the creative critic that the artist expresses only himself,—that as an artist he is self-sufficient, independent, whole,—an Individual! His public is as indifferent as his material. His expression is a soliloquy, not a communication. With certain theatrical managers, he may declare, Prometheus-like, "The public be damned!" But a tonsorialist, even a master of Creative Haircutting, may not altogether do this. One thing more troubles M. Lesceaux. He observes that the Individuals whose Art is Self-Expression seek lucre and praise and reputation for their soliloquies, and that "Creative Criticism" is among books on sale.

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THE MODERNS put their best foot forward in the "Modern Library" series now being issued at a modest price by Messrs. Boni and Liveright. The moderns are not alone, of course, for Schopenhauer comes in and so does Samuel Butler, but both have worn well and seem to exhale a distinctly modern note. Whoever edited the series has a decided *flair,* for there is scarcely a title that fails to awaken interest or stir memories not too quiescent. In the list at hand, the dead who were chosen appear to have been largely those who still cast their spell most strongly over the young generation—Nietzsche, Ibsen, Turgenev, Strindberg, Meredith, and, with diminishing force perhaps, Maupassant. Among the living we have Anatole France, Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, George Moore, James Stephens, and Lord Dunsany—a thoroughly representative list distinguished throughout by a discriminating choice of titles. The series is doubly welcome at a time when the pinch of high prices threatens to curtail the book-lover's pleasures.

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THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED in the cause of literature and art in America will regret that "The Seven Arts," which made so valiant a start under the direction of a group of vigorous young New York writers, has been obliged to suspend publication. Its loss is one of the upsets caused by the war. When the editors were faced with the alternative of modifying the policy of free discussion they had announced or of losing financial support, they very properly declined to submit to dictation, feeling that without complete independence they could do little to further either critical taste or sound sense. By arrangement with the editors, THE DIAL has undertaken to fill the unexpired subscriptions, and since readers of "The Seven Arts" will find some of their friends among the regular contributors to THE DIAL, we hope that they will not feel they have been thrown among strangers.

The Fall Announcement List

The annual classified list of books published, or announced as forthcoming, since July 1, 1917, is here continued from the issues of August 30 and September 27. This completes the roll of books of general interest. The juvenile list, as stated in previous issues, will appear December 6.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE

The Yale Shakespeare: Much Ado about Nothing, edited by Tucker Brooke; Romeo and Juliet, edited by Willard Higley Durham; Henry IV, Part I, edited by Samuel B. Hemingway; Hamlet, edited by Jack Randall Crawford; King Lear, edited by William Lyon Phelps; Othello, edited by John Chester Adams; The Tempest, edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker.—The Winter's Tale, edited by Frederick E. Pierce, per volume, 50 cts. (The Yale University Press.)

Raecroft edition of the poets: Browning (Robert), Kipling, Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, with frontispiece, each in leather and boxed, $5.—Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Burns, Byron, Dante, Holmes, Keats, Kipling, Longfellow, Lowell, Milton, Moore, Poetical Quotations, Rossetti, Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, Whittier, Whitman, Wilde, Wordsworth, with frontispiece, leather, each, $1.75.—Whitman, $1.50.—Crowell's Pocket Sets, including Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales, Eliot's Novels, Hugo's Les Miserables, Hugo's Works, each 5 vols., set, $5; Irving's Romances, and Kipling's Indian Tales, each 4 vols., set, $4.—The Rubaiyat, by Omar Khayyam, illus., photogravure edition, $1; pocket edition, 75 cts.; oriental edition, 50 cts. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Gitanjali and Fruit Gathering, by Rabindranath Tagore, edition de luxe, illus., $2.50.—Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift, edited by Padraic Colum, new edition, illus., $2.—The Fables of Æsop, selected by Joseph Jacobs, new edition, $1.50.—The Sonoma Edition of Jack London's Works, including Adventure, Before Adam, Burning Daylight, The Call of the Wild, Children of the Frost, Faith of Men, The Game, The House of Pride, The Human Drift, The Iron Heel, The Little Lady of the Big House, Lost Face, Love of Life, Martin Eden, Moon Face, The Mutiny of the Elsinore, Sea Wolf, South Sea Tales, The Strength of the Strong, The Star Rover, Tales of the Fish Patrol, The Turtles of Tasman, The Valley of the Moon, When God Laughs, White Fang. (The Macmillan Co.)

George Eliot (St. James Edition), illus., 10 vols., three-quarters morocco, $40.—History of the English People, by John Richard Green, 6 vols., illus., cloth, $9; three-quarters leather, $18; three-quarters morocco, $21.—William Makepeace Thackeray, 15 vols., illus., cloth, $22.50; three-quarters leather, $45; three-quarters morocco, $60. (Sully & Kleinteich.)

Leather-Stocking Tales, and The Spy., by James Fenimore Cooper, 6 vols., leather, the set, $10.—The Woman in White, by Wilkie Collins, with frontispiece, $1.50.—Foul Play, by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, with frontispiece, $1.50.—Phra, the Phoenician, by Edwin Lester Arnold, new edition, illus., $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Roderick Hudson, by Henry James, $2.—The Fair God, by Lew Wallace, illus., $1.50. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Lorna Doone (The Rittenhouse Classics), by R. D. Blackmore, illus., $1.50; three-quarters morocco, $5. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Celebrated Crimes, by Alexandre Dumas, new edition in 4 vols., illus., $10. (The Page Co.)

The Modern Library of the World's Best Books, including Dorian Gray, by Oscar Wilde; Married, by August Strindberg; Soldiers Three, by Rudyard Kipling; Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson; The War in the Air, by H. G. Wells; A Doll's House, Ghosts, and An Enemy of the People, by Henrik Ibsen; The Red Lily, by Anatole France; Mademoiselle Fifi and 12 other stories, by De Maupassant; Thus Spake Zarathustra, by Friedrich Nietzsche; Poor People, by Fiodor Dostoyevsky; A Miracle of St. Antony and 5 other plays, by Maurice Maeterlinck; Studies in Pessimism, by Arthur Schopenhauer; The Way of all Flesh, by Samuel Butler; Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith; An Unsocial Socialist, by George Bernard Shaw; Confessions of a Young Man, by George Moore; The Mayor of Casterbridge, by Thomas Hardy; Best Russian Short Stories, edited by Thomas Selizer; Poems, by Oscar Wilde; Beyond Good and Evil, by Friedrich Nietzsche; Fathers and Sons, by Turgenev; The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, by Anatole France; Poems, by Swinburne; Hazard of New Fortunes, 2 vols., by Wm. Dean Howells; The Mikado and Other Plays, by W. S. Gilbert; Ann Veronica, by H. G. Wells; Madame Bovary, by Flaubert; Best French Short Stories, edited by Willard H. Wright; Mary, Mary, by James Stephens; Rothschild's Fiddle and Other Stories, by Anton Chekhov; Anatole and Other Plays, by Arthur Schnitzler; Dame Care, by Sudermann; A Dreamer's Tales, by Lord Dunsany; The Man Who Was Thursday, by G. K. Chesterton; Hedda Gabler, Pillars of Society, The Master Builder, by Henrik Ibsen; Evolution in Modern Thought, by Haeckel, Thompson, Weismann, etc., each volume, 60 cts. (Boni and Liveright.)

Dreams, by Olive Schreiner, $2.25. (Thomas Bird Mosher.)

Peter Ibbetson, by George Du Maurier, new edition, illus., $2. (Harper & Brothers.)

Two Years before the Mast, illus., new edition, $1.—The Man Without a Country, by Edward Everett Hale, new edition, illus., 17 cts. (Henry Altemus Co.)

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE

News of Spring, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, new gift edition, illus., $3.—The Sacred Beetle and Others, by J. Henri Faber, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Woodcraft (Vol. II of Camping and Woodcraft), by Horace Kephart, cloth, $1.50; leather, $2.—Life among the Apaches (Vol. XII of Outing Adventure Library), by John C. Cremony; The Beginner's Bee Book, by Frank C. Pellett, 80 cts.—The Pointer, by William Haynes, 80 cents.—The Setter, by William Haynes, 80 cts.—Practical Bait Casting, by Larry St. John, 80 cts. (Outing Publishing Co.)

White Mountain Trails, Winthrop Packard, illus., $3. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

Highways and Byways in Wiltshire, by Edward Hutton, illus. (The Macmillan Co.)

The Joyous Art of Gardening, by Frances Duncan, illus., $1.75.—Wayside Flowers of Summer, by Harriet L. Keller, illus., cloth, $1.35; leather, $1.65. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Human Side of Birds, by Royal Dixon, illus., $1.60. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

The Sand Dunes of Indiana, by E. Stillman Bailey, illus., $1.75.—The Birds of the Yellowstone, by M. P. Skinner, illus., $1.75. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Green Trails and Upland Pastures, by Walter Prichard Eaton, illus., $1.60.—Western Flower Guide, by Charles Francis Saunders, illus., $1.25. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Flowers and How to Name Them, by Gaston Bonnier, translated from the French and edited by Professor Boulger, illus. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Field Book of Insects, by Frank E. Lutz, illus., $2.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Our Backdoor Neighbors, by Frank C. Pellett, illus., $1.50. (The Abingdon Press.)

The Natural History of Chautauqua, by Vaughan MacCaughey, $1. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Records of a Rectory Garden, by K. S. P., 75 cts. Longmans, Green, & Co.)

EDUCATION AND CHILD STUDY

A Text-Book of the Principles of Science Teaching, by George Ransom Twiss.—Introduction to High School Teaching, by S. S. Colvin.—The Rural Teacher and His Work, by Harold Waldstein Foght.—The Play Movement and Its Significance, by Henry S. Curtis, edited by Paul Monroe.—Modern Education in Europe and the Orient, by David E. Cloyd, edited by Paul Monroe. (The Macmillan Co.)

Every Man His Own University, by Russell H. Conwell, with portrait, $1. (Harper & Brothers.)

Newman's "Gentleman," Discourse VIII, reprinted from The Idea of a University, edited by Charles L. O'Donnell. (Longmans, Green, & Co.)

The School Nurse, by Lina Rogers Struthers, illus., $1.75. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

State Sanitation: A Review of the Work of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, by George Chandler Whipple, Vol. II. (The Harvard University Press.)

Health First: The Fine Art of Living, by Henry Dwight Chapin, $1.50. (The Century Co.)

The Drug Peril, by Ernest S. Bishop, $1.25.—The Nation's Health, by Sir Malcolm Morris, $1.25.—Alcohol, Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity, by Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, $1.50.—Hay-Fever, Its Prevention and Cure, by W. C. Hollopeter, $1.25. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Baldness, Its Causes, Treatment and Prevention, by Richard W. Müller, $2.—Hygiene of the Face and Cosmetic Guide, by Richard W. Müller, $2.—The Book of Home Nursing, by Mrs. George Campbell, $1.25.—Diabetic Cookery, Recipes and Menus, by Rebecca Oppenheimer.—Health and Estate, by William A. Brend. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Good Health—How to Get It and How to Keep It, by Alvah H. Doty, illus., $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Physical Training for Business Men, by H. Irving Hancock, illus., $1.75.—Let's Be Healthy, by Susanna Cocroft, $1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Keeping Young and Well, by George W. Bacon, $1.—Mental Control of the Body, by V. H. White, $1. (Edward J. Clode.)

Colds and How to Avoid Them, by Walter A. Wells, M. D., illus., $1.25.—The Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It, by D. Macdougal King, M. D., illus., $1.50.—Hygiene of the Eye, by W. C. Posey, M. D., illus., $4. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

How to Live, by Irving Fisher, $1. (Chautauqua Press.)

Friend or Enemy? by M. J. Exner, pamphlet, 10 cts.—Dynamic of Manhood, Luther Halsey Gulick, 75 cts.—Life's Clinic, by Edith Houghton Hooker, 25 cts.—Community Work, by Frank H. T. Ritchie, 75 cts. (Association Press.)

A Thousand Health Questions Answered, by J. H. Kellogg, $3.50. (Good Health Publishing Co.)

Direct-Method, Physical Development, by Claus Seltz, illus., $1. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

Bathing for Health, by Edwin F. Bowers, M. D., $1. (The Baker & Taylor Co.)

SPORTS, GAMES, AND AMUSEMENTS

Modern Whaling and Bear Hunting, by G. Burn Murdoch, illus., $5. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Modern Tennis, by P. A. Vaile, illus., $2. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Amateur Entertainments: How to Produce and How to Act Them, by Cranstown Metcalfe. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Gist of Auction Bridge, by Charles Emmet Coffin, $1. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Auction Bridge Crimes, by Jay A. Gove, illus., $1. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

Chess and Checkers, by Edward Lasker, illus., $1. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Checkers, by David A. Mitchell, 50 cts.—Chess, by David A. Mitchell, 50 cts. (The Penn Publishing Co.)

Hoyle Up-to-Date, Official Rules of Card Games, edited by R. F. Foster, $1.—One Thousand Literary Questions and Answers, by Mary E. Kramer, $1.—Fortunes and Dreams, by Astor Cielo, 75 cts. (Sully & Kleinteich.)

Conjuring with Coins, edited by Nathan Dean, 35 cts. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Common Sense in Chess, by Emanuel Lasker, new edition, 50 cts. (David McKay.)

Lake and Stream Game Fishing, by Dixie Carroll, illus., $1.75. (Stewart & Kidd Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Horse, by Henry C. Merwin, illus., $1.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The Fambly Album, by Frank Wing, boards, 75 cts.; leatherette, $1.50. (The Reilly & Britton Co.)

The Destiny of the United States, by Snell Smith, $1.50.—Our United States Army, by Helen S. Wright, $1.50 (Robert J. Shores.)

The Unpopular History of the U. S. by Uncle Sam Himself, by Harris Dickson, $1.—Soft Toys and How to Make Them, by E. A. Hickman, illus., 80 cts.—Non-Technical Chats on Iron and Steel, by L. W. Spring, illus., $2.50. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Our Flag and Our Songs, by H. A. Ogden, illus., 60 cts. (Edward J. Clode.)

The Bravest Thing in the World, by Lee Pape, boards, 50 cts.; paper, 15 cts. (The Penn Publishing Co.)

Modern History of Warships, by G. W. Hovgaard. (Spon & Chamberlain.)

Naval Architecture, by J. E. Steele, Part I, illus., $1.60.—A Text Book of Precious Stones, by Frank B. Wade, $1.25. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Compendium of Natal Astrology, by Herbert T. Waite. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

How to Make Your Will, by William Hamilton Osborne, boards, 50 cts. (Small, Maynard & Co.)

Letters from Roy, by Leon H. Stevens, $1. (The Christopher Publishing House.)

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Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The valuable library of Henry Bell, of Bridgeport, Conn., was recently purchased by Charles F. Heartman, of 36 Lexington Avenue, New York. Mr. Bell, who is now seventy years of age, was formerly mayor of Bridgeport. The library was particularly rich in books and pamphlets relating to Connecticut, old and modern. It contained histories of all the towns and cities of the state except about twenty. There were about 2000 pamphlets and 1000 bound books. The books Mr. Heartman sold to Lathrop C. Harper, of New York, who said that they were one of the finest collections of Connecticut items that he had seen. The pamphlets Mr. Heartman kept for himself. Among them are a large number of rarities, including many items relating to Yale College.

One of the most interesting things in the library was a complete set of the Hartford "American Mercury." At the back of this bound volume were no less than seventeen newspapers, printed in 1799 or 1800, with notices of the death of George Washington. Some of them gave his farewell address. Among the papers were two printed at Newark, N. J., one at Trenton, two in Vermont, one at Portland, Me., one at Salem, Mass., two at Hartford, Conn., one at Stonington, Conn., and two in towns in the upper part of New York State. It is seldom that so much material relating to Washington's death is found in a library.

Stan. V. Henkels, of 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, announces that he is on the eve of his fiftieth year as an auctioneer. Among the sales he will hold this fall are those of the miscellaneous library belonging to J. Levering Jones, of Philadelphia, and rare Americana belonging to John C. Brady, of South Carolina. The Jones sale will take place on October 11 and 12 and the Brady sale on October 18. Mr. Henkels is also preparing to sell the library and oil paintings belonging to the late John G. Watmough, of Philadelphia. With hardly an exception the books are handsomely bound by specialists. The paintings include examples of Corot, Rico, Jacque, Delattre, Berne-Bellecour, Daubigny, Schreyer, Gonzales, Van Marcke, Escosura, Herzog, Ziem, Diaz, De Haas, Cormon, and Braith.

Mr. Henkels is now preparing the catalogue for the sale of autograph letters and manuscripts gathered by Frederick M. Steele, of Chicago, and now belonging to Mrs. Ella P. Steele, of Los Angeles, California. The collection embraces some 10,000 letters and manuscripts. The catalogue will be issued in four parts. Included in the collection is a set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. There are also letters of signers of the Federal Constitution, members of the Continental Congress, generals in the Revolution and the Civil War, and presidents of the United States. More than 1000 poems by British and American poets are included. On October 23 autograph and his-

torical documents belonging to John R. Craigie and others will be sold. Other sales will include the library of T. F. Ritchey, of Tionesta, Pa., and historical oil paintings from the collection of Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, and other collectors. There will be oil portraits of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, Wright, and others; of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Andrew Jackson, Charles Kemble, by Sully; John Spears by Major John André; miniature of Louis XVI by Charles Willson Peale; Henry Clay and Daniel Webster by John Naegle.

Patrick F. Madigan, of New York, has purchased a collection of autograph letters by Count Leo N. Tolstoy. They are in English and in Russian, and were written from a village in the Government of Ryazan, where he was living in a peasant cottage and feeding the people during the great famine of 1891-92. Letters by Tolstoy are scarce, especially in English. There are also some letters by his wife, the Countess Tolstoy, in the collection. Mr. Madigan has also purchased the original autograph manuscript of Walt Whitman's famous poem, "Thanks in Old Age," and interesting letters by Thomas Jefferson and John Brown. The Jefferson letter is as follows:

Washington City,
February 1803.

Sir

In con pliance with a request of the House of Representatives of the United States, as well as with a sense of what is necessary, I take the liberty of urging on you the importance and indispensible necessity of vigorous exertions, on the part of the State governments, to carry into effect the militia system adopted by the national legislature, agreeably to the powers reserved to the states respectively, by the constitution of the United States; and in a manner the best calculated to ensure such a degree of military discipline, and knowledge of tactics, as will, under the auspices of a benign providence, render the militia a sure and permanent bulwark of national defense.

None but an armed nation can dispense with a standing army, to keep ours armed and disciplined, is therefore at all times important; but especially so at a moment when rights the most essential to our welfare have been violated, and an infraction of treaty committed without colour or pretext, and although we are willing to believe that this has been the act of a subordinate agent only, yet is it wise to prepare for the possibility that it may have been the leading measure of a system. While therefore we are endeavoring and with a considerable degree of confidence to obtain by friendly negotiation a peaceable redress of the inquiry, and effectual provision against its repitition, let us array the strength of the nation, and be ready to do with promptitude and effect whatever a regard to justice and our future security may require.

In order that I may have a full and correct view of the resources of our country in all its different parts, I must desire you, with as little delay as possible, to have me furnished with a return of the militia, and of the arms and accoutrements of your state, and of the several counties, or other geographical divisions of it. Accept assurances of my high consideration and respect. TH. JEFFERSON.

The Brown letter is written to Simon Perkins, Akron, O., and is as follows:

Springfield, Mass. 17th March, 1848.

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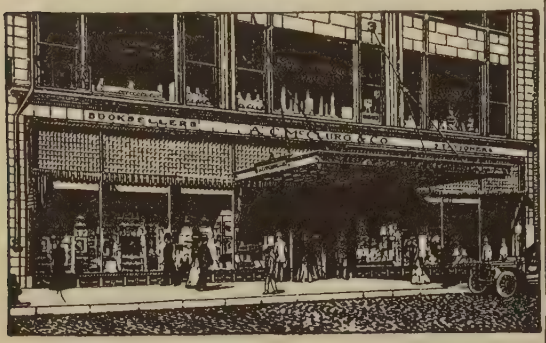

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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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Friend Perkins,
Dear Sir:

When I wrote you last I promised to give you some further particulars, in regard to our business, soon. At the time I thought matters were so arranged with Burlington that we should have no further trouble with them; and we have got $10,000. in acceptances most of which we have got discounted. This helps a little for the present but the prospect is dull about getting the matter closed before the opening of navigation; which however we look for soon; as we have had but very little winter. We have some 20 or 30 thousand lbs. of fine wool not contracted away and we think there is some prospect that we may have to put it down some to realize the cash on it. Money is still very tight and manufacturers talk quite as poor as usual. I am not yet able to set a time exactly when we can refund the money you have advanced but should be glad to know when you will probably need it. We have now got so much into our hands from the Burlington Co. that I think there is no reason to fear their flying off the handle. Were it otherwise I do not believe we should be able to hold them as I think they would raise *some excuse* that the wool was not so fine, or not so clean, or that they were to take none but what was delivered before the close of navigation, or some other pretext to get rid of taking it. As it now stands we have some $17,000. in our hands more than will pay for all the wool they have yet received.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your "Notes for Bibliophiles" will you please inform me of the date of publication in separate form of "The Cry of the Little Peoples," by Richard Le Gallienne, issued by the Roycrofters. Inquiries of the publishers failed to bring any definite information; in fact, their first reply to my inquiry stated they had not published it. A second letter acknowledged their mistake, but they were unable to give a date. The poem was originally printed in "The Daily Chronicle," London (Eng.), June 23, 1899.

Can you or any of your readers add any items to the following list of rarities by R. Le Gallienne:

I. Four-page leaflet containing three poems, inserted in some copies of "English Poems," London, 1892.

II. Limited Editions: Confessio Amantis. London, 1893.

III. Robert Burns. La port, 8vo. New York, 1896.

IV. Christmas. 8vo. London and Belfast, 1896.

V. The Burial of Romeo and Juliet. Chicago, 1904.

VI. The Hidden Land. 1906.

Any information regarding further items will be much esteemed.

W. MACDONALD MACKAY.

Mr. Le Gallienne is unable to inform me of the date of publication of "The Cry of the Little Peoples" in separate form by the Roycrofters, since it was issued by them without consulting him. Perhaps some reader of THE DIAL can give this information.—ED.

Notes and News

H. L. Mencken has been joint editor of the "Smart Set" since 1914. He has published a number of books, the latest—"A Book of Prefaces"—dealing with Messrs. Conrad, Dreiser, and Huneker. Mr. Mencken's "Ibsen: Journeyman Dramatist" in the present issue of The Dial is reprinted, by arrangement with Messrs. Boni and Liveright, from the volume of Ibsen's plays in the "Modern Library" series.

Hartley B. Alexander is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska. He is the author of "The Problem of Metaphysics," "Poetry and the Individual," and other books.

Helen Thomas Follett has collaborated with her husband, Wilson Follett, in many critical studies of representative novelists. They are frequent contributors to the magazines.

Odell Shepard's first book of verse was reviewed recently in The Dial. He was until recently a lecturer on poetry at Harvard.

L. L. Bernard is the author of "The Teaching of Sociology in the United States," "The Objective Standard of Social Control," and other works.

Donald R. Richberg is a young Chicago lawyer who has interested himself in progressive politics. He is the author of two novels.

The publisher takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has joined The Dial's staff as contributing editor. Mr. Brooks, who was associated with the editorial direction of "The Seven Arts," has written a notable study of John Addington Symonds and several books of criticism, including "The World of H. G. Wells" and "America's Coming-of-Age."

Stephen McKenna, whose "Sonia: Between Two Worlds" is one of George H. Doran's more important autumn publications, is a young British novelist under thirty who has already published four novels in England. He visited this country recently as a member of the Balfour party.

The University of Chicago Press announces "The Outlines of Agricultural Economics," by Edwin G. Nourse, professor of economics at the University of Arkansas. The volume is designed for class work and contains questions and answers which are to be regarded as an integral part of Professor Nourse's earlier book on "Agricultural Economics."

What the publishers believe to be a novelty in war books will be Douglas W. Jonson's "Topography and Strategy in the War," to be published by Henry Holt & Co. early in October. The author, who is a member of the faculty at Columbia University, makes a particular study of the connection between the fortunes of war and the lay of the land in the war zone.

Alfred A. Knopf announces a new series of Borzoi Books, which will include a series of Spanish translations, among which will be some of the classics, but emphasis is to be put upon modern

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and contemporary work. The titles of the first volumes are: "The Cabin," by Blanco Ibáñez; "The City of the Discreet," by Pío Baroja; and "Martin Rivas," by Alberto Blest-Gana.

Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Notebook of an Intelligence Officer," published by the Century Co., was, early in the war, an attaché of the American embassy in Paris; last Autumn he offered his services to England and was accepted. He has seen service in the navy and in the trenches, whence he was recently sent back wounded to an English hospital. He is now again at the front.

The Stratford Co. announce that they will shortly begin the publication of a series of the world's classics at twenty-five cents the volume. The first five titles include: "Lazarus," by Andreyev, and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," by Bunin, translated by A. Yarmolinsky; "De Profundis," by Przybishevsky, translated by Luba Wies and William Cohen; "The Mostellaria of Plautus," translated by H. T. Schnittkind; "Tales of Tchekof"; "Russian Tales of the Present War."

"The President's Control of Foreign Relations" (Princeton University Press), which was erroneously attributed to E. Baldwin Smith in THE DIAL'S Fall Announcement List of September 27, is by Edward S. Corwin, professor of politics in Princeton University.

Mary Austin says of her recent novel "The Ford" (Houghton Mifflin): "The book records incidents in my own life in the struggle for the waters of Owens River which the city of Los Angeles stole from us. That was a very wicked episode and I did not begin to do justice to the chicanery of Los Angeles. I am saving some of those things for the sequel to 'The Ford'! It was I who discovered and made public the attempt of the city to secure the surplus rights of the River in just such fashion as I have described Anne and Kenneth Brent doing in the book."

The New York Public Library has compiled a reading list under the title of "Patriotism," in which characters and countries, ancient and modern, whose names are associated with the struggle for freedom are represented in the form of histories, biographies, and stories readable for boys and girls of high-school age.

"Wilderness Honey" by Frank Lillie Pollock, is a story of Mr. Pollock's bees, which, during March and April, store honey from the swamp flowers in Alabama, and are then shipped to Canada, to work on clover and wild raspberry. The book is announced by the Century Co.

In "The Expansion of Europe," Professor Ramsay Muir discusses colonial development—particularly in its relation to the outbreak of the war. A more intensive study of Africa, the crux of the colonial problem, is given in Professor Norman Dwight Harris's "Intervention and Colonization in Africa." Both books are from the Houghton Mifflin Press.

Dr. William M. Salter, whose "Nietzsche, the Thinker" Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are publishing, is a brother-in-law of the late William James.

List of New Books

[The following list, containing 163 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Literary Pilgrim in England. By Edward Thomas. Illustrated, 8vo, 330 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

Unicorns. By James Huneker. 12mo, 361 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

The Ladies of Dante's Lyrics. By Charles Hall Grandgent. 8vo, 181 pages. Harvard University Press. $1.35.

Four Essays. By the late Murray Anthony Potter. 8vo, 139 pages. Harvard University Press. $1.25.

American Ideals. Edited by Norman Foerster and W. W. Pierson, Jr. 12mo, 326 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

The Soul of Dickens. By W. Walter Crotch. 8vo, 227 pages. Chapman & Hall. London.

Contributions Toward a History of Arabico-Gothic Culture. By Leo Wiener. Volume 1. 8vo, 301 pages. Neale Publishing Co. $3.50.

Three Centuries of American Poetry and Prose. Edited by Alphonso Gerald Newcomer, Alice E. Andrews, and Howard Judson Hall. 8vo, 876 pages. Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.75.

A Book of Narratives. Edited by Oscar James Campbell, Jr., and Richard Ashley Rice. 12mo, 497 pages. D. C. Heath & Co.

Tennyson. How to Know Him. By Raymond M. Alden. With frontispiece, 12mo, 376 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

The Way of the Children. By Shri Advaitacharya. 16mo, 92 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

The Life of John Caldwell Calhoun. By William M. Meigs. Illustrated, 2 volumes, 8vo, 478-456 pages. Neale Publishing Co. Boxed, $10.

Li Hung-Chang. By J. O. P. Bland. With frontispiece, 12mo, 327 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $2.

Memories Discreet and Indiscreet. By A Woman of No Importance. Illustrated, 8vo, 352 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

From Job to Job Around the World. By Alfred C. B. Fletcher. Illustrated, 8vo, 317 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

Richard Strauss. The Man and His Works. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated, 8vo, 328 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $2.50.

Richard Cumberland. By Stanley Thomas Williams. With frontispiece, 8vo, 365 pages. Yale University Press. $3.

The Memoirs of Colonel John S. Mosby. Edited by Charles Wells Russell. Illustrated, 8vo, 414 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $3.

Anne of Brittany. By Helen J. Sanborn. Illustrated, 12mo, 252 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Boxed, $2.

Heroes of To-Day. By Mary R. Parkman. Illustrated, 12mo, 326 pages. The Century Co. $1.35.

Heroines of Service. By Mary R. Parkman. Illustrated, 12mo, 322 pages. The Century Co. $1.35.

Starr King in California. By William Day Simonds. 12mo, 105 pages. Paul Elder & Co. $1.25.

FICTION

The Human Tragedy. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. Illustrated, 4to, 146 pages. John Lane Co. $3.

The Fishermen. By Dimitry Gregorovitsh. 12mo, 368 pages. Robert McBride & Co. $1.50.

The Wanderers. By Mary Johnston. 12mo, 426 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

A Chaste Man. By Louis Wilkinson. 12mo, 338 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

The Innocents. By Sinclair Lewis. 12mo, 217 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Dwelling Place of Light. By Winston Churchill. With frontispiece. 12mo, 457 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60.

In Happy Valley. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated, 12mo, 229 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The High Heart. By Basil King. Illustrated, 12mo, 420 pages. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

The Terror. By Arthur Machen. 12mo, 227 pages. Robert McBride & Co. $1.25.

Calvary Alley. By Alice Hegan Rice. 12mo, 413 pages. The Century Co. $1.35.

"William, By the Grace of God." By Marjorie Bowen. 12mo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

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A Great Chinese Poet: Po-Chu-I

By the kindness of Mr. A. D. Waley of the Print Room, British Museum, I have been permitted to see the proofs of his translation of thirty-eight poems by Po-Chu-I (A. D. 772-846), the great Chinese poet of the T'ang dynasty, as well as the manuscript of a volume of translations of pre-T'ang poems, whose publication has been delayed by the war.

Some of my readers may know "A History of Chinese Literature" and "Chinese Poetry in English Verse," two volumes by Professor H. A. Giles, the English scholar who has done so much to spread a knowledge of China and the Chinese in our incurious island. But valuable as are Professor Giles's renderings, I think that Mr. Waley's are superior by reason of their literal exactitude, through which we can apprehend intimately the spirit of the best Chinese poetry. Professor Giles perhaps was inclined to treat his subject a little too much in the mood of an enthusiastic collector of bric-a-brac, and one suspects he has also deferred to the taste of the Chinese compilers of standard anthologies. Tastes in literature, of course, alter with each generation, and possibly Mr. Waley's versions of Po-Chu-I's poems will open a fresh, important avenue to our understanding of some neglected Chinese masters. A thing noticeable in Mr. Waley's versions is that they seem to abolish the screen of difference between our English outlook and that of his Chinese originals. That in itself is a great achievement, and perhaps the secret of Mr. Waley's success is partly explained by the remark in his foreword, "I have not used rhyme because . . . the restrictions of rhyme necessarily injure either the vigour of one's language, or the literalness of one's version." That all the Chinese poems he selects seem extraordinarily human shows that his own taste is guided by a sure instinct which repels preciosity on the one hand and banality on the other. His view, if I do not misinterpret it, is that both the early pre-T'ang poetry and Po-Chu-I have been neglected and pushed out of sight by Chinese scholasticism and formalism. In his own day Po-Chu-I's poems had immense popularity in the Orient, and profoundly affected the later school of Japanese poetry, but shortly after his death that congealing, formalizing influence in Chinese thought which Po-Chu-I combatted by his realistic example, closed in on literature; and the ideal of successive generations of poets and scholars was to repeat, and to imitate, in stereotyped form classic motifs and models. It seems strange that poetry should, like the Chinese bandaged foot of later days, become cramped and conventionalized by fashion for long ages, but we have an analogy in the bardic literature of both Ireland and Wales, where fresh treatment and fresh subjects were frowned upon by the professional literary caste for centuries. According to Mr. Waley, Po-Chu-I derided the formal themes and treatment of his great predecessors and complained of the lack of freshness and lack of drawing from nature in his contemporaries. He seems himself to have been one of those strong, innovating forces that appear here and there in letters and art, vigorous, creative minds, like Hogarth or Whitman, who go their own way regardless of current taste or fashion. His fecundity must have been very great, since he left behind him 4000 poems, which have, fortunately, all come down to us. In his manner of work he was a true impressionist, seizing some aspect of life before his eyes and absorbing himself in recording some incident or reflection or feeling of the moment, though he had, according to Mr. Waley, a didactic side and set great store by those of his poems which were written with a purpose. But

we get an excellent view of his spontaneity as a poet, from his own confession:

There is no one among men that has not a special
failing
And my failing consists in writing verses.
I have broken away from the thousand ties of life,
But this infirmity still remains behind.
Each time that I look at a fine landscape,
Each time that I meet a loved friend,
I raise my voice and recite a stanza of poetry,
And am glad as though a god had crossed my path.

Unfortunately exigencies of space prevent me from quoting here any of the longer specimens which Mr. Waley has selected of Po-Chu-I's genius; but a good example of his breadth of touch and delicacy of feeling is "The Old Harp," which, simple and direct in style, has true artistic subtlety.

THE OLD HARP

Of cord and cassia-wood is the harp compounded:
Within it lie ancient melodies,
Ancient melodies—weak and savourless,
Not appealing to present men's taste,
Light and colour are faded from the jade stops:
Dust has covered the rose-red strings.
Decay and ruin came to it long ago,
But the sound that is left is still cold and clear.
I do not refuse to play it, if you want me to:
But even if I play people will not listen.
. . . . . .
How did it come to be neglected so?
Because of the Ch'iang flute and the Ch'in flageolet.

One perceives that the author of these verses was a connoisseur of life as well as of the arts, and a ripe product of generations of spiritual and æsthetic culture. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Waley may execute his project of writing Po-Chu-I's life; meanwhile he has so arranged his "Thirty-Eight Poems" that we gain delightful glimpses of the poet's social atmosphere. A courtier and high official, Po-Chu-I writes as an experienced man of the world, but always with delightful freshness and vivacity. Thus, in a poem to the Hermit Cheng, he feelingly chronicles his hardships in attending the Emperor's levee on a bitter wintry morning, when he had to ride for thirty miles in the teeth of the north wind, his horse slipping on the causeway, his lantern going out, his ears almost blown off, and his beard stiff with icicles! When he arrived, frozen and stiff, and had to wait for the imperial summons within the Triple Hall, how he envied Cheng, the retired scholar, "who in warm bed-socks dozes beneath the rugs and need not get up till the sun has mounted the sky." For his extremely outspoken criticisms of the Administration, it appears that Po-Chu-I fell into disgrace and was exiled to remote provinces, where he bewails the fact that it is impossible for a man of his tastes to make any friends with the lusty, ape-like mountaineers of Pa! His uncompromising directness is well illustrated in his "Satire against Clericalism" (*circa* A. D. 809), a poem which recalls Browning's "Bishop Hatto":

The Imperial Patent on the Temple doors is written in letters of gold;
For nuns' quarters and monks' cells ample space is allowed,
For green moss and bright moonlight—plenty of room provided;
In a hovel opposite is a sick man who has hardly room to lie down!
I remember once, when at P'ing-yang they were building a great man's house,
How it swallowed up the housing space of thousands of ordinary men.

Like the Chinese in all ages, Po-Chu-I detested the warrior's life, and his "Satire on Militarism," unfortunately too long to quote, preserves an edge that cuts our European flesh to-day. He is more indirect, however, in his poem on the superstitious Emperor Hsien-Tsung (A. D. 806-20), who was "devoted to magic," while he feelingly commiserates "the man who dreamed of Fairies" and who in consequence was ordered by the monarch to watch for the fairy host for thirty years in the empty mountains! "Gods and fairies," comments Po-Chu-I, "if indeed such things there be, their ways are beyond the striving of mortal men." This vigorous common sense and his breadth of vision and delicacy of feeling are the qualities that have preserved Po-Chu-I's poetry, when classics less human have fallen into oblivion. A true realist, Po-Chu-I finds his inspiration in everyday life, in little scenes and impressions that other natures less gifted might deem prosaic. Thus he interests us by his half-rueful reflections on the fact that the birth of his infant daughter, Golden Bells, who "is learning to sit and cannot yet talk," has postponed for fifteen years, his plan "of retiring and going back to the hills." But Golden Bells dies when she is three, and the poet tells us, in a later poem, how by thought and

reason he had driven his grief away, till, one day, meeting by chance her foster nurse in the road, his sorrow returned. Another poem records how when in his retirement the officials came by night, knocked at his door, and demanded thirty bushels of grain tribute, he reflected that he himself had occupied four official posts and "for doing nothing" had received ten years' salary! I wish that I had space to quote the delightful poem "After Getting Drunk, Becoming Sober in the Night," a perfect model of subtle impressionism, but in place of this I will cite a piece no less charming, "On Going to the Mountains with a Little Dancing Girl Aged Fifteen":

Two top-knots not yet plaited into one,
Of thirty years—just beyond half
You who are really a lady of silks and satins
Are now become my hill-and-stream companion!
At the spring fountains together we splash and play!
On the lovely trees together we climb and sport.
Her cheeks grow rosy as she quickens her sleeve-dancing;
Her brow grows sad as she slows her song's tune.
Don't go singing the song of the Willow Branches,
When there's no one here with a heart for you to break.

This poem was written when Po-Chu-I was sixty-five, a period of life which he celebrates in another, beginning—

I have put behind me Love and Greed; I have done with Profit and Fame;
I am still short of illness and decay and far from decrepit age;
Strength of limb I still possess to seek the rivers and hills;
Still my heart has spirit enough to listen to flutes and strings,
At leisure I open new wine and taste several cups,
Drunken I recall old poems and sing a whole volume.

But one must make an end of one's quotations from a poet whose example (which has lost nothing of its force and freshness in 1100 years) leaves one wondering whether many of our contemporary poets are not aiming too high? In comparison with Po-Chu-I's simple, human, unaffected outlook will not many of the moderns who dazzle us in Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse," poets "subtle in symbolization," poets of "monumental moods," poets with "lofty aspirations for humanity," appear to future generations like damaged locks whose keys have been mislaid? Of course as a realist, Po-Chu-I does not compete with poetry less concrete and familiar, of a higher, more idealistic order. But may not our impressionists to-day learn from him the lesson that pose, self-consciousness, preciosity isolate the poet and prevent the development of that sense of unity between him and his subject which first-rate poetry, of whatever genre, communicates?

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

I

INTRODUCTORY: PRECEDENT AND ADVENTURE IN THE ORGANIZATION OF PEACE

Never in the history of human warfare, which is also the history of civilization, have the state and conduct of war met with so much organized opposition, and so effective repudiation in principle. Wars have been fought before, and men have before yearned and labored for peace. But their hope of its coming and their labor have been grounded on their faith in supernatural intervention; lasting peace could be God-made alone, and only the divine miracle could end any but a particular war with any but a particular peace: the princes of earth are princes of war; the heavenly prince is the prince of peace. If to-day's war is unique in the strength of the forces engaged, the engines employed, and the blood and the treasure poured out, it is also unique in the widespread feeling that it is a civil war, in the determination that it shall be the last war, in the fact that it has been met from the outset, in all the states engaged, with organized and persistent opposition, which may be repressed or martyred, but which cannot be destroyed. Call this opposition what you will—quixotic, stupid, treacherous, foolish, what not (and at different times and in different places it may merit all these eulogia)—it remains in the bulk a unique record of the spirit in the history of the warfare of man upon earth. Precedent for it is lacking; it delineates a new feature in the aspect of humanity. It delineates a new feature because it is secular, definitive, and dynamic, while the pacifism of tradition has been theological, quietistic, and expectant. Modern pacifism

rests its claim upon the ground from which militarism has immemorially worked—the nature and hopes of mankind. It justifies its claim by the citation of history and the analysis of social structures.

Peace foundations like that endowed by Mr. Carnegie, associations like the League to Enforce Peace, differ however from the vaguer groups with more adventurous social imagination, whose sentimentality is not altogether checked by perception, in that they try to study procedures and seek precedents, and aim to attain no more than they can get. They are the *realpolitiker* among pacifists, recruited mainly from the office-holding, diplomatic, and academic classes—the precedent-determined, backward-looking classes—ex-presidents, ex-secretaries of state, ex-ambassadors, professors (ex, therefore, by vocation) mostly of international law. Their influence is as obstructive to the building of lasting peace as that of the sentimental groups is irrelevant.

For the end desired has no prototype in the international relations of the past, and the situation which teaches so drastically how desirable is this end, no duplicate. It needs to be faced intelligently, on its merits, not habitually via a precedent, nor sentimentally through a rootless aspiration. What is needed to make a peace that shall endure is not a development of preëxisting relationships and conditions; these make as easily for war. What is needed is a revision of the principle on which they rest. The corpus of practices and treaties and precedents that goes by the euphemism "international law" rests in effect upon principles the exact opposite of those necessary to constitute a real international comity. There is not one of them which does not incarnate a precarious equilibrium of opposed and inimical interests, desires, and forces. War has been only the upsetting of such unsteady balances, and peace their Sisyphean restoration. To establish lasting peace there is required, therefore, the apprehension and stressing of a constitutive principle as immanent in human behavior as that which the international lawyer exploits, but making for an interlocking of powers instead of a balancing, for an international organization whose existence will not repress but set free, not frustrate but reënforce, the instinctive spontaneities and normal purposes of the so various groups of mankind.

International law has no precedent for such a means to such an end, nor can it have. What international organization existed prior to the war or now exists among the embattled alliances, has no organs to exercise such a function, nor can it have. Unities conditioned upon the menace of a common enemy can have only an inimical relation to peace, and the alliances and combinations of powers have derived exclusively from such conditions. But there is a more basic reason for the futility of precedent. States, natural though they be, none the less consist of many elements of artifice. The parts of a state are very like the parts of a machine. Their outstanding trait is rigidity. Often they perform excellently what they have been ordained to perform, but never anything more. The maiming or destruction of one part cripples the whole; no other part is able to take over its functions or to perform its services. There is no compensation, as there is in the organization of a living body. Unprecedented situations consequently tend to throw governments out of gear, to disintegrate them: their old organs cannot get adjusted to the new conditions; the governments either go to pieces, or their bureaus and departments go on doing what they have always done, and the governments are compelled to create new organs adequate to master and control the novel situation. As frequently as not the creation of new organs of government is tantamount to a revolution in the structure of the state. The Great War offers illustration of all these effects: of disintegration and revolution in the history of government in Russia; of industrial and political reconstruction in the history of government in England; of the beginning of analogous and far-reaching radical changes in the United States, of which the visible signs are the creation of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence, of the office of food administration, and of the other offices of control. Germany, it is true, has undergone very little change, but precisely be-

cause war has brought very little news to Germany.

If these phenomena mean anything for the right definition of conditions of lasting peace, they mean that those are not conditions subject to the judgment of statesmen and diplomats, whose habits of mind and body make them inexorably deferent to precedent, tradition, and vested interests. These phenomena mean that the deciding judgment of conditions of lasting peace must be made by an enlightened public opinion, at the conclusion of the openest and freest possible discussion, in deference to the simple aspiration of the collectivities of mankind for freedom and self-expression, and with regard to the actualities that favor peace in the system of relationships into which regard for precedent has thrown the hapless rank and file of Europe. They pay the cost, theirs should be the choice. Considerations neither of precedent nor of vested interest, nor of prestige nor of honor can grasp the principle that must underly the constitution of lasting peace, and create the organs of an international polity such that the longer they function the surer peace will be.

The alliance of democratic commonwealths lays claim to the discovery of this principle. With varying stress and much confusion of counsel its members are unanimous in declaring that they are fighting this civil war to vindicate it. They call it the "Principle of Nationality."

H. M. KALLEN.

Quiet

Comes not the earliest petal here, but only
Wind, cloud, and star,
Lovely and far,
Make it less lonely.

Few are the feet that seek her here, but sleeping
Thoughts sweet as flowers
Linger for hours,
Things winged yet weeping.

Here, in the immortal empire of the grasses,
Time, like one wrong
Note in a song,
With their bloom passes.

M. L. C. PICKTHALL.

Literary Affairs in London

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Although it is now only September the autumn publishing season has set in with great severity; and one does not know whether the odd, dull noises one hears from time to time are German bombs or only new masterpieces falling heavily from the press. Booksellers and circulating libraries are getting ready for action, readers are looking through announcement lists with exclamations of pleasure, and reviewers are wondering whether the army cannot be persuaded to take them after all. The new season promises to be thick with important books. Some persons profess themselves most impatient to see Lord Morley's recollections and there is a great pother about them in the press. But this is an eagerness which, to be frank, I cannot share. Lord Morley wrote admirable books on Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot. It is possible to read these works with a great deal of pleasure, though the author sometimes shows a painful lack of humor when deprecating the failings of his subjects. But when he approaches his own time, he develops a singular caution and rigidity. His life of Gladstone, though no doubt a faithful, and certainly a monumental, record, is rather a treatise on a public institution than the story of a man. It is a striking contrast to the life of Disraeli begun by Mr. Monypenny and now in course of completion by Mr. Buckle; and though Gladstone was perhaps not so picturesque as "Dizzy," he was no less alive. It seems probable to me that Lord Morley's reminiscences will be equally stilted and inhuman; and the noise of their approach, therefore, leaves me without emotions.

But there are other books on the point of appearing. A new volume of poems by Mr. Hardy will give us a fresh opportunity of finding out what we really think about the greatest poet who ever used such ridiculous language. It is true, however, that Mr. Hardy has shown unmistakable signs of growing defter and defter in the writing of poetry and possibly his new collection will indicate what, in a younger man, we should call a promising development. Mr. Yeats, also, will publish a volume of verse called "Per Amica Silentia Lunae," poems in his latest manner, the work, that is to say, of a middle-

aged leprechaun. His skill has grown ever more impressive as he has grown older, but his poetry has, if anything, increased in eeriness. There is something blood-curdling in the triviality of some of his pieces, when one considers the perfection and mysteriousness of their manner; it is as though a banshee should lean across one's shoulder and ask, in a conversational tone, for a light. You could not have a better contrast to Mr. Yeats than Mr. Herbert Trench, who is getting into the habit of publishing his collected poems, being about to do it this autumn for the second time. He gives one the impression that he takes himself very earnestly in his writing; there is something solid, dignified, even unwieldy about his verse. But it is often good and sometimes very good, if you can acquire the taste for it. And then there are Swinburne's letters—but of these no more until they appear. It is by no means certain, of course, that all or any of the books I have mentioned will be out this autumn; for with printers in Yorkshire, binders in Somerset, publishers in London, and railways burdened with munitions of war, a great deal may happen between announcement and publication.

Meanwhile one of the great events of the season has taken place. The two unfinished novels by Henry James are out and have evoked a chorus of perplexed applause. No critic dares say that he dislikes them, but it is fairly clear that not all have understood them. All, or very nearly all, are agreed that there is nothing of more interest in the two volumes than the notes from which the author worked. Mr. Walter de la Mare, the very man to write on Henry James, is responsible for much the best appreciation of the last appearance of the great novelist. The trouble which James took to make his meaning ultimately accessible, if not immediately apparent, the fine gesture with which he renounced false lucidity for obscure truth, have fascinated him. "What *he* put into the composition of his novels," Mr. de la Mare exclaims, "the ordinary scribbler must faint even to speculate upon." And again: "There is no happier gift in these Notes, none more simple, curious and exhilarating, than the spectacle they convey of a man really and truly enraptured by the thought and by the effort of consummately purposing the thing he can do well." "This engrossed self-oblivion," Mr. de la Mare proceeds, "is the child's." But it is not altogether self-oblivion, nor altogether surprising that it should appear childlike. Henry James simply sought to render as veraciously as possible the thing as it appeared to him. His manner reminds one sometimes of the careful, candid tortuousness of a child that is trying to explain its own motives and make them seem credible to an elder. He had a fine temperament, which was the essential that made him a good novelist. But, as Mr. de la Mare points out, it is his fine enthusiasm for his work which is particularly revealed in these volumes; and his enthusiasm makes him an inspiring example for his fellow-craftsmen. When I come to think about it, there is a certain similarity between James and Mr. de la Mare. Both of them go out to catch a rare sensation in a net of words; and frequently the words seem to have no bearing on the desired goal until, surprisingly, the sensation is caught. They have enlarged the bounds of consciousness, perhaps, by expressing, however largely and vaguely, states of the soul which had previously escaped definition. It is, in both cases, patient and devoted cunning that does it.

A minor sensation has been caused by a novelist of a very different sort. Mr. Alec Waugh, son of Mr. Arthur Waugh, publisher and critic, left his public school for the army at the age of seventeen and thereupon wrote a novel on public-school life before passing his eighteenth birthday. It is a very remarkable feat; but I find it difficult to consider it as anything more than that. It has received many eulogistic reviews, but I have not detected any note of real enthusiasm in the critics. They all seem unable to get past the fact that it is remarkable that a boy of seventeen should have written a novel; and it is remarkable. But given a boy of intelligence with a wide knowledge of recent literature—and there are plenty of them—and with sufficient persistence and concentration—this is where the number is reduced—I should have expected just such a novel. It is, in a moderate way, a diatribe against the code and the standard of values that obtain in our public schools; Mr. Arnold Lunn uttered that diatribe more convincingly several years ago in "The Harrovians." Mr. Waugh's novel has wit, humor, and faithful observation. But it has also passages of juvenile ineptitude. There is one in particular in which the hero breaks out of school at night, goes to a fair, and takes a girl

on the roundabouts. The episode is compounded of the worst elements in Mr. Masefield and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and leaves me with the impression that Mr. Waugh still has his wild oats to sow. But, though one may refuse to regard the book as anything more than an unusual feat in the circumstances, it is evident that Mr. Waugh has a grasp of the methods of novel-writing that may be very useful to him when his character ripens.

I turn to a book that is good in itself. In my last letter, I wrote a paragraph or two about the poems of Mr. Francis Brett Young, and I mentioned that all these pieces arose out of his experiences in the East African campaign. He has now published a prose narrative of these experiences, which tells me for the first time that he is a doctor and wrestled mightily in the bush with wounds and fever. I need make no apology for returning so soon to this writer, for his "Marching on Tanga" is a Phœnix of its kind and has provoked in me condemnatory reflections on other war books.

These, as it appears to me, are good in so far as they are expressive of general emotions occasioned by the mere existence of war; but those books which have described actual experience of warfare have run through all the gamut of journalism from useless to useful, from inept to accomplished, without achieving anything higher. The authors, for whom writing is a vocation and the exact rendering of sensations a true passion, have been strangely silent. Our war books seem to have been typed because they were commissioned, not written because experience demanded expression. Only Mr. Hugh Walpole has attempted a veracious impression with an admixture of imagination to make reality seem credible; and his "Dark Forest" gives a clearer vision of modern warfare than any other novel I have yet seen. But Mr. Walpole is not, to me at least, a very readable novelist. He gave to a description of the Russian front all his talent, untrammelled by the thought of a public eager to be told all about these things and to reward the teller. But his talent simply seems to me insufficient, and the "Dark Forest" left me disappointed at the end.

But Mr. Brett Young—in the light of recent knowledge I ought to call him Captain Brett Young—has treated the East African campaign in precisely the same spirit as that in which he would have treated the material for a novel. He has used his sensitive observation and his gift of vivid description to make his experiences seem real to us—and he has avoided calling our attention on every third page to the fact that they really happened. To the man with the eye of a creative artist, a man, that is, who can see the significance of life, a battle in the bush is not really much more startling than a love affair or a quarrel with a friend. Mr. Brett Young has preserved this attitude and has written a narrative which is at once convincing and moving. War has not paralyzed or distorted his literary gifts and these, which seemed promising in his two or three novels, appear altogether remarkable in the present volume. Let me quote a passage of description, taken absolutely at random in these pages:

> For two more hours we marched, and then, with a sense of the most profound relief, we found that we were going downhill once more. Another hour—and the bush became insensibly thinner. At the end of the next a cloudy moon had risen. We were passing through a narrow way between grasses as high as a man's shoulder, and this change from the alien atmosphere of the bush was subtly reassuring, as though we had really stumbled into some pathway cutting a moonlit cornfield at home. We halted many times, resting our bodies on the stubbly ground, and in one of these halts a strange sound came to us, very like the silky note of a cornfield waving in the wind; but the grasses among which we lay were motionless, and no wind stirred. And then it came to me suddenly that the sound should have been more welcome, for it was that of the Pangani, half deadened by its forest curtain.

That is not one of Mr. Young's high lights; it is part of the continuous web of his story and it will illustrate, perhaps, the point I wish to make. I do not seek to produce the impression that, for the seven-hundredth time, the war has engendered a New Great Writer. I merely point to the fact, which is odd, though it should not be, that a writer who was good before the war has gone on being good, and has become, possibly, even a little better, in the very middle of warfare. When the war is done, Mr. Young will, I suppose, resume the writing of novels; and there are other novelists, though he certainly stands high in the younger generation. But, for the moment, he stands alone among those who have written books about the war.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, September 30, 1917.

The Belgian Renaissance

SOME MODERN BELGIAN WRITERS. By G. Turquet-Milnes. (Robert M. McBride & Co.; $1.)

It was in the year 1880 that a group of young men, fresh from the universities of Louvain and Ghent, emulous to carry forward the banners of their prophets, Baudelaire and Maupassant, founded in Brussels the review "La Jeune Belgique."

The influence of Baudelaire was the most potent exercised by any individual upon a modern literature. These young Belgians had steeped themselves in the poisonous exhalations of the "Fleurs du Mal." They had all experienced the lassitude, the nervous atmosphere, the subtle and powerful decadent perfume of his genius. Reading their work, we become acutely aware of the danger of exploring the dark depths of pathology, abnormalism, and mania without the steadying aid of science. It is a welcome coincidence, therefore, that during the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Baudelaire, there appears as well-informed a treatise upon this literature as is contained in the present book. Its chief virtue lies not so much in the consideration bestowed upon individual talent as in the synthetic treatment of the movement as a whole. It is here that we can listen to the beat of the wings of liberty and feel something of the unconquerable strength and resiliency of *l'âme belge*. We see these troubled souls vacillating between gloomy investigation of tenebrous wharves and city slums, and conjuring up quaint and curious tableaux of ancient imagery, using their pens as their ancestors used paint upon panel and canvas.

In 1883 the movement took definite form. Quinquennially, the state awarded a prize of some thousands of francs for the best book of the half-decade. In that year the jury judged no book worthy of the prize. Max Waller organized in the name of "La Jeune Belgique," which felt itself officially insulted, a banquet of protest in honor of Camille Lemmonier, who had been refused the prize. Following this, he published the "Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique," in the compilation of which eighteen poets collaborated, and the battle against the conservatives was on. Waller, who founded "La Jeune Belgique" in 1880 and edited it until his premature death in 1889, was a young man of vigorous intellect whose style was more facile than his critical faculty was keen. He was a gifted ironist and a poet of lyrical fantasy.

Of the earlier, that is to say, the older, writers of this group, the most distinguished was certainly Camille Lemmonier. The critic's defence of Lemmonier is scarcely necessary to-day. No Bernard Lazare will dismiss his sixty volumes in five vitriolic pages. He was a painter who more than any other Fleming has revealed to us in his books the fleshly lusts of his Flanders, the gorgeous color of the *kermesse*, the flaming mouth of the furnace, the humble cottage of the rustic, its eaves adorned by cooing pigeons. Every book is an uninterruped chain of pictures.

Turquet-Milnes is an enthusiast, and enthusiasm frequently results in loss of perspective. But when he upholds Verhaeren against Victor Hugo, that supreme windbag whose pomposity well-nigh ruined his own genius, I can scarcely repress a *bravo!* The essay on Verhaeren is, on the whole, the finest in the book. Displaying his early love of color, his depiction of the brutality of life, his profound symbolism, the author traces in the poetry of Verhaeren the unmistakable influence of Baudelaire, and, taking him through the period when he wrote some of the most beautiful love poems in the French language, leaves him singing of science, society, and the agents of progress.

More interesting than any other figures in the book are those of Georges Eekhoud and Georges Rodenbach. Eekhoud's "La Nouvelle Carthage," recently published in an English version, seems to me to be the product of a literary Dr. Jekyll. There are flashes of lust, there is hoarse and frenetic laughter; now he is a delicate, timorous youngster, curiously in love with his haughty cousin, and in another chapter we find this child grown into a man who shivers sensually at the touch of a hooligan. The book is a conscious glorification of vice, brutality, and ignorance. "Les Kermesses" is a slaughter-house. And yet, the man is a poet, akin to Poe and not at all to Zola. Rodenbach's masterpiece is "Bruges la Morte." In this novel he depicts Bruges, the home of his childhood, as a city of stillness, of mystery; a city where one hears black silence creeping all round. Vance Thompson once wrote, apropos of Rodenbach, "The real Bruges is in the lethargic waters of the canals," which is mere rhetoric. Turquet-Milnes is nearer the truth when he writes, "Close by . . . is the market of brass glittering in the sunshine, and such lace! and such bargaining about lace!" Rodenbach's poetry is morbid and mystic. In it, water is always stagnant, lights are dim, birds *plane*, footsteps

are noiseless. An interesting parallel between these two is that each has falsified a city; each has portrayed the city in his heart, and where one has called his Antwerp, the other's is named Bruges.

In a variety of ways, the works of Maeterlinck, Van Lerberghe, and Elskamp are interrelated. Van Lerberghe conceived the idea of making death "ever present, albeit invisible, the principle of a new tragedy," and his "Les Flaireurs," the precursor of the Maeterlinckian drama, is undeniably the source of the latter. Maeterlinck found in Van Lerberghe the trick of introducing immaterial, puerile sentences to secure an atmosphere of total melancholy. The great element that Maeterlinck brought to the stage is—Silence. His one discovery was our inquisitiveness, the power of the thing unseen. With Van Lerberghe he commenced to develop the idea of presentiment, and to heighten his effect, to create the proper frame of mind in his auditor, he added symbolism to his box of tricks—symbolism which veiled all in mystery and which aided him to acquire another element, suspense. Add to these his years of study and meditation of the mystics, of Plato, Swedenborg, Emerson, Boehme, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck, his love of nature, and a high stoic beauty, and you have the man and his formula.

Elskamp seems to me to have received too much attention from the author, particularly since such a poet as Eugène Demolder has none whatever. The former is a sweet singer who has learned much from the French symbolists and from Maeterlinck, and rewritten with a great deal of beauty many old Flemish folk songs. He employs allegory in the fashion of a Fleming, but he suffers somewhat in comparison (the author makes it) with the poet of "De l'Angelus de l'Aube a l'Angelus du Soir," Francis Jammes. Mention of Maeterlinck's "Douze Chansons" reminds one that they are now Quinze Chansons.

In an essay entitled "The Destrée Brothers," the author portrays clearly and logically the Catholicism of Walloon Belgium, and against the background of its pious spirit he sketches the aims and work of leading Gallic men of letters. For me, the name of Georges Virrès is even more interesting than that of Jules Destrée, the socialist, or his brother, the Benedictine poet-monk. Virrès is a novelist who covers the Campine, Eekhoud's "Wessex," with a great deal more sanity, albeit with some sentimentality, than Eekhoud, and he is the author of some delightful and refreshing novels. The concluding essay is on Leopold Courouble, the accredited humorist of Belgium. "La Famille Kaekebroeck" is his masterpiece. "La Maison Espagnole" is a faithful and sincere record of his own childhood.

Taken all together, this book is one of the most conscientious and sympathetic critical surveys I have read on any literature. Furthermore, the author writes in a style that is virile and positive, and has a command of his subject that is a joy in these days when every school-teacher sets up shop as critic. He sees his men in relation to their environment, to the earth from which they sprang, and having both vision and scholarship, he is able to measure them with an eye that is unusually clear. If he lays unprecedented emphasis upon the influence of Baudelaire in Brussels, it is because such influence becomes more patent with every fresh study of Belgian literature.

LEWIS GALANTIERE.

Denatured Nietzsche

THE WILL TO FREEDOM. By John Neville Figgis. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.)

Nietzsche's thought needs interpreters to rescue it from the ignominy which has come upon it because of the war. Nothing is more difficult to interpret fairly and suggestively. It is always a little incongruous to see a great mind expounded by a lesser one, and nowhere is the incongruity more impressive than in the case of Nietzsche. He is too electric, too poetical, too subtle in his insight, too coruscating in his inconsistencies, to be tied down and measured out in the common expository way. The only way to appreciate him is to read him, not read about him. And yet to read him is the last thing that the Nietzsche-fearer usually does, although there are at hand most admirable translations in the charming Foulis edition,—translations that are usually remarkable considering that they are out of a language so unconvertible as the German.

Dr. Figgis's mind is perhaps no more mediocre than that of the usual writer who would be tempted to interpret Nietzsche, but it is more irritating in that it is the mind of a professional Christian. His book consists of lectures delivered at Lake Forest College, in Illinois, and it has the air of an English churchman come across the sea to tell the students about Nietzsche what was good for them to hear. Dr. Figgis recognizes in Nietzsche the most dangerous modern foe of Christianity, but as an intellectual and an

amateur political philosopher himself, he treats him with a certain gingerly respect that at once assumes his own competence and slightly patronizes his subject. The result is scarcely happy. The discussion is pitched in a key so much lower than Nietzsche's own writing, and is conducted in such obvious and pedestrian terms that the many quotations blaze across the page with a heat that seems almost to shrivel the unfortunate commentator. The systematized Nietzsche whom Dr. Figgis so carefully expounds and judges is not the Nietzsche who quickens the blood and makes the mind race with ideas, the Nietzsche of the "Joyful Wisdom" or the "Dawn of Day," but a Nietzsche that has been put into a condition where he can be taken into Dr. Figgis's mind and, presumably, into the minds of the students of Lake Forest College. And this condition is that of a crude philosopher who has accepted the Darwinian theory, who sees the world as a chaos of warring forces, who rejects all moral valuations, and preaches a gospel for the few. To Dr. Figgis, Nietzsche is little more than a "romantic expression of sheer naturalism." "His doctrine is what it professes to be," he says, "a philosophy of force and nothing but force; it is certain to stimulate that pride from which tyranny comes in its disciples, and it ministers to the worst prejudices of cultivated men, that other people are of no account."

What Dr. Figgis has done here is to make the common mistake of confusing a diagnosis with an ethics. Nietzsche sees that the raw material of life is will-to-power. This is the beginning of his diagnosis of society, morality, culture. But his doctrine is that this crude striving may be transcended, sublimated into harmless and creative forms of power. Dr. Figgis omits reference to that most significant passage in which Nietzsche speaks of the artist, the philosopher, and the saint as the highest expressions of the will-to-power. The common mind seems unable to keep from confounding Nietzsche's analysis of what is with his ideal of what ought to be. The Superman is a blazing goal, not a tribute to a Borgia or a Napoleon. On the other hand, the will-to-power is merely an impersonal description of life, not a defence of tyranny. So, too, the idea that the mass exists for the benefit of superior persons, is not so much an ideal as a sober analysis of the inevitable in a society where all do not strive—as Nietzsche would have them—toward harmless and creative expressions of power. The Eternal Recurrence has not the ethical significance Dr. Figgis gives it, but is merely a pessimistic intuition of Nietzsche's as to the way the world process runs. Even his riddling of Christian morality is diagnostic rather than ethical.

The truth is that Nietzsche shows the world to be a place so much more alarming, exhilarating, subtle, dynamic than minds of Dr. Figgis's calibre can conceive it that when they read the analyses of its subtleties and exhilarations they can only say, "This is not the world we know; therefore it is what you ideally want"! Nietzsche must be taken loosely, imaginatively, not as a mathematical problem where his doctrines, his effects, his literary charm, and his danger to timorous Christians, must all be discovered. He must be taken as wine or mountain air. Fact and ideal must play freely back and forth, conspiring always against the staleness, the mechanicalness, of modern culture and morals and theories of knowledge. Dr. Figgis is concerned about Nietzsche's "denial of rights to the mass of men." "The Putumayo atrocities are in accord with his teaching." Away with Nietzsche, then, because "an author must be judged by the kind of spirit which will naturally come of following on his lines." This is good fun from a professional Christian who would scarcely like Christianity to be judged from products like St. Simon Stylites and Torquemada, who followed all too logically on traditional Christian lines.

Dr. Figgis defends Christianity as neither purely altruistic nor hostile to culture nor even ultra-democratic, and chooses as Christian models warriors like General Gordon whose force would seem to be exactly the incorrigible survival of the primitive religion of valor. He forgets that Christianity was strongest in the eras when it appeared as puritanism or monasticism. Nietzsche's attack is a fair one, because he goes straight at the ideals of these powerful eras. A Christianity that is not ascetic or otherworldly is not a force in the world. The pagan, liberating, audacious message of Nietzsche touches the old puritan ideals at the quick.

Dr. Figgis admits the charm of Nietzsche so freely—"the literary expression of a soul on fire," "power to write with blood"—that one wonders at his inability to make this the significant emphasis, as it should be in a judgment of any poet-philosopher. But it is to the "dangers of Nietzsche" that he is most alive. The cult of pride, the seductions of immoralism, the unbridled individualism, the regression to the doctrine

of the natural inequality of man, the recrudescence of pagan morality,—all these are held up before the frightened reader as scarecrows to warn him off. That is why Dr. Figgis's book is dangerous if it is taken seriously as an adequate discussion of Nietzsche. It must be credited, however, with what is perhaps the best short sketch of Nietzsche's life to be found in English.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

A World Safe for England

AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS. By the Earl of Cromer and Others. (The Macmillan Co.; $2.50.)

The last few years have witnessed a rapid disintegration of the *laissez-faire* theory. Even before the war a man who asserted the right to conduct his business without respect to public interest was generally regarded as a last remnant of a once dominant species. *Laissez-faire* in industry has gone the way of the divine right of kings. But individualism has persisted in relations between nations. The suffering and devastation of this war have tragically demonstrated that the conduct of the least among nations vitally concerns the health of the rudimentary social organization of which it is a member. A struggle in which all the resources of one group of nations are pitted against those of another has emphasized the vital necessity of conserving each citizen and each element of wealth. Governments have coöperated with one another in so intimate a manner and have assumed so many functions formerly sacred to the individual that to-day the *laissez-faire* theory is recognized as impossible both within the state and as between states. This is particularly realized in England. There we find the factors which constitute the present strength of England pregnant with after-the-war difficulties. The unlocking of vast reservoirs of hitherto untouched productive energy, the entrance of women into all phases of industry, the increased home production of food products, the loyal support of the colonies—all these demand a reshaping of the domestic organization and an alteration in the political structure of the empire itself. Great Britain must build anew. But the future is pliable; it invites formation. A realization that a first essential is the formulation of a constructive policy and a clear statement of the problems at issue is the motive prompting the publication of "After-War Problems."

This book, a compendium of essays by nineteen contributors, is edited by William Harbutt Dawson. It discusses the problems of empire and citizenship, national efficiency, social reform, and national finance and taxation. The articles written by Viscount Haldane, Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, Dr. W. Garnett, Professor S. J. Chapman, G. H. Roberts, and Professor Alfred Marshall, together with those dealing with social reform, present a clearly defined programme. Back of this are two dominant motives: (1) England must regain the markets which neutrals and the United States have appropriated or face decline; (2) the revelation during the war that in the past she utilized a mere fraction of her productive capacity suggests a possible acquisition of foreign markets much in excess of that of the period prior to the war. Germany, of course, is a present menace, and Sir Compton-Rickett frankly states that it is suicidal to end the war with Germany an efficient industrial and commercial rival. These writers believe the survival of England depends entirely upon the conservation and development to the utmost of every resource at the command of the nation. This involves, first, an immediate rehabilitation of the educational system. Viscount Haldane outlines a national programme of education. It will profit Americans as well as Englishmen to read this. He believes Great Britain must realize at once the value of an industrially trained citizenry. "Perhaps," he says, "this world crisis, with the practical and sharp lessons which it is teaching, may awaken us, and convince the country that it is on the quality of its workers, and on nothing short of that, that it must rely if it is to hold its own." This involves the institution of continuation schools, trade schools, facilities for stimulating and encouraging the advancement of capable pupils in the direction of their talents, the broadening of the secondary schools, and a liberalization of the university curricula with special reference to scientific and technical training. The state must provide a universal education which will begin with prenatal attention to the physical well-being and health of the child and extend well into adult life. The educational system should serve as a dragnet for selecting material best fit in every department for the service of England.

Education is merely a first step. Sir Compton-Rickett and Dr. Garnett suggest a policy of governmental activity which is an amplification of work already being performed. Localities must continue to acquire natural monopolies such as transportation, gas, water, light, and housing

facilities. It will surprise American readers to find the primary reason given is that of avoiding the lack of efficiency that prevails in non-competitive industry. Furthermore, government operation will furnish revenues to lighten the excessive burden of future taxation. Similarly the nation must own national monopolies. Government supervision is to extend over other lines of business as a means of preventing disastrous competition, haphazard methods of price fluctuation, and so on. The policy of creating committees and bureaus of research and experimentation and closely affiliating government departments with the laboratories of universities and technical schools is also to be further developed. These will conduct experiments and supply information and advice for the benefit of the government and business firms. Both Dr. Garnett and Professor Marshall condemn the institution of a protective system either as a source of revenue or as a means of encouragement to infant industry. Infant industries, important to the state, should receive direct assistance in their youth. This is more useful than a protective tariff; "for though the tariff may secure the home market against the competition of foreign goods produced at lower cost, in order that foreign markets may be open to British goods the actual cost of production must be brought down to foreign cost, and this reduction is not hastened by a protective tariff." Monopolies of mineral and other resources of the empire are to be granted only to British capital. Government assistance in the form of advice and supervision will extend to the problem of food-production. The war has revealed to England her vulnerability and she means to lessen dependence upon imported food. W. Joynson-Hicks, a member of the Tory party, insists that land must be divided into small holdings and farmers assisted financially through the institution of land banks after a manner similar to that adopted for Ireland; while Viscount Haldane emphasizes the necessity for agricultural education.

The labor problem is also discussed in national terms. The war has demonstrated the effectiveness of scientific management. It has also shown that this need not conflict with the continued improvement of working conditions. Labor insists that social legislation initiated previous to the war continue in force and be further extended. Employment bureaus will multiply. Insurance against accident, unemployment, sickness, and incapacity has come to stay. The guarantee of the government that fair wages shall be paid in munition factories and in all industries working upon government contracts has "laid the foundations of a system which, supplemental to the operations of trade-unionism, is capable and easy of development till an ample and regular income is assured every working-class family in the land." G. E. Roberts, who thus speaks for labor, suggests the extension of a plan which evolved out of the dock strike of 1912. It is to legalize throughout a trade or district an agreement entered into between a substantial body of employers and working-people. In industries unorganized, as agriculture, direct legislation will be necessary to secure a living wage and an attractive environment.

The articles dealing with social reform will interest American readers. Social reform is supplemental to labor legislation. Before the war Parliament was embarked upon a constructive programme. The war has not dimmed the importance of this. English social workers confidently expect the realization of plans far greater than those of three years ago.

But how are these plans to be financed? Will the enormous war debt permit it? Professor Marshall, the eminent English economist, contributes an admirable discussion on taxation. He believes it is possible to finance these policies by a system of taxation so regulated as not to discourage capital. Income taxes will supercede property taxes and the movement to decrease both direct and indirect taxes upon the poor will continue. His discussion of the relation of import duties to the raising of revenue, the development of foreign trade, and the stimulation of infant industries and food-production is well worth the study of those Americans who consider a high protective tariff a necessary consequence of the war. It is also interesting to read his condemnation of preferential tariff arrangements designed to benefit Great Britain and her allies at the expense of the Central Powers.

This is the constructive policy presented in the book. I might have included Mrs. Fawcett's excellent article upon "The Position of Women in Economic Life." Women have entered every line of industrial work but still are underpaid and little protected. Mrs. Fawcett attributes this to political indifference and trade-union prejudice. She pleads for justice. It is unfortunate that the other writers have too little recognized women in their vision of a greater England, and the indifference of the book to the question of suffrage after the war is significant.

I have given prominence to the second and third portions of the book. The first part is disappointing. Lord Cromer, who writes upon imperial federation, speaks with the illiberal caution of the colonial administrator. He grants, theoretically, the demand of the colonies to participate in the foreign policy of the empire (barring Egypt and India), but he would step cautiously in disturbing the existing political structure, and he insists that whatever policy is adopted, the voice of England must be dominant. Bishop Welldon successfully evades discussing the profound questions one would expect to see treated in a chapter on "The State and the Citizen." In its stead German barbarism receives at his hands a severe drubbing, being painted as the logical outgrowth of the subordination of the individual to the state; while he criticizes individualism in England upon the ground that through the establishment of free schools and other forms of social legislation the people have become so demoralized that when the war came selfish interests drowned the voice of patriotism! One infers from his article that opposition to the party in power in time of war (something perfectly justifiable and worthy in time of peace) and any difficulty one may experience in reconciling individual conscience with public control are a manifestation of selfish interests in England and of commendable individualism in Germany. One would expect such a book to discuss the relation of the British Empire to a future international organization, but it carefully refrains. A special article, however, seems necessary on "The Cultivation of Patriotism." The alien question is handled purely with reference to the admission of foreigners to English citizenship. Nothing is said regarding the serious problem of the movements of British subjects within the empire; as, for example, that of the Hindu to British Columbia.

Consequently, while the book presents a constructive national policy for England, it seems addressed to Englishmen not vitally interested in securing a vision of the needs of the British Empire as a whole, or really concerned with international welfare. The spirit is, a world safe for England. But one raises the question, if each nation at the conclusion of war deliberately embarks upon a policy of national efficiency prompted solely by the desire to acquire foreign markets and to attain self-sufficiency at home, what will become of the fruits of the war to end wars, and will such a world be safe for anybody?

V. T. THAYER.

Jacinto Benavente

PLAYS BY JACINTO BENAVENTE. Translated by John Garrett Underhill. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.)

Had Mr. Garrett Underhill presented us with only two of the four plays that are in this volume—with "The Bonds of Interest" and "La Malquerida"—we should have been inclined to accept his high estimate of the dramatic power of Jacinto Benavente. He includes with these, however, two plays that are decidedly poor in idea and technique—"His Widow's Husband" and "The Evil Doers of Good." These two belong to an inferior dramatic talent. Moreover, they have the effect of bringing the translator down to his least efficient level. "His Widow's Husband" and "The Evil Doers of Good" are satirical comedies. They must have had lightness and brightness in their dialogue. Imagine, then, a passage like this on the first page of the play which happens to be first in the volume, "His Widow's Husband":

> Everybody accepts and respects your decisions.
>
> Not invariably, I am sorry to say—especially now that I have taken up the suppression of the hips, which are fatal to the success of any toilette. Society was formerly very select in this City, but it is no longer the same, as you no doubt have occasion to know. Too many fortunes have been improvised, too many aristocratic families have descended in the scale. There has been a great change in society. The parvenus dominate—and money is so insolent! People who have it imagine that other things can be improvised—as education, for example, manners, good taste. Surely you must realize that such things cannot be improvised. Distinction is a hot-house plant. We grow too few gardenias nowadays—like you, my friend. On the other hand, we have abundance of sow-thistles.

It would be hard to make dramatic dialogue more prosaic than this.

But the plays that are intrinsically good have more liveliness in translation. It is these two—"La Malquerida" and "The Bonds of Interest"—that make us feel that Jacinto Benavente has dramatic talent. He is not at all in the class with Strindberg or Tchekhov, for he has made no discovery either in psychology or technique. But he is in the class with his compatriot José Echegaray. He has dramatic invention, power of characterization, and he has, too, the ability to impress a certain atmosphere on readers and spectators.

"La Malquerida" is melodrama, but melodrama that has distinction by reason of a strange reserve that goes through it all. This reserve is such that although two people have been murdered when the play closes and two others are likely to have their lives ended, we have all the

time the impression of smothered fire. The plot might be that of one of the ungovernable plays that the Sicilian Players produce. A stepfather (Estaban) is passionately in love with a girl (Acacia) who is his wife's (Raimunda's) daughter. She loves him, though to her the passion appears as hatred. Estaban has had one of the girl's suitors frightened off and he has the other murdered. In a Sicilian version of such a plot fury would out-top fury. But in this play there is so much restraint in the writing, so much reserve in the characters, that we get the impression of quietism rather than of fury. We are made to feel the gravity and the dignity of the Spanish character all through the play.

"La Malquerida" is a play that might make a success on the American stage, if put on by one of our few adventurous producers. The parts for the women Raimunda and Acacia have splendid scope. The exposition is needlessly long and is complicated by unnecessary characters, but it could be very easily shortened and simplified.

"The Bonds of Interest" is a play in which the action is so generalized that the performers have the anonymity of puppets. We can imagine the players who take the parts of Crispin, Leander, Columbine, Polichinelle, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and other characters as simplified, wearing masks. Crispin, Leander's servant, starts things going by his rogueries. He creates for his master "the bonds of interest." These, being created, make it inexpedient that Leander be discredited as an impostor. The innkeeper whom he owes for entertainment, the poet whom he has patronized, the duenna whose expectations have been encouraged, the mother whose daughter has been compromised, all find it necessary to push him towards the marriage that makes his fortune. But "The Bonds of Interest" is not a comedy of rogueries: everything is made abstract so that we come to see a philosophic idea in the play—the dependence of that which loves and idealizes upon that which contrives and gains.

The translator by rigidly following a custom of the author puts, we think, a needless strain upon the readers of the English version. Benavente tells nothing about his characters on the front page or in the programme; he merely enumerates them—Raimunda, Acacia, Juliana, Dona Isabel, and so on. He gives us no advance information as to their age or their relation to one another. In the English version this lack often makes us miss the significance of a page or so of dialogue. Reading "La Malquerida," for instance, we easily place Juliana as a servant. But we imagine that she is a maid. The fact that she is old or middle-aged and a family retainer gives a significance to her appearance that we miss on a first reading. Moreover, she is married to Rubio, the man-servant, who is Estaban's creature. Had we this information in advance, her hints would have more suggestion for the reader.

PADRAIC COLUM.

An Asiatic Frontier

FROM THE PERSIAN GULF TO ARARAT. By G. E. Hubbard. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.)

There was a time before the war when we were extracting the last ounce of romance from the fact that our twentieth century had found no more frontiers to delimit, no more hinterlands to protect, no more savage races to whom the gramaphone and the sewing machine were symbols of western progress. Indeed, the barbed wire of the last outpost had been taken down and was rusting about the fields of black, brown, and yellow races on the jungle side of Asia and Africa. So outworn had the subject become in the hands of editorial writer and diplomatic valetudinarian that the stage was busy substituting for the thrills of high finance and big business the thrills of a plot based upon the *haut politique* of canals and frontiers. And now, once more the price of barbed wire is significant, and, whether or not the *status quo* is to be restored, this is not the last volume on delimitation we are to read, nor will our old age be unvexed by the intimate confidences of soldiers and diplomats.

But, in pre-war literature, Mr. Hubbard's book deals with the "last frontier" in Asia: indeed, it is the story of a frontier controversy that has lasted between the Turkish and Persian governments since 1842. Fortunately it is not devoted to that tiresome record, nor even to the dreary business that is concerned with erecting posts and deciding upon natural or artificial barriers between the litigants. The author has incidentally furnished us with a careful description of those regions in Mesopotamia and Persia that have been fought over by the British, Russian, Turkish, and German armies. A good idea of the almost insuperable task faced by the British in their advance to Bagdad may be gleaned along with attractive glimpses of the country in its

rarer and kindlier moods and aspects. Fauna and flora, and the pastoral life of the fierce Kurds, together with the picturesque life and customs of the various nomad tribes the British commission encountered, form the material of Mr. Hubbard's leisurely pen. Though he was captivated, as other writers have been, by the charm of the Kurd, it was nevertheless a Kurdish bullet which imposed the long convalescence that enabled him to collect his impressions. Not long after the British, Russian, Turkish, and Persian commissions had placed their final mark on the frontier line, these Kurds were loosed against the defenceless Christians (Nestorians) of the country, and began that systematic butchery which has extended through Armenia down to Mount Lebanon.

Delimiters of Asiatic boundaries seem to agree with commercial travellers on the dislike, remarked by Lord Curzon in his essay on frontiers, shown by Orientals of the Near East for giving and observing a contract. This, however, is not to be marvelled at among races that have been, and still are, subject to the Turk. The only reason Turkey consented to a boundary commission was the fact that British and Russian influences were converging in Persia. The great trouble and expense of previous commissions that had come to naught might have been increased in the present case had not a copy of the *carte identique,* the map completed in 1869 and approved as a basis for negotiation, come to light in a British consulate in Persia—the Ottoman copy had been destroyed by the last sultan. Thus the joint commission experienced all the various types of frontier problems. They had recourse to geographical, racial, linguistic, religious, and purely artificial devices, and one regrets that the author retails none of the solutions finally accepted. Apparently the Turks were in a hurry, and for once failed to create the classical difficulties they had offered to previous commissions. Among the nomad tribes, when graybeards were consulted as to local custom and date, they invariably replied that the land, so far as they remembered, had belonged to Allah.

The charm of Mr. Hubbard's book lies in his picture of the interesting variance in customs as the picturesque tribes and races were encountered along the great mountain range that determined the course of the frontier. In the south, Iranian is separated from Semitic stock, that is, Lur from Arab. In the north, the tribal Kurds are divided into the two great sects of Islam—Sunni and Shiah. Since Persia is the home of the latter sect, it was allotted to her care, while the Sunni Kurds went to Turkey. Throughout the journey the musical Persian was found alongside the guttural Arabic. The humors of the expedition are not forgotten in the discomforts. Water was always an important question, and once the British camp was pitched beside a delectable stream, the campers finding, shortly after, that its chief property was a strong solution of epsom salts. Fleas were ubiquitous, and the author records that the Kurds are compelled to rid themselves periodically of this pest by abandoning their camps, bag and baggage, and taking refuge in the mountains; frequently the British camp was pitched disastrously close to an old Kurdish site. The Kurd has a gift for phrase: a difficult mountain was known as the "Tearer of Pants," and its neighboring height as the "Breaker of Nails"; snipe is known as the "Father of Noses," and a portly British official was addressed ceremoniously as the "Father of Bellies." A Kurd chief was asked his income by a British officer and promptly named the sum. He was then asked his perquisites. "Oh," said the chief, "I never steal." Whereupon the Briton countered: "Well, then, *you're* not much of a Kurd." But the laugh was not always on the native. Some nomad Lurs, whose staple food is wild honey, were told that in England the bees were domesticated and lived in hives. But they were too wise for such a traveller's tale. "Ho, ho," said one, "and I suppose when you go up to your summer pastures you drive them in front of you like sheep!" The intimate glimpses of the country and its varied ethnology are certainly more interesting than the perpetual bickering over such matters as grazing-rights and water-privileges that must have been a diurnal programme. And if Mr. Hubbard's book is more concerned with the human and natural scene than with the petty affairs of international jealousies in this last frontier of our world before Armageddon, the fact remains that it is still politically intriguing, and must continue to be after the war. A rich region that has for so long lain desolate under the blighting power of the Turk may yet fulfil a greater political and economic destiny under a more benign suzerain, when East and West once more begin delimiting frontiers, invoking nature, science, and artifice for the possession of the many acres that the war will leave out there basking in the sun.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

A Parnassian Romance

THE KING OF ALSANDER. By James Elroy Flecker. (London: Max Goschen, Ltd.)

It is, as far as one hears, the only novel of James Elroy Flecker, and you come upon it not by patient searching nor by impetuous calls on the publisher, but by happy accident—a sale of "seconds" and rejected novels at Mudie's or the Times Book Club. For the very existence of this happy book seems forgotten, even now when every last word of Flecker's is so cherished. "The King of Alsander" is hardly a last word in Flecker's tragically brief life; the preface is dated "Beyrouth, Syria, 1913," but for those who have made not a fad but a companion of his "Golden Journey" and have sworn with him "that Beauty lives though lilies die" it is sufficiently precious.

"Here is a tale all romance," he exclaims, "—a tale such as only a Poet can write for you, O appreciative and generous Public—a tale of madmen, kings, scholars, grocers, consuls, and Jews: a tale with two heroines, both of an extreme and indescribable beauty: a tale of the South and of sunshine, wherein will be found disguises, mysteries, conspiracies, fights, at least one good whipping, and plenty of blood and love and absurdity: a very old sort of tale: a tale as joyously improbable as life itself."

If you will, it is a tale of the Prisoner of Zenda written by a poet who is an artist and has a sense of the ridiculous so keen and pervasive that it begins by spoiling a story and ends by being a story in itself. Even in this inconsequent dream of an idle Syrian day Flecker was too good an artist to neglect his form, too seriously a Parnassian even in his frivolity to forget his technique. Indeed it is quite possible to consider this book a Parnassian protest against the extravagance and sentimentality of the modern romantic novel, just as the "Parnasse" itself was a protest against the same characteristics of French romantic poetry. Only that would be missing the fun.

"The King of Alsander" begins in the little English village of Blaindon, "in some romantic English spot, Where summer's not so very hot, And winter not too chill." Thither, directly to the bongmash (which is Blaindon for Bon Marché!), where Norman Price keeps shop when he is not reading Apuleius, comes an old man, a poet, instilling into young Norman the desire for travel and giving him a word of advice, to go straight to Alsander. So Norman goes there and is met, as all young, fair, tall Englishmen should be met, by Peronella, whose countenance "was a sweet rose and jasmine garden—but always, I would have you remember, a garden that blossoms by the sea, with vistas of the bay down every alley of the roses, and gleams of blue water glinting behind the trellis of the jasmine, and the sea air slightly touching the colour of all the flowers."

Before he can fall properly in love with Peronella, Norman is caught in what is technically known as "a web of intrigue." Alsander has fallen on evil days and the last of the Kradendas, the ruling family, is an idiot. The arrogant and bigoted Count Vorza rules in his stead, and only a few patriots remain, who dream of an Alsander as great as Florence in her elder day. The Association for the Advancement of Alsander chooses Norman to represent the king, for the king himself has not been seen by mortal eyes these many years. Norman is promptly examined for the post, rebels at the physical examination, is whipped, goes to the British consul, and demands that the Navy—"what are they wasting coal in the North sea for" if they can't protect an Englishman from being insulted?—come to his rescue. But Arnolfo, the pale and mystic figure of the story, persuades him to accept the position of king and he is duly crowned. A counter rebellion breaks out, because the new king has foresworn his early love for Peronella when he discovers that his good angel Arnolfo is, in reality, the Princess Ianthe, legitimate heir to the throne after the madman. And so after much bloodshed and a dashing fight, in which the idiot king is killed, Norman marries the princess and becomes the true ruler of Alsander.

Whereon the ancient poet reappears at Blaindon, calls down the fairies who knew Norman's mother, and takes Norman's friend to assist at his own disappearance in the tumultuous seas!

I take it that this is a fair plot, to which the intelligent reader of the summary can add details: the scene in the old shop where Norman is made captive; the scene in the castle where the imbecile king knights Norman as his deliverer; the quiet moment at the height of the coronation revels when Norman, torn by his passion for Peronella, yields in his own despite to the low voice of Ar-

nolfo and discovers the princess; the ancestral glories of Alsander; the Jewish doctor who isn't a bad fellow after all; the riot and the rout. A well-printed and easily read book of some 300 pages demands no more.

But what makes "The King of Alsander" a joyous book, and a perplexity to those who like their Anthony Hope straight, is the bubbling and irrepressible humor of the telling. The maddest of all modern romances, "The Man Who Was Thursday," alone contains more wildness and more joy than this book. Thus the introduction to Alsander:

> Who is there (I should have written in 1820) or what man of feeling and imagination can be found, who, on contemplating the ineffable grandeur and unspeakable majesty of Nature, does not ardently aspire to hold at the same moment communion with some divinely tender female heart, to read in those liquid eyes his own reflections purged of their dross and transmuted into gold, to press those sensitive fingers and thereby lose himself in rapture among the gorgeous scenes that astonish and confound his gaze, to seal those fluttering lips with the memory of an unforgettable moment?
>
> To resume the use of the English language, Norman felt lonely.

Or, Peronella:

> I will not give my heroine "plain but interesting features" or "a noble rather than beautiful countenance with intellect shining in her eyes," or even in a candid moment declare her to possess "a haunting plainness all her own." But apart from all this there is the truth to consider, and this young girl was assuredly one of the most perfect women God ever made by accident or Satan by design.

The trick is by no means a new one, the play of ironic intelligence on a romantic subject is, we are asked to believe, the essence of modernism. But Mr. Flecker's achievement is extraordinary in that it leaves and even enhances the romance. Because this is a good tale and a thriller.

His embellishments: "Grave matters of ethics are frequently discussed in the course of my story." One of them is the connection between whipping and philosophy; another, quite a good one, is concerned with English hypocrisy and English cleanness in the matter of sex. "For Thackeray, the Irregular Unionist (if so we may style those easy livers), is a scourge of high society; for Dickens, he is an ungodly scoundrel, a scourge of low society; for Thomas Hardy, he is a noble fellow disregarding the shackles of convention; while the late George Meredith invariably punishes the amorous by describing them as intellectual failures. Today Mr. Shaw would consider Lovelace disreputable owing to his lack of interest in social problems, while the pale Nietzscheans would worship him in ecstatic gasps as a monstrous fine blond beast." There is more of this and more of many things, sly jests and sharp remarks, pointed asides throughout the story, and ineffable good humor.

It is wrong to write seriously about a book of this type; the only excuse is that one cannot write as Flecker did, and to write seriously may persuade some people to read frivolously. Yet if we are thinking of romance and such things, and if we are wondering a little at these strange English whose grocer boys become poets if not kings, who are endlessly provincial, and who colonize the world, we may reflect on Flecker and on this book of his. Because it is intensely English. It revels in the South and sunshine because it has its roots in

> November Evenings! Damp and still
> They used to cloak Leckhampton Hill,
> And lie down close on the grey plain
> And dim the dripping window pane.

He married a Greek lady; he lived for the Grecian islands and the Moslem East, but he never forgot the England which slopes down the green and lovely Cotswolds or runs to the sea in the bright sands of Bournemouth. The mysteries of the East and the urgings of adventure have been expressed to us best by inland and provincial folk, by a Conrad or a Louys or a Flecker.

> But when I walk in Athens town
> That swims in dust and sun
> Perverse, I think of London then
> Where God's brave work is done,
> And with what sweep at Westminster
> The rayless waters run.

It is this firm rooting in London and the Gloucester lanes which makes his feeling for Iskander and Samarkand so authentic in his verse, and it is his feeling for God's brave work which makes the flightiness and cheer of Alsander so delightful. "Oh shall I never never be home again!" he cried. "Meadows of England shining in the rain, Spread wide your daisied lawns." He would be the last to say that it was in this tale all of romance that he came home. It was a home of sobriety and decency, a home cultivated and blessed by the very passage of the tender years, and his romance and his poems are not of these things. But he would have known that only the things he longed for and desired made it possible for him to give such desirable things to the world.

GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES.

Briefs on New Books

Plays by Ostrovsky. Edited by George Rapall Noyes. Scribner; $1.50.

It takes what amounts almost to genius to make a good translation. Perhaps that is why so few of the many books rendered into English are readable. There are, after all, not many men with scholarship enough to think in two languages and at the same time imagination enough to recognize the soul of a phrase and give it rebirth in a new tongue. Ostrovsky, the dramatist contemporary of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and Turgenev, presents a difficult problem for the translator. Perhaps that is why the English versions of his plays have been so few. His characters, for the most part from the Russian merchant class of fifty or sixty years ago, speak in a racy vernacular of their own. Translation of the idiom is impossible. To paraphrase Moscow slang with Chicagoese is, of course, out of the question. The translator in the present instance has attempted the betwixt and between of colloquial English, and the result is cumbersome. Still there is enough of interest in the four plays to make up for the lumbering dialogue.

The plays made their first appearance in the fifties and sixties, just a few decades before "An Old Homestead" initiated the first "school" of American drama, and yet they are surprisingly modern, not only in their merciless realism, but even to a certain extent in form. They are not patterned after that formula of "big scenes" and "curtains" against which we are only beginning to revolt. They meander as life meanders, full of irrelevant speeches, and at the end they are likely to offer no resolution, as in "A Protégée of the Mistress," or to peter out in inconsequential dialogue, as "It's a Family Affair—We'll Settle it Ourselves." Yet they have dramatic quality. In spite of an Elizabethan tendency toward unnecessary soliloquies, allegorical names for very real characters, and speeches hurled robustly over the footlights at the audience, Ostrovsky's plays are, in the main, the sort of plays one would like to see on the American stage. To expect such plays is not demanding too much of our playwrights, for Ostrovsky is not a genius. He is simply the scribe of a changing time, noting with some faithfulness its effect upon a portion of society. And yet, as histories of Russian manners during the years immediately preceding and following the emancipation of the serfs, and as masterpieces of characterization, these plays have much to give the American student of the drama, even through the medium of an inadequate translation.

The Railroad Problem. By Edward Hungerford. McClurg; $1.50.

Like the poor, the railroad problem is always with us. In a volume of two hundred and fifty pages Mr. Hungerford has told us something of the ills of "the sick man of American business" and has suggested a few palliatives—some may think them curatives. The book is based on articles which appeared in such journals as "Collier's," "Every Week," and the "Saturday Evening Post." From this one would naturally expect it to be written in an easy and entertaining style, and in this he will not be disappointed. In fact, it is just such a volume as one would like to read on a railroad journey. Four chapters deal with labor, two with organized and two with unorganized, and they are full of incidents in the everyday life of engineers, conductors, and telegraphers, that have a real bearing on the railroad problem. The same may be said of the chapters dealing with the railroads and their competitors, and the relation of the railroads to national defence is stated in a clear and concise way. The good red blood of human life runs all through the book. Even the serious student of the railroad problem may profit by its perusal, for it helps to humanize the whole situation.

Birds of Britain—Their Distribution and Habits. By A. H. Evans. Putnam's; $1.25.

The American nature-loving public is accustomed to two types of books about birds—first, the guidebook which tells how to identify them, and second, the popular descriptive stories of bird-life. This British book falls in neither class. It is a hybrid. Written primarily for use in schools, it fails to meet the American conception of natural-history education because it deals so plentifully in scientific phrase and classification. It is not helpful as a guidebook because it makes no pretense of trying to aid in identifying birds, except incidentally through the many photographs which accompany the text. All the birds which visit Great Britain are described under their respective families. It is the family, however, not the species, which is made the centre of descriptive interest. The popular study of birds in Great Britain is far behind nature study in the United States. This book is just one evidence of the lack of adequate facilities for bringing bird-life close to the school and the home. There are excellent guidebooks to British and European birds, though there are still lacking those popular, intimate, highly illustrated nature-books which bring the boy and girl of the average suburban and country home in America so close to wild life. This book, intended for children, does not meet such a need.

A Scale of Performance Tests. By Rudolf Pintner and Donald G. Paterson. Appleton; $2.

Mental testing promises to become so technical a pursuit that manuals of the art are indispensable. Mental tests aim to measure capacity by the double method of finding what a child (or, for that matter, an adult) knows and what he can do. Knowledge is more or less incidental, even accidental; though the immunity from its acquisition in a constantly inviting and stimulating environment argues incapacity. But doing seems to stand nearer to ability. On the basis of this conception Professors Pintner and Paterson have developed a graded series of tests based entirely on performance, though necessarily using the material of identification, recognition, and perception of logical relations, which enters as readily into doing as into knowing. Such tests must be tried out and a standard of performance for each age determined. The standard then becomes an available yardstick to determine mental stature, particularly with reference to notable defect or proficiency. The programme is admirably carried through, with abundance of well-arranged tables and sufficient interpretation to show the bearing of the results and warn against sources of error. There are so many types of children to be tested for whom the medium of language is not suitable—the deaf, the speech-defective, the foreign, and even the nervous—that performance-tests have a peculiar significance. In view of the fact that the present war is to see tried on an unprecedented scale the method of testing recruits to gauge their rank, in comparison with other forms of examination and estimate, psychology is to find an unusual practical application, by which the value of the art is likely to be demonstrated. Equally has its application to the disqualified in mental and moral make-up, against whom society must protect itself, made the subject of great moment.

Studies in Insect Life. By Arthur Everett Shipley. T. Fisher Unwin; 10s.6d.

Professor Shipley has collected in this volume a number of previously published articles and addresses. They are all so written as to be intelligible to the lay reader and they are of more than passing interest. In one of the studies, "Insects in War," there is presented an aspect of the problem of army life that is not likely to have occurred to the average man. Three essays are given to bees and wasps and two to the development of oceanography. Among the latter there is an interesting study of Sir John Murray, the founder of that science, with some sidelights on university life in Edinburgh in the late sixties. Modern chemists will be amused to read of how Robert Louis Stevenson, not being very much interested in chemistry, would "manifest the greatest adroitness in drawing Robertson Smith, who was then teaching chemistry, from the arid deserts of physical science into the tangled thickets of theological discussion, and he always succeeded in keeping him there as long as he liked." The essay most likely to appeal to the lay reader is the one on "Hate." Basing his conclusions on the work done by Cannon as to the function of the adrenal glands, Professor Shipley thinks that the function of hate is, physiologically, simply that of placing men in a position to put forth their utmost physical effort. There are two articles of interest to the literary historian: "Zoology in the Time of Shakespeare" and "The Revival of Science in the Seventeenth Century."

Italy at War. By Herbert Vivian. Dutton; $2.50.

This is a different sort of book from Mr. Alexander Powell's volume of the same name and approximately the same date of publication. Mr. Vivian writes as an observant rambler who chanced to be footing it through Italy at the time Prince von Bülow was given to understand that his presence in Rome was no longer desired. Thus the Italian people's attitude to the great issue of the day is presented with the insight and the accuracy of one familiar with the ways of the common folk and speaking their language (as also several other European tongues). Noteworthy is the author's emphasis upon the too little suspected perpetration of Austrian atrocities. Frightfulness he shows to be not exclusively a Prussian product. Such books as Mr. Vivian's and Mr. Powell's are especially welcome, even especially needed, at this time to set forth the extraordinary skill and heroism with which Italy is quietly carrying through an arduously (and literally) up-hill task. Might not a little more power at her elbow, just now, enable her to end the war for us by pushing on to Laibach and Vienna and thence into Germany, if not actually to Berlin?

The Street of Ink. By H. Simonis. Funk & Wagnalls; $3.

Though not all that its subtitle claims for it, this anecdotal retrospect down the length of Fleet Street is a remarkably interesting and informing book, being from the pen of a shrewd observer with a retentive memory who for twenty-two years has been an active journalist in the famous "street of ink" that gives its name to the volume. Mr. Simonis is at present director of the London "Daily News" and "Star," and his fund of personal reminiscence goes far toward justifying the publishers' assertion that he has met

practically everyone worth knowing in London journalism during the period covered by his rambling narrative. An intimate history of recent English journalism the book may well call itself, but outside of England we have only a single chapter on "The American and French Press." The writer's fondness for illustrative anecdote contributes no little to the entertaining quality of his pages, though occasionally the application of the story to the subject it is intended to illustrate is not so obvious as it might be; but a timely word pointing out this application now and then helps us out of the difficulty.

Outposts of the Fleet. Stories of the Merchant Service in War and Peace. By Edward Noble. Houghton Mifflin; 60 cts.

That heroes of the merchant marine should, as a rule, receive but scant recognition seems very unjust to Mr. Edward Noble, and his present collection of stories will possibly do something toward causing the creation of an order or similar honor to be bestowed on them. To the ordinary perils of the deep are now added the risks and the terrors of war, as is vividly brought out in such tales as "Torpedoed" and "Homeward with Grain," which, with seven other short pieces, make up the contents of the book. Most, if not all, of these sea-yarns have already seen the light in various British journals, but are none the worse for that. At least they are new to American readers. They speak eloquently of the tragedy of the good ship done to death, with passengers and crew, by the furtive submarine.

War. By Pierre Loti. Lippincott; $1.25.

In the perusal of this new volume by Loti, it is brought home to one again how inexplicably and beautifully his manner and matter are fused. He treats of the usual subjects—two Belgian child refugees, the soldiers, the ruined cathedrals, the battle line—but in the atmosphere of this book, one sees everything bathed and refreshed. The sketch of the refugees touched us more than anything we have read regarding the war, yet it is by no means harrowing, but is colored with a whimsical humor. He happily awakens in the reader his amused, hopeful pity for the children. In all the sketches of personages, he characteristically avoids the obvious and the crudely emotional. Even in the story of his visits to the King and Queen of Belgium, where his self-consciousness is most apparent and where his d'Artagnan-like adoration might render him ridiculous, there is perfect artistic restraint. As for the horrors of war, they are shown without squeamishness but with no wallowing in awfulness.

Others have written of the ruins of Ypres and Rheims, but it remained for Loti to tell us of their melancholy beauty. He shows them as they look in the twilight; he calls up the spirit that was intrinsically theirs, and finds the inner meaning of their desecration in the desire on the part of the Prussians to destroy the very heart of ancient France. He throws an exquisite glamour around Ypres, portraying the cathedral and the great belfry projecting their silhouettes against the sky, seemingly congealed, gesturing with broken arms; and he conjures up the mournful surroundings in which Ypres is now lost. Then, Loti-like, he shows us three or four little girls escaped from the cellars which sheltered them and dancing around in the square beneath the phantom belfry.

For the Loti-lover this book holds the pleasure of anticipation and of realization.

The Mexican Problem. By C. W. Barron. Houghton Mifflin; $1.

Granting that all the facts are as stated by Mr. Barron, that he is not far out of the way in his deductions, and that his little book is worthy of attention, he but touches the surface of the Mexican problem as it exists to-day; and the problem to-day is very different from what it was only a year ago. In his foreword he leads us to understand that he will demonstrate that the development of the oil fields of our neighbor to the south will prove the true solution. In fact, the solution of the problem must come before the oil fields can be satisfactorily operated. As he truly says, economic progress is only possible where government is firmly established, where disorder is suppressed, and where the courts mete out justice to all. He has given no hint as to how this is to be accomplished. Really his title is misleading. His whole theme is found in the two affiliated oil companies—the Pan-American in California and the Mexican Petroleum.

The author says that the United States can never take its proper attitude toward its sister republic until two popular, but false, impressions are removed. First, that the natural wealth of the country has furnished a base for contending business interests from the States to promote Mexican quarrels; and second, that the land question is at the bottom of those troubles. It is true that the land question was only a temporary war-cry, for every attempt to give land to the natives has proved a failure. On the other hand, there is much to show that the Madero revolution was fomented by certain business interests in this country in order to get rid of Diaz, and thus obtain greater power. Attention is called to the wavering policies of

President Wilson in dealing with the Mexican situation. Everyone familiar with the situation will agree that "We have no right to strike down the governments of Mexico one after another and refuse to the government and people financial, business, and political assistance." The real problem is that of "one civilization and one order, one rule and procedure, in contact with another civilization, another order, procedure and morality." This problem was what the Diaz administration was scientifically studying and beginning to solve, as the publication of Peust's monograph demonstrated. It is true that "at the present time the larger part of the good people of Mexico are children who want to be in debt and at the same time care-free." The average peon suspects and avoids the owner of a hacienda who will not permit him to sell himself into peonage. Very few have sufficient persistent energy to make good industrial operatives. They do not want opportunity to labor. We solved the Indian problem by driving the Indians from the soil and exterminating them. Mexico has tried to solve it by protecting these child peoples and at the same time stimulating those found worthy of industrial activity.

HENRY THOREAU AS REMEMBERED BY A YOUNG FRIEND. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.

Dr. Emerson, who was about seventeen years old when Thoreau died, has retained through the fifty-five years since that premature death some vivid memories of the strangely gifted man who was a frequent visitor at the Emerson house and a favorite elder playmate and sagacious counsellor of the Emerson children. The remembrances now presented in book form were in part first given to interested hearers twenty-seven years ago in the form of a lecture designed to correct prevalent misapprehensions as to both Thoreau's character and the events of his life. Amplified now with passages from the journals of both Thoreau and the writer's father, and enlivened with scraps of personal reminiscence from some of Thoreau's contemporaries, these illuminating glimpses of a strongly marked and splendidly independent but too often misunderstood personality are a welcome addition to the rather meagre literary product called forth by the Thoreau centennial. In this little book Thoreau the idealist stands justified for his refusal to devote the best years of his life to pencil-making and money-getting. That he should have been thought by a competent authority to need any such justification at this late day is noteworthy.

A GERMAN DESERTER'S WAR EXPERIENCE Translated by J. Koettgen. Huebsch; $1.

Serial publication in German and the appearance of specimen chapters in English had already prepared a welcome for this anonymous narrative upon its publication in book form. The writer's deep hatred of war and all its works, not only the actual bloodshed and cruelty, but also the unnatural and humiliating relations of men to officers in the German army itself, speaks in every page and explains this pacific soldier's determined and at last successful attempt to get free of the whole loathsome business. A dash across the Dutch boundary and an Atlantic voyage as stowaway accomplished the end in view, and we leave the author enlisted in the ranks of American socialism as a fighter against capitalism, to the pernicious power of which he ascribes the war. The whole story is told with the vividness that comes of recent deep and indelible impressions of soul-stirring experiences.

GERMANISM FROM WITHIN. By A. D. McLaren. Dutton; $3.

It is easy to be wise after the event; hence the multitude of what may be called *ex post facto* prophets of the war. Nevertheless Mr. A. D. McLaren, in his presentation of the symptoms long since pointing to Germany's present violent malady, writes with a first-hand knowledge of his subject that commands the reader's serious attention. For thirty years, he tells us, Germany has been the core of his thought, and the last seven of these years he spent in close contact with Germans of all sections and classes. Finally, his residence in the country and his study of its institutions were rounded off by an eight months' sojourn in the concentration camp at Ruhleben. Long before the war his purpose had been formed to produce an exhaustive analysis of German *Kultur;* and though his present book falls short of being exhaustive, it gives far more than a superficial view of the various activities and characteristics and tendencies in which students of Germany have been and still are interested. One leading purpose of the book is "to bring to the surface some of the hidden forces and strivings long at work in Germany, to show the trend of contemporary feeling and policy as something more than an externality or an aberration, and allow *Deutschtum* to unfold itself, its attitude to a wonderful age, its 'mission' to the English mind." Thus the book is no mere by-product of the war. It is the careful work of a patient observer who has for thirty years been studying the politics, industry, education, character, and ideals of the German people.

Notes on New Fiction

In some books a great character is created; for which all else is forgiven. But in "The Soul of a Bishop" (Macmillan; $1.50), Mr. H. G. Wells has produced only a soul, a busy, inquisitive, aspiring soul, a solitary and almost disembodied soul, in custody of *a* bishop—not *the* bishop, because no such definite person comes into being. *A* bishop, who wears gaiters, accompanies the soul through the 300 pages of its purgatory, a bishop who suggests in his detachment from the suffering soul and in his own impersonality that he is only a counterfeit presentment of H. G. Wells leading around the Wells soul for purposes of public exhibition. Those who are fond of Mr. Wells must perforce feel affection for his very interesting soul and find pleasure and satisfaction in its development.

Sympathetically, one wishes that the environment provided had been more real and attractive. The scenes and characters of the book have the artistic bareness of the stage-settings of ultra-modern drama. It is left to the imagination to complete the background. Neither the palace at Princhester in which we find the soul, with a bishop, nor the dark and crowded little London house in which we leave the soul with one Edward Scrope, formerly a bishop, is a habitable residence. But their flatness serves as a consistent setting for the vague minor characters who move around up stage. Mr. Wells almost apologizes for the few "domestic details" he gives, "irrelevant as they may seem in a spiritual history," and it is plain that he regards the supporting cast of his star soul as equally irrelevant. Lady Ella, wife of a bishop, wanders on and off the stage and furnishes the righteous, colorless foil for an unrighteous, colorful adorer of the soul's attendant. This indiscreet adorer, Lady Sunderbund, almost comes to life in her childish sorrow when an unfrocked bishop refuses her offer of a garish temple for the new religion the soul is creating. Then the soul, possibly fearing the competition of any other reality, promptly ends Lady Sunderbund's hopes and with them her momentary existence.

Mr. Wells has put all his great power of thought and expression into the monologue of the soul—which is the purpose of his writing. The action is incidental. The soul moves about, gesticulates, postures, disrobes, flagellates itself, and, through a series of strenuous contorting exercises, transforms a sickly, feeble, and inert soul-existence into a ruddy, muscular, and energetic soul-force. In order to embody this spiritual history the author ostensibly transforms Edward Scrope, bishop of the orthodox church, into Edward Scrope, a servant of God. But whereas Edward Scrope is unconvincing, the soul is a real creation.

It is worse than useless to attempt to condense into a few sentences Mr. Wells's evolution of true religion out of false creeds. That to which so powerful a writer has devoted an entire book cannot be thus compressed with fairness either to him or to the reader. It is better simply to record that the soul is hard-thinking, hopeful, and unafraid. Many, who are to-day making a long-neglected search into their own spiritual natures and finding plumbless depths, vast unexplored spaces, and unconquerable heights, will find intense interest in the experiences of this soul of a bishop, and at the journey's end come to a like understanding with Mr. Wells: "Faith is a sort of *tour de force*. A feat of the imagination. . . One perceives it clearly only in rare moments." If the reader is incapable of one of those "rare moments" in which he can perceive the value of this soul's confession, he should not ascribe his failure to Mr. Wells, who has not only delivered a message of high inspiration, but has striven painstakingly to make the value of that message clear to all minds not sealed in with stupidity or intellectual arrogance.

Like a good many actors, Mr. Will N. Harben, author of "The Triumph" (Harper; $1.40), finds it harder to put himself into a straight part than a character part. The South of the negro, the carpet-bagger, and the eccentric and despised Yankee of Civil War times, is very real to him. It is when he tries to portray the South through the character of the old-time southern gentleman that he falls somewhat short of verisimilitude. His point of view is of one who sees situations and events in a broad way, and who interprets them through his knowledge of the average man—with his oddities, his stupidities, his pretensions. Mr. Harben makes us feel the overpowering importance to the men and women of the sixties of the things that to-day seem unimportant. He really has a good point to make, and he makes it in spite of the commonplace melodrama to which his plot lends itself.

"My Mother and I," by E. G. Stern (Macmillan: $1), describes the loftier and rarer aspect of immigration. It carries the conviction that behind the "problem" there are high ideals shaping the courses of our second-generation foreigners, carrying individuals through education and change to an Americanism that reflects a truer conception of liberty than our proverbial native spread-eagleism. The immigrant with aspirations meets the educational reformer in a singleness of purpose that creates the most legitimate hope for American democracy. It is such an immigrant that the present author describes, in a narrative of simplicity and charm.

Patience Worth's three-hundred-thousand-word novel, "The Sorry Tale" (Henry Holt; $1.90), was dictated, we are told, letter by letter, by means of the ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis. Men and women of intelligence and discretion witnessed the phenomenon in part and were even sharers in it. They vouch for the authenticity of the spirit-author and her graciousness. When passages of particular difficulty appeared, she would stop her tale to comment upon them; and when the book was completed, she even went so far as to designate to Mrs. Curran in the presence of her publishers in New York her choice of binding and cover design. It appears, therefore, that "The Sorry Tale" is Patience Worth's own, from title to *finis*.

The story is laid in the time of Christ, and concerns itself principally with the son of a rejected Roman courtesan and Tiberius Cæsar, Hatte by name, whose life is exactly synchronous with Christ's, though appallingly antipodal. The contrast is made strikingly manifest in the scene on Calvary, when the incarnation of hate and the incarnation of love hang side by side on crosses in reality of their own rearing. The plot, stripped of verbiage, is consistent and straightforward; many of the incidents are amazingly dramatic or poetic; and the presentation of the life then extant in Palestine is accurate and full. To find these things, however, the average reader will have to master a style that is neither fish nor fowl—in part the language of the Stuarts, in part the language of metaphysics. Largely, however, the language is that of Patience Worth, a strange and tedious mixture of beauty and prolixity. When Caanthus says, "Thou art long, Panda, long. . . Tarry not," we breathed an "amen" in the general direction of the unseen author.

"Everything here is melodious, old-world, and set to a measure: like a minuet of Bocherini." So says Sir Harold Carne in a letter to his friend Launcelot Moult, Esquire, in "Dandelions," a first novel by a new writer, Coulson T. Cade. If the story were the consummation of all its author evidently wished for it, this statement of Sir Harold's would be its best possible description. There is charm and to spare in the pictures of English country life that are presented in dissolving succession; the felicitous chapter headings suggest something of the color and the old-fashioned fragrance of the descriptive passages: "Pear-Drops," "Tulips," "Larks and Buttercups," "Spice," "Roses," and so forth. But the machinery of Mr. Cade's narrative rumbles and groans too audibly at too frequent intervals; the plot is superficial, even flimsy, and the characterization shallow. The plot has one questionable merit: the insouciance with which it deals with certain bodily functions that we are usually taught to regard as pornographic. That such a story offends so little is due largely to the charm of the author's style. (Knopf; $1.50.)

With "Understood Betsy" (Holt; $1.30) Dorothy Canfield returns to the scene of her "Hillsboro People." Betsy, a little girl who has been too vigorously understood by her Aunt Frances, is brought into the sensible companionship of her country cousins, and thereby changes from an incipient neurotic into a healthy youngster that everyone who reads her story will like. The book is intended primarily for children, but Mrs. Fisher with her usual insight has touched upon a modern tendency in education with an irony that will be appreciated by their elders. This is a relatively slight tale but one that will not lessen her reputation as a thoughtful and clever writer.

Those who like books as well as those who like people will get a vast amount of pleasure out of Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25). This is the woman's side of "Adventures in Contentment," and its whimsical humor in showing the domestic temper of the literary vagabond will meet with wide appreciation. This is the story of a "literary" farmer's sister, who revolts and takes to the open road on her own account. Her misadventures and the philosophy of the "Perfessor," whose book-van supplies her with the opportunity to escape the career of domestic drudge, make unusually good reading. Mr. Morley combines genuine understanding of the "bookish" temperament with humor that is irresistible.

Mr. Wallace Irwin exhibits greater talent in the choice of a title for his new volume than in the stories themselves. The book is called "Pilgrims into Folly" (Doran; $1.35) and at first sight one wonders whether Mr. Irwin is not himself one of the Pilgrims, for it is a little difficult to imagine the creator of Hashimura Togo being highly successful in the field of serious fiction. But in the course of these "romantic excursions" he shows that he is capable of entering imaginatively into the lives of idealists who will sacrifice bodily comfort, public recognition, or obvious happiness in behalf of a more uncertain, though greater, satisfaction. One story, "He Shot the Bird of Paradise," stands out from the rest. It has subtlety and suspense, and is marred only by a touch of amateurishness—a criticism that applies to the entire volume. Mr. Irwin is still a little uncertain of his powers, but the present book has definite promise.

Casual Comment

In resigning from the faculty of Columbia University as a protest against the dismissal of Messrs. Cattell and Dana, Professor Charles A. Beard has performed a public service of the first importance. The vigorous and candid letter in which he gives his reasons for an act involving great personal sacrifice squarely raises at last an issue that will have to be faced, not in Columbia alone, but in every other university in the country. Shall a group of trustees "who are reactionary and visionless in politics, and narrow and mediæval in religion," determine what our educators are to teach? Is the truth to be what such men happen to believe or find it to their interest to impose upon others? Is the status of the professor to remain precisely that of the day laborer? Is he to be subject to dismissal at the will of trustees who are accustomed to deciding such questions according to their ideas of what is reputable and permissible? Are his colleagues on the faculty to have nothing to say as to his fitness? If so, then there can be no freedom. In making a stand for the democratization of university control, Professor Beard occupies the strongest possible position. He was one of the most brilliant members of the faculty. His views are not those of the men dismissed. He is not a pacifist. His attitude to the war has never been doubtful. He was, in fact, one of the first to urge that we take our place beside the Allies, and in his letter of resignation he reiterates his conviction that we "should now press forward with all our might to a just conclusion." Himself in thorough sympathy with the ruling majority, he has had the courage and the fine idealism to protest in the most effective way against the growing tendency to terrorize and coerce minority opinion, to substitute "curses and bludgeons" for argument; thus the implications raised by his letter stretch far beyond the immediate struggle in the universities. His act is one of the truest patriotism, and it comes at a time when it is not too late to substitute vision for violence in our treatment of the disaffected minority. Bitterness and passion are accumulating in direct proportion to the success with which the intolerant and reactionary elements in our population are assuming to represent our national attitude in the war and to suppress all discussion of aims and policies as seditious. There is in all this, as the revolt of the Columbia students clearly shows, a tragic failure on the part of the middle-aged directors of opinion, university trustees, and so on, to understand the psychology of youth, whether in or out of the trenches. The old shibboleths and catchwords no longer rouse the traditional response and the effort to make them the test of loyalty can have no other result than to alienate the sympathy of the very youth who are bearing the burden at the front. Professor Beard is one of the few who understand the new spirit, with its passion for genuinely constructive service, and one hopes that in leaving Columbia he may find a broader field in which to serve the interests of the kind of democracy to which he is attached.

• • •

In a recent number of the "Mercure de France," M. André Maurel sweats and labors at a gigantic task of demolition. He is engaged in battering away, with the nib of a pen, at the foundations of "Jean-Christophe," that huge structure of ten volumes reared to the glory of a "humanitarian lie." You fancy that such a task, undertaken with such a weapon, is a little formidable? By no means; for the ruin is already half accomplished. "Dans ce marécage silésien s'écroule la statue de Monsieur Jean-Christophe Krafft, entraînant avec elle l'œuvre entière de M. Romain Rolland." The French have understood Jean-Christophe only since the war began. He seemed mild in spite of his artist's violence; he was clearly an idealist, a musician steeped in dreams. He died innocently enough on the eve of the invasion, but M. Maurel points out subtly that he died happy. Why happy? Was it not precisely because he had served the fatherland loyally as a spy? M. Maurel proves to his own satisfaction that "Jean-Christophe" is essentially a German novel. Jean-Christophe is expansive; he insists on the right of the individual to take what he can use and to take it wherever he can find it. Applied to nations this is the familiar philosophy of might. M. Rolland's philosophy is the philosophy of force! "Jean-Christophe" is German in form. Who ever heard of a Frenchman sprawling through ten volumes, treating a life, hour by hour, from the cradle to the grave, sweeping in the whole of civilization? This lack of measure and sweet reasonableness—how can one think of it as French? No; the war has quite undone M. Rolland and all his works; and with an amazing generosity M. Maurel hands them over to the enemy. It is a mistaken generosity at a time when his country is sacrificing its most promising youth in the trenches; for even in normal times what country is likely to offer us a "Jean-Christophe" every decade?

• • •

A Chicago novelist was complaining bitterly the other day of the isolation in which he has to do his work. A man set down in the midst of commercialism has to be altogether self-fertilizing. Ideas may come to him from the air and set his mind aglow, but there is none of that

swiftness and amplitude of suggestion which is possible where the cross-fertilization of other minds occupied with the same problems enriches and fortifies his own. He spoke with envy of the fortunate workmen who are able to utilize other men's brains without fear of infringing a copyright. They pool their intellectual capital and each is able to draw from the common source much more than he had put in. They gather at a table; someone produces a likely idea; it is tossed here and there, mauled and dissected, turned inside out, reduced to essentials and forced to yield up its last bit of value. The result is bound to be illuminating and immensely helpful to the writer who wants to develop the idea in a work of art. There is indeed a great deal to be said for this sort of community thinking, but it has one grave drawback. It offers to the vanity of the artist a response so immediate and uncritical as to be demoralizing. Why wait for the applause of a vague and probably indifferent public when you can saunter into a café and steep yourself in the warmth of more or less expert approval? No doubt it is possible for the coterie to produce its great men, but they are a tough-fibred lot who know precisely how much to value group enthusiasm.

* * *

Libraries serving a special class of readers have been obliged to meet the challenge of the war in various ways. The question presented itself whether it would be better in some cases to abandon that specialization of function which had distinguished them in peace times. Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, the librarian in charge of the Newberry Library in Chicago, felt that, so far as his institution was concerned, it would be wiser to reach an accommodation with the exceptional conditions than to depart from the library's special field, and the solution he worked out seems altogether admirable. He assembled all the books dealing with the culture, the history, and the customs of the countries at war with Germany on shelves easy of access, and supplemented the collection with a gallery of photographs, color-prints, and etchings showing the architectural glories and the scenery of the allied countries. "I wanted everyone who came into the room to realize the grandeur of the civilization that had been attacked," said Mr. Carlton, "and in doing that I believe that I have most effectively fulfilled the purpose of the Newberry Library."

* * *

In discussing the English intellectuals in wartime in the current "Century," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe reminds us once more of the position occupied by the two old English universities. Oxford, with its strong classical traditions, is the home of orthodoxy. Its leaders, from Gilbert Murray to L. P. Jacks, have revealed themselves as the defenders of the government, pamphleteers and propagandists at need. Cambridge, on the other hand, with its mathematical and scientific bent, is the home of Bertrand Russell, Lowes Dickinson, "the most philosophical and persuasive advocate of peace without victory," and the conductors of the "Cambridge Magazine," the "most resolute band of academic internationalists." Mr. Ratcliffe adds that the reasons for the contrast might not be hard to divine, but he contents himself with recalling that "long ago Kant remarked upon the tendency of scientific studies toward intellectual remoteness from the passions of contemporary affairs." Now that the struggle is on between the classicists and the advocates of science, the attitude of the two great universities is not without its significance. Does the classical discipline naturally select minds that are relatively unadventurous, infertile, precedent-loving, respectful of authority, and impatient of change? It we were to judge by some of the leading "humanists" of our own country, we could hardly be in doubt.

* * *

What will literature be like after the war? One often hears that it will be "nobler" than before, and people who talk in that vein point out that the actual will be too harsh for war-frayed nerves. Men will take books as a narcotic. Perhaps. But if we look at some of the most vital books that have come to us from the trenches, we notice a different temper at work. There is often a relentless focusing of the horror, a will to realize it to the full. to speak for once of the unspeakable. Take Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire." You can't help feeling in that book an amazing lift and stir, a renewal. But what is the source of that feeling? It is "the vision of the thrill of reason, logic and simplicity" that shook the men of his squad "like a fit of madness." It is the confused effort to think things out. War must be banished. Yes, but to get rid of war, one must first get rid of privilege, of prejudice and injustice. " 'That would be fine!' said one. 'Too fine to be true!' said another. But the third said, 'It's because it's true that it's fine. It has no other beauty, mind! And it's not because it's fine that it will come. . . It's because it's true that it has to be.' " There is plenty of idealism here, but it is an idealism eager to use the mind as an instrument to realize the dream. If such is the temper of many of the young generation in the trenches, there is little reason to fear a flood of "noble" books.

COMMUNICATIONS

RAGS AND IMMORTALITY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Some time ago a friend of mine issued a book, and of course one should think no less of him for that. To put forth a volume, indeed, might increase one's personal affection for such a friend and even arouse a legitimate pride in him as one who has received royal recognition or been knighted for exceptional service. The authorship of a book, however, receives from a great many minds the homage given to the bearer of evidences of immortality, a homage that serves the purposes of a halo, which, indeed, some authors accept, sometimes consciously and often unconsciously, at its face value. I recall a timid débutant in this line telling a friend, that he had asked a famous senator to write an introduction to his forthcoming volume. "Hump!" said the friend, "Why should you? Your name will be known when his will only be in the buried statistics of mere officials." The prospective author had a sense of humor, but he no doubt accepted the halo subconsciously at least.

Years passed and I was with that young writer when a publisher, a rival publisher, to be sure, picked up a copy of his volume and calmly assured him that it was printed on sulphite wood-pulp paper and would last only a few years; "not a rag in it," he added, as he tolled the knell of subconscious hopes. The victim confessed to me that he supposed he had written his book merely to contribute to the knowledge of his own generation, but that a slight wrenching of the machinery in the cardiac region revealed to himself a subconsciously held halo of immortality.

The other friend, with whom I began this letter, was "wiser in his generation," and with a sense of humor also. When asked by his publisher what kind of paper he preferred, he answered, without batting an eye: "One that will last, say, about seven hundred years"; to which modest reply, the dispenser of immortality promptly showed him a sample sheet, adding: "Here's the stuff; it is 33 per cent rags." To have a Sphinxian secret like that spoken aloud seemed incredible to my friend, and he passed it on to me as the sesame of immortality—of all sizes; for, if 33 per cent rags will produce 700 years of immortality, 1 per cent ought to give 25 years and—*mirabile dictu*—100 per cent would give 2500 years, which ought to satisfy the most fastidious in immortalities! I am told, too, that this secret is not copyrighted.

Never before have I been worried about the permanency of "rag-time," but the very name now has a sinister suggestion.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., October 18, 1917.

ENGLISH TANKA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Every lover of poetry is more or less familiar with the famous Japanese verselets known as *tanka* and *haikai.* The word *tanka* means literally "short poem." It is a verselet of thirty-one syllables, arranged in five lines of five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables respectively. The *haikai,* or *hokku* (literally "first verses"), is a still shorter poem, of only seventeen syllables, arranged like the first three lines of the *tanka.*

The charm of this Japanese "epigram," as Chamberlain translates *tanka,* is its suggestive or impressionistic feature, like the charm of many a Japanese painting or picture. It does not express all its meaning, but leaves one to read into it the full meaning. It is this which makes a Japanese *tanka* so difficult, sometimes absolutely impossible, of translation into expressive English. And it is especially difficult to translate it into English verse.

However, it is not our purpose now to discuss the Japanese *tanka* at length, but to call attention to what may, perhaps, be termed English *tanka.* They have been written by Rev. S. H. Wainwright, D.D., secretary of the Christian Literature Society of Japan, and are published by that society (Tokyo). The author has been an English teacher and missionary in Japan for about thirty years and is well versed in both the Japanese language and Japanese literature. But his *tanka* are not translations; they are original.

The first verselet, which adorns the title-page, under a picture of Mount Fuji, is entitled "Advent" and reads as follows:

> In time's long record naught
> To perfection has been brought.
> Whence Fuji's sudden advent,
> Faultless and without precedent,
> Into the flight of years?

The following is a beautiful interpretation of the feeling of "Crowds Viewing Cherry Blossoms" in Uyeno Park, Tokyo.

> Solomon was not robed like one of these
> Ten thousand spring-blown cherry trees.
> Nor gazed the Shebaean Queen with more surprise
> Than the Uyeno throng whose souls uprise
> To beauty as whitecaps to the breeze.

And the following on "Nirvana," written "near a Buddhist monastery," is another good "sample."

> Boom! wailed the temple bell,
> And the sound rose and fell,
> Like life and death.
> It moaned and sobbed,
> Like a lingering sorrow,
> And gently died away
> As day sinks into night
> With no to-morrow.

The pessimism of that is balanced by this one on "Optimism":

> If you say that seared sadness
> Lurks behind all laughing eyes,
> I reply that grace may cause this,
> By turning sorrows into joys;
> As from beds of slime and vileness
> Lotus flowers in beauty rise.

Finally here is a real gem, written at Honolulu, in 1915:

> No sky without a cloud,
> No heart without a sigh,
> No closet without a shroud,—
> In every Eden a Molokai.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, September 25, 1917.

Educating the Bookseller.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Local pride, as well as a desire to help the future historian, prompts me to correct a slight misstatement in your interesting paragraph on bookselling education in your issue of September 13. You say that this educational movement was first taken up in Philadelphia, whereas the excellent work inaugurated in the William Penn Evening High School, of that city, by Dr. Lucy Wilson, was a direct outgrowth of the lecture course conducted in New York City by the Booksellers' League, through the medium of a committee of which I was the chairman. This work antedated the Philadelphia course by about two years.

October 5, 1917. B. W. Huebsch.

"Government of the People, by the People, for the People"

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

In a note concerning the source of Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," an American illustrated weekly some time ago quoted two phrases of Theodore Parker which, although distantly resembling Lincoln's line, are by no means identical with it. The journal in question credits O. H. Carmichael with having pointed out the two passages in his book, "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Commenting upon the resemblance —and the difference—between Parker's and Lincoln's phrasing, the editor remarks: "Lincoln's masterly paraphrase of the idea, when making it his own in his famous address, shows his unerring instinct for terse and forcible English."

The matter seems of sufficient interest and importance to invite additional comment. Apparently it is not generally known that in a speech which Parker delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in 1850 he employed a phrase virtually identical in form with the one which Lincoln's address has made so familiar. It is contained in the following passage:

> There is what I call the American idea. . . This idea demands . . . a democracy, that is, a *government of* all *the people, by* all *the people, for* all *the people.* [Italics mine]. . . That is one idea; and the other is, that one man has a right to hold another man in thraldom, not for the slave's good, but for the master's convenience . . . For shortness' sake, I will call this the idea of Slavery. It demands . . . an aristocracy, that is, a government of all the people, by a part of the people—the masters; for a part of the people—the masters; against a part of the people—the slaves.

Parker, as we see, is contrasting *all* the people with *part* of the people; the antithesis is clear and deliberate; moreover, it obviously accounts for his use of the qualifying "all" in the italicized passage. Aside from this single word, however, his phrasing and Lincoln's are identical. Parker's priority, it would seem, entitles his name to be remembered in connection with the terse formulation of the principle of ideal democracy which adorns the memorable Gettysburg address.

C. H. Ibershoff.

University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

I have read and reread the review by Mr. Kinne of "The Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger" in a recent issue of The Dial. The review is interesting, and in some respects I am in accord with the views expressed, but it seems to me the reviewer has failed utterly to catch the real value of the publication.

For instance, there are the letters of the poet to his mother. Seeger seems from the first anxious to have her approval, and equally anxious that she should be brave and proud in the event of his death (see pages 3, 8, 70, 119, 175). But deeper than his attitude toward his mother is his attitude toward the war. He is no soldier of fortune. He is there from principle. The diary and letters are replete with evidences of his effort to key his courage up to the sticking-point and to meet the supreme test with a noble spirit when it should come. It is his motive in enlisting, touched on here and there throughout the book, and his cultivation of courage for the supreme test that make his letters to his mother so fine.

I do not agree with the reviewer that Alan Seeger meant that we are all "cowards, hypocrites and fools" because we cannot fight and must do our bit in "second-best things." The quotation beginning "But as in times of peace," is taken from the middle of a paragraph in which he says that it is "disheartening" that other nations should be brought into the war. He had hoped that it could be won without this necessity. But at the same time he felt "There should be no neutrals but everyone should bear some part of the burden." No better evidence of Seeger's breadth of mind and his sense of appreciation of vital support given the soldier, can be asked than his excoriation of a criticism published in America:

> I should not think that I would need to tell you that that article is simply the low joke of a mind that thinks it funny to tell lies. If his letters did nothing worse than belittle his comrades who are here for motives that he is unable to conceive, it would be only dishonourable. But when it comes to throwing discredit on the French government that in all its treatment of us has been generous beyond anything that anyone would think possible, it is too shameful for any words to characterize. (Letter to his mother, March 12, 1915).

And now that he has met the death of his dreams, now that he has disappeared at the pinnacle of his cherished career, we neither remember, nor can believe, the words of Victor Chapman, quoted by Mr. Kinne, that Seeger was "an appalling wreck" before the war. Not only was he found physically fit to enlist, but the letters and diary show that he endured long marches and other hardships, and the moral tone of all the letters and diary is that of an unusual personality, a noble son, and an uncomplaining, manly soldier.

Charles M. Street.

October 12, 1917.

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Briefer Mention

"Lake and Stream Game Fishing," by Dixie Carroll (Stewart & Kidd; $1.75), is more useful than many recent books on angling in that it gives minute and specific instructions, some of them intended for the mere novice, some valuable to the experienced sportsman. Unfortunately the author seems obsessed with the idea that to be interesting he must be slangy. The reader is continually addressed as "Old Man" and "Old Scout," and a rod or reel never costs ten dollars, but "sets you back" or "creases your bank roll" to that amount. A student of Walton is tempted to the cynical remark that the English is what might be expected of a man who favors self-thumbing and self-spooling reels; but this doubtless betrays a hopelessly old-fashioned taste in both tackle and literary style.

The author of "A Dominie's Log" has now become the hero of "A Dominie Dismissed" (McBride; $1.25). Mr. A. S. Neill, for all his rejection at the hands of the rigid-minded parents of the quaint Scotch village, has not allowed his train of thought to be side-tracked, and the results of his roadside reflections are quite as entertaining as they ever were. "My whole theory of education," he says, "is built on my abject humility." He finds that discipline breeds lack of discrimination and lack of good taste in the teacher as well as in the child; he believes that education is nothing more nor less than individual thinking, individual investigation, self-development. He sees no more reason for the teacher to impose rules and punishments, except as between man and man, than for the pupil to do the same. In other words, his credo is based upon a justifiable democracy—one that we are apt to ignore—the democracy of age and youth. That this is the only right spirit upon which to establish pedagogy (horrible word) we are absolutely assured. But does it work? Let Mr. Neill answer for that in his own manner.

"Around the Year in the Garden," by Frederick F. Rockwell (Macmillan; $1.75), is just the clearest and most helpful kind of information for the busy man or woman who wants to get ready for next year's gardening. The book takes for granted a fair-sized garden space and a more than dilettante ambition for gardening. Pictures of Mr. Rockwell's own gardens and the things he grows in them from tomatoes to geraniums, incite one to feats of calculation—trying, for instance, to make one's possible yearly savings encompass a plot of ground before the back gets too old for pulling weeds and hoeing.

In "An Old New England School" (Houghton Mifflin; $4.) Dr. Claude M. Fuess, of the English department at Phillips Academy, Andover, and a specialist in the history of that famous school, offers a substantial octavo of 548 pages full of the varying fortunes, the ups and downs, the tragedies and comedies, that mark the century and a quarter of academic life covered by the historian. With the close of Dr. Bancroft's administration, in the first year of the present century, the chronicle comes to an end; and thus nearly a half of the entire period under survey belongs to the reigns (separated only

by a short interregnum) of "Uncle Sam" Taylor and the well-beloved "Banty." The founder and his family, the struggling beginnings of the school, the early teachers, various student activities besides those prescribed in the catalogue, the notable later development of the institution in material resources and equipment, with passing sidelights on the Theological Seminary and on the sister school at Exeter—of such material is the book composed, and it is written in a style to commend it even to readers so unfortunate as never to have been enrolled as either students or teachers on the classic "Hill" devoted to sacred and profane learning. The mere fact that Oliver Wendell Holmes was there fitted for college, as we know from his own pen, is enough to make the academy and its history objects of unfailing interest.

Students of unfortunate Francis Thompson's poetry will find interest in an attractively bound little book, "Francis Thompson Essays," issued at Canton, Ohio, by the Franklin Publishing Company. It contains two essays by Benjamin Fisher, an Ohio manufacturer, who died in 1916 and who devoted much of his time, during his last years, to a study of Thompson's work. With portraits and biographies of both men, it serves the purpose of a double memorial volume. The author places the subject of his pages as follows: "In imagination we dare not attempt such an impossible thing as a classification by comparison. The greatest faculty of analysis, a function of the lower order of mind we denominate 'reason,' utterly fails at its approach to this highest reach of mentality. The sacred writers of Biblical times called this power 'vision,' the modern author names it 'invention,' the popular view accepts it as 'illusion,' but its highest form is surely intuition and revelation. With this rare gift alone we reach beyond the confines of sensuous being; and in such a state, whether acquirement or endowment, Thompson dwells in natural, voluntary activity." A list of Thompson's published works, necessarily brief, concludes the volume.

Mr. Alfred Noyes touches a chord of response in his readers by his facility in rhythmic, picturesque utterance. This facility is often fatal to his excellence as a poet, but it adapts itself readily to the description of German frightfulness on the high seas, which is the subject of a little book of sketches called "Open Boats" (Stokes; 50 cts.). These scenes of murder and wilful abandonment were designed, it appears, as a moving plea for the active alliance with his own countrymen of the hitherto neutral Americans. That object no longer exists, but if any American is still in doubt about the reasons for our coöperation in the war, "Open Boats" is recommended as a good tonic and restorative.

"The Sense of Taste," by H. L. Hollingworth and A. T. Poffenberger (Moffat, Yard; $1.25), is the first in a series of great promise and interest. Readable monographs on the functions of the several senses have not been prepared for a great many years, and substantially not at all in English. In the meantime, the progress of psychology has been

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rapid, and the point of view from which the services of the senses are now regarded has decidedly altered. The book by Professors Hollingworth and Poffenberger gives in simple form the entire series of facts regarding the sense of taste, and points out the interesting aspects of its evolution, as well as its practical and æsthetic value. We are apt to underestimate the importance of the so-called lower senses and practically to forget that their significance still holds, despite our changed environment. Apart from its ministry, along with the sense of smell, to food acceptances and rejections, the sense of taste stands as the type of æsthetic preference. It represents the large individual differences concerning which there may be little purpose in dispute, but very positive value in an understanding of their contributions to the mental life.

In "The Retreat from Mons," that heart-breaking military disaster and glorious moral victory is described briefly, authoritatively, and graphically by a member of the British General Staff (Houghton Mifflin; 50 cts.). Beneath the superstructure of official facts one glimpses heroism and sacrifice the details of which will never be known, but which distinguish the retreat above many engagements that history will note more carefully. In their baptism of fire on Belgian soil the little expeditionary force set the future British army a memorable and difficult example. "Such courage and patience, such humorous resignation and cheerfulness in adversity, are to be paralleled only in the finest armies of history." Their most fitting memorial is this brief, soldierly, vivid account of the retreat.

William Allan Neilson has a trifle too much subtlety and coolness in his method to "do" Burns, the romantic poet, drinker, and lover, with any great amount of enthusiasm; it is Burns the Scotchman whom he really warms to in his "Burns: How to Know Him" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50). The present reviewer wishes the editors of the series had given him Meredith and a little freer hand about the necessity of much quotation and the inclusion of bibliographical detail. Then we might have had the delight, and it is a delight, of Professor Neilson at his best. But the present volume is at least worth while, discriminating and well up to the standard of the series.

Of the making of textbooks there is no end, especially of textbooks in English composition. But occasionally a volume appears which from its preface onward towers above the jumble of its competitors. Such a volume is the "English Composition" of Professor C. N. Greenough and Mr. F. W. C. Hersey (Macmillan; $1.40). The arrangement of the contents is unexceptionable; the five parts deal respectively with the gathering and weighing of material, the kinds of composition, structure, diction, and mechanics. Better even than the arrangement, however, is the excellence of the presentation. This is manifestly the result of years of close study of the actual problems of composition, and is without a trace of that bewilderment which quickly shatters our confidence in most volumes covering this field.

Apart from its title, which is altogether too general, "The Psychology of Special Abilities and Disabilities," by Augusta F. Bronner, (Little, Brown; $1.75), may be unreservedly commended. It is not a study of special abilities and disabilities, except in the narrow field of the study of children likely to be brought up for psychopathic examination. It is largely a record of cases, and in a measure is a pioneer contribution. The clinical material thus accumulated is admirably considered and presented in regard to the types of defect and superiority which unusual cases present. These are arranged first with regard to the educational aspect as presented by unusual capacity or incapacity for number work, for the use of language, more specifically for spelling or reading or writing, and then in the special study of separate mental processes which present distinctly irregular performances. These include memory, association, imagination, and deficiencies in mental control. The next stage in advance would be the determination of the types of mental deficiency and superiority for which the tests serve as outward expressions. That these tendencies, when psychologically studied, will show interesting parallels with similar failures in the decay of mental powers, may be foreseen.

In "Nichiren, the Buddhist Prophet" (Harvard University Press; $1.25), Masaharu Anesaki, professor of the science of religions at the Imperial University of Tokio, and for two years professor of Japanese literature and life at Harvard, has given a biography of a reformer of Japanese Buddhism. In Japan, as in Western Europe, the thirteenth century was a period of transition and of great intellectual activity. Buddhism, which had existed in the islands for several centuries, was divided into several sects, each with its faults Nichiren set out to reform it. The essence of his work was the preaching of the prime importance of the "Lotus of the Perfect Truth," a book occupying in the Buddhist scriptures a place analogous to that of the Johannine writings in the Bible. Owing to the persecutions to which he was subjected to by his countrymen, Nichiren's life was a stormy one, and he narrowly escaped martyrdom. Disciples gathered about him, nevertheless, and a sect bearing his name has existed in Japan down to the present day. In the past this sect has not been so important as certain others, but according to our author, it is receiving renewed attention in Japan to-day.

It cannot be said that Andrew S. Ferenczi's "Contributions to Psycho-Analysis" (Badger; $3) is particularly important, or that it brings forward matter that has not already been sufficiently emphasized. Indeed, its general trend goes back to the early statements of psychoanalysis, in which the formulation of principles was rather overdone in view of the evidence then obtainable. The extreme insistence upon the sexual interpretation of every trifling incident is itself so dominant that it leaves little room for other varieties of interpretation. As a part of the general literature of the subject, the book has its use. It shows ability and a grasp of the mental mechanisms, but in no other way can it be said to be notable.

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Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The auction sales of books held thus far in this country during the present season indicate that the war taxes and other burdens have not affected prices. The recent sale by Stan V. Henkels, 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, of the collection owned by J. Levering Jones of that city, was notable for the average high sums paid for the material offered.

In the sale of Americana and other books from the library of the late Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts, and other sources, by C. F. Libbie & Co., of Boston, the scarce "Journal of the Adventures of Nathen Bunn," reprinted at Litchfield in 1796 from the first Providence edition, was bought by Charles E. Goodspeed for $106. "A History of New England," by Edward Johnson, small quarto, London, 1654, known as "Johnson's Wonder Working Providence," was bought on order for $165. This copy evidently lacks the two supplementary leaves at the end. The author came to New England in the fleet with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Four years later he went with Captain Cooke and forty men to Rhode Island to take Samuel Gorton, who had become obnoxious to the Massachusetts government. For twenty-eight years he was a member of the general court of Massachusetts, and at one time a senator.

"Propositions concerning the subject of Baptism and Consociation of Churches," Cambridge, printed by S. G. for Hezekiah Usher at Boston in 1662, was bought on order for $865. It is an extremely rare Cambridge imprint by Samuel Green. It was reprinted in England in the same year without the printer's name and with a different collation. It was credited by Increase Mather to Jonathan Mitchel, pastor of the church at Cambridge. This was Increase Mather's own copy, having his autograph at the upper corner, but it appears very faintly since the ink is faded. It also bears the autograph of J. R. Lowell, 1844.

An interesting thing in the rare-book world was the recovery a few days ago by Henry E. Huntington of a valuable piece of Americana that had been stolen from his great library. The story is that, while Mr. Huntington and his librarian George Watson Cole were in California, someone who had access to his collection took from it some scarce works and offered them to dealers. One of the books, a rare American work, is said to have been sold to a dealer for $1000. When Mr. Huntington returned to New York, the dealer, who did not know that the book had been stolen, called on him and offered it for $2000. Mr. Huntington identified the book as his own property and regained it.

A stolen rare book is a very difficult thing to sell. At a sale last year in this city by one of the auction houses, a copy of the first Philadelphia directory was bought by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of that city, for $1900. He put the book in his pocket, and went to lunch shortly after noon. By two o'clock he had his suspicions aroused as to the book. By

five o'clock he had found out that it was the copy owned by the noted collector Brinley. It had passed into the possession of Mr. Goelet, from whom it had been stolen. Dr. Rosenbach returned it to Mr. Goelet. James F. Drake, of New York, recently had two presentation copies stolen from an express company to which he had intrusted them. They passed through various hands and eventually were offered to him. He thus recovered them. Two books were stolen from Anderson's during the Learmont sale. Not long afterward they were offered to George D. Smith, who told the man to return with them. Then Mr. Smith called up the company and was asked to hold the man when he returned. Something frightened the salesman, however, who failed to appear.

Mr. Drake a short time ago purchased a library chiefly made up of ordinary books, but containing besides, a number of first editions of John Dryden and a manuscript copy in Oscar Wilde's autograph of his famous poem, "Ballad of Reading Gaol." The manuscript has many corrections in Wilde's handwriting. Wilde manuscripts bring high prices.

Full autograph letters signed by former President William H. Taft are rare. They command high prices at public auction. Most of his letters are typewritten, being simply signed by him. An ordinary one-page, autograph letter signed by him fetches at auction from $25 to $35. A fine autograph letter of his has just been obtained by a collector. It is eight pages long, written entirely in Mr. Taft's hand and addressed to former Justice Charles E. Hughes. It relates to the present political campaign in New York City and mentions the name of John Purroy Mitchel. Mr. Taft wrote the letter because he was unable to attend a public dinner in New York. A duplicate of the letter was sent to Mr. Hughes, the original passing into the possession of the autograph collector.

The following unpublished letter by Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, addressed to George P. Marsh, minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the new kingdom of Italy, referring to Abraham Lincoln, has just come into the possession of Gabriel Wells, of New York:

Caprera, March 27, 1865.

Very dear Mr. Marsh: The name of Lincoln, like that of Christ, marks the beginning of a glorious epoch in the history of humanity, and with pride I have perpetuated the name of the great Emancipator in my family. The press and the other enemies of his great Republic are like the asses of the fable who kicked the lion believing him dead, but today, when they see him arise in all his majesty, they change their language. The American question is a light of liberty for the world and will gladden the hearts of all honest men. I greet your wife with all affection and respect.

Yours,

G. Garibaldi.

This letter was written less than three weeks before Lincoln's assassination. In the summer of 1861 Lincoln's secretary of state, William H. Seward, made an appeal to Garibaldi to lend his sword to the United States and tendered him the rank of major-general. For various reasons Garibaldi did not accept the offer.

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A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium

The Anderson Company, it is now announced, will move into its new home in the old Arion Club building, at Park Avenue and 59th Street, on November 15, and will hold its first sale of the season on November 20.

Scott & O'Shaughnessy held a sale at 116 Nassau Street, New York, on October 25, of first editions of British and American authors. On October 26 they will have a sale of books and pamphlets on American history. On October 19, Stan V. Henkels sold, at 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, the library of John C. Brady of South Carolina. It contained copies of Confederate laws, local histories, and other Americana. The same day the Walpole Galleries of New York held a sale of miscellaneous books.

Gabriel Wells, of New York, has two interesting and valuable Robert Burns items. One is a volume of Edward Young's "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts," London, 1788. On the blank reverse page of the preface is this autograph inscription: "To Mrs. McIlhose, [Sic] this Poem, the sentiments of the heirs of immortality, told in the numbers of Paradise, is respectfully presented by Robert Burns." Beneath this the recipient wrote, "Mrs. McLehose presents this book to Mr. Calpatrick Sharp as a small return for all his kindness." Charles Kilpatrick Sharpe, the well-known antiquary and friend of Sir Walter Scott, wrote on one of the fly-leaves, "On the 2d of Oct. 1839, Mrs. M. sent me this book, C. K. S." This was forty years after the death of Burns and only two years before Mrs. McLehose herself died. The volume must have been presented to her by Burns almost upon publication, as 1788 was the year in which their friendship began. Burns at the time did not even know the correct spelling of her name. It may be assumed that this volume was a gift which opened one of the most famous and romantic attachments in the history of literature.

The other item consists of two letters, one by Burns, signed "Sylvander," and the other by Mrs. McLehose, signed "Clarinda." It was to her that Burns addressed the poem, "One Fond Kiss and Then We Sever." The letters are in a volume with hand-painted miniatures on ivory of Burns and his lady love. The whole is bound in a jewelled and elaborately tooled full levant morocco binding by Sangorski and Sutcliffe.

Americana from the library of the late Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., and books from other sources were sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., 597 Washington Street, Boston, on October 3, 4, and 5. Among the noteworthy items were Edward Johnson's "Wonder Working Providence," 1654; Dickinson's "Remarkable Deliverance," 1792; New England Primer, 1790; Peters's "History of Connecticut," 1781; Wigglesworth's "Meat out of the Eater," 1717; Roger Wolcott's "Poetical Meditations," 1728, and Jonathan Mitchel's "Propositions concerning the Subject of Baptism," Cambridge, Mass., 1662. It was said that only two copies, both imperfect, existed of the last-named book, but the E. Dwight Church catalogue states that five perfect copies are in existence.

Notes and News

Edward Garnett is one of the most prolific of English critics. His work is well known to readers of The Dial.

M. L. C. Pickthall is a young English poet. She was introduced to America last year by a book of verse entitled "The Lamp of Poor Souls," published by the John Lane Co.

Lewis Galantiere is a young Californian, now resident in Chicago. He has been engaged in journalism, and has made a number of successful translations from the French.

V. T. Thayer is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez was born in India and educated in Europe and at Harvard. He is living at present in New York.

Gilbert Vivian Seldes is a young American critic and journalist, who has been living abroad, chiefly in England, since the beginning of the war.

Vachel Lindsay's new book, "The Chinese Nightingale," was published October 3 by the Macmillan Co.

"The Brazilians and Their Country," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, is announced for October by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

In "Rodin: The Man and His Work," by Judith Cladel, there are many excellent illustrations. The Century Co. are the publishers.

For those credulous folk who can find their intensest occupation in a mystery story "A Princess of Mars" is bound to please. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Lippincotts have just published two handsome volumes—"Early Philadelphia," by Horace Mather Lippincott, and "Old Roads out of Philadelphia," by John T. Faris.

"To inculcate something of the supreme art of seeing life by the methods of fiction" is the purpose of the editors of "A Book of Narratives," published by D. C. Heath & Co.

"Random Reflections of a Grandmother," by Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis, has just come from the Houghton Mifflin press. It is a very modern grandmother whose reflections are here announced.

Friends of the late Murray Anthony Potter have published in his memory "Four Essays" found among his literary papers. Of three of these the subject is Petrarch. (Harvard University Press.)

"Tote-Road and Trail," a volume of outdoor poetry of the lumber camps, with the life of which the poet, Douglas Malloch, has been intimate for a generation, is announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A new memorial edition of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley is announced, at a popular price, by Harper & Brothers. It is elaborately illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Ethel Franklin Betts.

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"Every patriot who reads it will experience some mistiness in the eyes or a lump in the throat."—**Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.**

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George W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

laine and an English translation of the French text by J. Lewis May accompany the pictures. These "Pictures of Ruined Belgium" are published by the John Lane Co.

Free verse for the child is the latest development in juvenile literature. Putnam's Sons announce "If I Could Fly," by Rose Strong Hubbell—a delectable collection of "Ifs" that should appeal to the wishing child.

Henry Handel Richardson, author of "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney," it now appears is the wife of Professor Robertson of London University. The book is published in this country by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Lady of Kingdoms," by Inez Haynes Irwin, has for its underlying theme the question whether an unmarried woman may have the child she desires and no questions asked. The book is published by George H. Doran Co.

Messrs. Boni and Liveright announce "The Great Modern French Stories," a chronological anthology compiled and edited by Willard Huntington Wright with a view to the evolution of the art of the modern short story in France.

"The City Worker's World in America," by Mary K. Simkhovitch, is to be used as a text for required reading in the Union Theological Seminary. It is a recent addition to the Macmillan Company's "American Social Problem Series."

A readable volume for general readers desiring to learn something of the existing state of chemical knowledge is Sir William A. Tilden's "Chemical Discovery and Invention of the Twentieth Century," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The "Poems" of Alan Seeger, which were published last year by Charles Scribner's Sons, have gone into their twenty-first thousand. The Scribners are bringing out this fall "The Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger" and the "Poems" in a limp-leather edition.

Logan Pearsall Smith, author of "Trivia" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is descended from a long line of Quaker ancestors, but has lived in England since his youth. Some of these "thought studies" have been made familiar to Americans by "The New Republic."

A most interesting combination of war interest, psychological phenomena, and mystery, with an original, if not altogether convincing, explanation of the mystery, is Arthur Machen's "The Terror" (McBride's). Mr. Machen is an Englishman, and the story is laid in England.

A spot of bright color on the autumn book shelves is Helen J. Sanborn's "Anne of Brittany," from the press of Messrs. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. "One of the world's great women," says Miss Sanborn, who made two trips to France and searched many an obscure record for her material.

"Recreation and the Church," by Herbert W. Gates, director of religious education, The Brick Institute, Rochester, N. Y., should find its way into the hands of church workers in communities where the children shy at Sunday-school. The University of Chicago Press publishes it.

A group of German-Americans has just been organized in the United States under the name "Friends of the German Republic," which is in close touch with the group led by Hermann Fernau, the author of "The Coming Democracy," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The purpose is to help in every way possible the agitation for a change in the German form of government.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce Mr. Hugh Gibson's "A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium." Mr. Gibson was secretary of the American legation in Brussels prior to the severing of our diplomatic relations with Germany. Like Mr. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," it is a graphic representation of conditions from the inside by one who had more than the ordinary opportunities for observation.

Meredith Nicholson's latest story, "A Reversible Santa Claus," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., tells how a burglar stole an automobile and later found to his dismay that he had also stolen a baby, who had been curled up in the seat under a rug. The story was not based on facts when it was written, but, obligingly, the facts have since come into being via the newspapers, and help greatly to advertise the fiction.

Fleming H. Revell & Co. about three weeks ago received from across the water an advance copy of a book in which was inserted the card of the author from "Somewhere in France." The American rights to the book were immediately arranged for by cable, and the book itself is now ready. Under the title "The Cross at the Front," it gives a look at the Tommies from a new point of view,—that of a field chaplain who has been with them in the thick of the fight in Flanders.

The publication of J. P. O. Bland's "Li Hung Chang" by Henry Holt & Co. in their series of biographies, "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Basil Williams, calls to mind the interesting departure in biographical literature that characterizes this series. Some years ago Mr. Kenneth Bell, a connection of the family interested in G. Bell and Sons, of London, and a representative of Henry Holt & Co. happened to be talking at dinner about some of the features of such noteworthy series as the "American Statesmen" and "English Men of Letters," and the query arose as to whether the time was not ripe for another series of the same general standard to include a group of prominent figures in the nineteenth century who represented comparative vacancies in bibliographical lists. It was proposed that these makers of the nineteenth century should be treated as world figures by having the life of each written by an enthusiastic student who was not a native of the country represented by the subject of the biography. Lord Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln," recently published, shows the results of this reasoning. The volumes thus far arranged for are: "Cecil Rhodes," by Basil Williams; "Lord Shaftesbury," by J. L. Hammond; "Victor Hugo," by Madame Duclaux; "General Lee," by Lt.-Colonel F. Maurice; "Leon Gambetta," by W. Norton Fullerton; and "Abdul Hamid," by Sir Edwin Pears.

"A masterpiece of imaginative realism."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

The Case of the Professor and the Public Interest

Newspaper comment on late academic events at the University of Minnesota and Columbia University reveals even more clearly than usual the split between the prevailing attitude inside and outside of university walls. To the general public practically every academic issue which gets upon the "front page" is one of freedom of teaching and speech. Reactions are condemnatory of administrative action if the editorial writer or the voluntary correspondent feels that there is danger of inquiry and discussion being stifled, especially if a vivid imagination sees universities being choked to death in the grip of capitalistic overlords. They are laudatory on equally general principles if the writer feels that teachers in universities are running amuck with political and theological radicalism, or even are trying to enlighten their students as to the drift of modern radical thought instead of confining themselves to inculcating well-established orthodoxies of interpretation. Show me one who, as Elihu Root said so naïvely about suffrage for women, "looked into the matter a great many years ago" and came to a conclusion which he has never found reason for reopening, and I will show you one who deprecates the tendencies of professors to adopt half-baked opinions and who rejoices at every curb placed by the firm hand of authority upon irresponsible licentiousness of thought. See, *passim,* the editorial columns of the "New York Times."

Strangely enough, by contrast, one rarely finds the body of college teachers much excited about the free-speech issue. What it is concerned about is usually questions of procedure, which ultimately turn upon the relative authority to be exercised by the trustees as legal employers and guardians and the faculty as representing immediate educational interests. The case of the faculty has never been better stated than by President Schurman of Cornell apropos of the resignation of Professor Beard. Consequently I make no apology for quoting him at length, especially as his official position protects his account from the charge of being an expression of unbridled professorial license.

> The American professor is apt to chafe at being under a board of trustees, which in his most critical moods he feels to be alien to the republic of science and letters. Even in his kindliest moods he cannot think that board representative of the university. The university is an intellectual organization and the American professor wants the government of the university to conform to that essential fact. His indictment of the existing form of government is that it sets up and maintains an alien ideal, the ideal of a business corporation engaging professors as employees and controlling them by means of an absolute and irresponsible authority.

The professor's attitude is not so sensational as that of the public. It is less heroic than that of popular radicalism, which demands the thrill of combat, the plot of the oppressing villain and the martyrdom of the oppressed victim. It turns largely on formal and technical questions, questions of procedure—as may be seen in the report of the Association of American Professors on the case of Scott Nearing at the University of Pennsylvania. There is a popular image of the association rushing to his rescue out of sympathy with radical views. As a matter of fact, the condemnation of the Pennsylvania authorities was based essentially upon prosaic details of failure to define grounds, failure to allow a hearing, upon details of time and method of dismissal, with presentment of collateral evidence that these irregularities of procedure were due to unacknowledged objections to the tenor of his economic doctrines. This case affords a reasonably fair symbol of the usual situation.

It is obvious that the professorial attitude is not one of itself to attain the dignity of the front page. It is too technical, not sufficiently dramatic and personal. It even readily lends itself to adverse and

unsympathetic statement. The professors are represented as animated by a narrow class spirit, bound together to protect one another at all hazards, and setting themselves up as above the ordinary rules of responsibility to their superiors—that is, their employers. Sympathies that might easily be gained by the war cry of infringement of freedom of thought and teaching are dissipated or alienated when the case is rested so largely on formal grounds, when the struggle is revealed to be one for greater participation in university government. It may then be worth while to set forth the grounds on which teachers appeal for the sympathy and support of the public in what can readily be construed into a struggle for mere class privileges.

President Schurman stated the gist of the thing when he said that to the teacher the university is "an intellectual organization," and that he wants the actual government of the university to conform to this fundamental fact. If anything lifts the effort of the teaching body from an attempt to advance personal and class prerogatives up to that of a public interest, it is, of course, just this fact. If security and responsibility of intellectual organization are worth anything to the nation, then the professors' efforts to get a responsible share in college control form a public service. If guarantees of the independence of the higher intellectual life of the nation from alien and sinister influences are worth anything to contemporary America, then professors are entitled to every meed of public support in their battle against a situation which in the language of Professor Beard makes the status of the college teacher "lower than that of the manual laborer who, through his union, has at least some voice in the terms and conditions of his employment." For until this voice can be obtained, the calling of promotion of intelligence in the nation remains unassured, precarious, imperfectly responsible.

The case of the university teacher is simple. It is that the teaching body represents and embodies that function of scholarship and research which is the essential life of the university, while law and precedent, surviving from a day when economic and intellectual conditions were radically different from those of the present, confer control upon a body of men "alien to the republic of science and letters." He is only too well aware of the fact that legally the trustees (as in the words of the charter of Columbia University) "shall forever hereafter have full power and authority to direct the course of study and the discipline to be observed," and that he holds his position purely at "the pleasure of the trustees." But he is also aware that these documents reflect the conditions of a century ago, when the modern university was as undreamed of on one side, as the modern big business corporation on the other. And when he is told that since he knew the conditions of his employment when he accepted his job, he is thereby estopped from complaint, his answer is not merely that trustees are far too wise to attempt to base their course consistently upon their legal authority, but also that his primary loyalty is to an idea, to a function and calling, to the advancement of learning and truth, and that it is his business as well as his right to struggle by every legitimate means to bring about a change in any situation which compromises the efficacy of his public calling.

Nothing is more desirable than that the change should come about by a voluntary devolution of authority on the part of its legal possessors. But events demonstrate that the past policy of holding, for the most part, these powers in tacit abeyance is rapidly becoming one of unstable equilibrium, and that the situation must be defined and clarified by an explicit conferring of authority upon the teaching body. If wisdom is lacking in high places to effect the change by voluntary abdication, then the question which the teaching body will have to face is how far it is willing to become a body of place-holders and technical specialists immune from interference because it speaks in tongues not understood by the public. I have written of the question as it affects the college teacher because I am familiar with the question from that angle. But the issue affects the entire teaching body of all our schools. The spread of the movement to federate public-school teachers with trade-

unions cannot be understood except as a part of this larger issue. That portion of the public which deplores the fact that teachers resort to industrial unions for defence and support assumes, beyond all others, an obligation to recognize the concern of the public in the struggle of teachers to have a more responsible voice in the conduct of their work. In the end, it is the public, not the teachers nor their legal employers and regulators, whether in the university or in other schools, which will determine the settlement of the issue. It is not too much to say that the final issue is how much the American people cares about the integrity and responsibility of the intellectual life of the nation.

JOHN DEWEY.

An Apology for Crudity

For a long time I have believed that crudity is an inevitable quality in the production of a really significant present-day American literature. How indeed is one to escape the obvious fact that there is as yet no native subtlety of thought or living among us? And if we are a crude and childlike people how can our literature hope to escape the influence of that fact? Why indeed should we want it to escape?

If you are in doubt as to the crudity of thought in America, try an experiment. Come out of your offices, where you sit writing and thinking, and try living with us. Get on a train at Pittsburg and go west to the mountains of Colorado. Stop for a time in our towns and cities. Stay for a week in some Iowa corn-shipping town and for another week in one of the Chicago clubs. As you loiter about read our newspapers and listen to our conversations, remembering, if you will, that as you see us in the towns and cities, so we are. We are not subtle enough to conceal ourselves and he who runs with open eyes through the Mississippi Valley may read the story of the Mississippi Valley.

It is a marvelous story and we have not yet begun to tell the half of it. A little, I think I know why. It is because we who write have drawn ourselves away. We have not had faith in our people and in the story of our people. If we are crude and childlike, that is our story and our writing men must learn to dare to come among us until they know the story. The telling of the story depends, I believe, upon their learning that lesson and accepting that burden.

To my room, which is on a street near the loop in the city of Chicago, come men who write. They talk and I talk. We are fools. We talk of writers of the old world and the beauty and subtlety of the work they do. Below us the roaring city lies like a great animal on the prairies, but we do not run out to the prairies. We stay in our rooms and talk.

And so, having listened to talk and having myself talked overmuch, I grow weary of talk and walk in the streets. As I walk alone, an old truth comes home to me and I know that we shall never have an American literature until we return to faith in ourselves and to the facing of our own limitations. We must, in some way, become in ourselves more like our fellows, more simple and real.

For surely it does not follow that because we Americans are a people without subtlety, we are a dull or uninteresting people. Our literature is dull, but we are not. One remembers how Dostoevsky had faith in the simplicity of the Russians and what he achieved. He lived and he expressed the life of his time and people. The thing that he did brings hope of achievement for our men.

But let us first of all accept certain truths. Why should we Americans aspire to a subtlety that belongs not to us but to old lands and places? Why talk of intellectuality and of intellectual life when we have not accepted the life that we have? There is death on that road and following it has brought death into much of American writing. Can you doubt what I say? Consider the smooth slickness of the average magazine story.

There is often great subtlety of plot and phrase, but there is no reality. Can such work live? The answer is that the most popular magazine story or novel does not live in our minds for a month.

And what are we to do about it? To me it seems that as writers we shall have to throw ourselves with greater daring into the life here. We shall have to begin to write out of the people and not for the people. We shall have to find within ourselves a little of that courage. To continue along the road we are travelling is unthinkable. To draw ourselves apart, to live in little groups and console ourselves with the thought that we are achieving intellectuality, is to get nowhere. By such a road we can hope only to go on producing a literature that has nothing to do with life as it is lived in these United States.

To be sure, the doing of the thing I am talking about will not be easy. America is a land of objective writing and thinking. New paths will have to be made. The subjective impulse is almost unknown to us. Because it is close to life, it works out into crude and broken forms. It leads along a road that such American masters of prose as James and Howells did not want to take, but if we are to get anywhere, we shall have to travel that road.

The road is rough and the times are pitiless. Who, knowing our America and understanding the life in our towns and cities, can close his eyes to the fact that life here is for the most part an ugly affair? As a people we have given ourselves to industrialism, and industrialism is not lovely. If anyone can find beauty in an American factory town, I wish he would show me the way. For myself, I cannot find it. To me, and I am living in industrial life, the whole thing is as ugly as modern war. I have to accept that fact and I believe a great step forward will have been taken when it is more generally accepted.

But why, I am asked, is crudity and ugliness necessary? Why cannot a man like Mr. Dreiser write in the spirit of the early Americans, why cannot he see fun in life? What we want is the note of health. In the work of Mark Twain there was something wholesome and sweet. Why cannot the modern man be also wholesome and sweet?

To this I make answer that to me a man, say like Mr. Dreiser, is wholesome. He is true to something in the life about him, and truth is always wholesome. Twain and Whitman wrote out of another age, out of an age and a land of forests and rivers. The dominant note of American life in their time was the noisy, swaggering raftsman and the hairy-breasted woodsman. To-day it is not so. The dominant note in American life today is the factory hand. When we have digested that fact, we can begin to approach the task of the present-day novelist with a new point of view.

It is, I believe, self-evident that the work of the novelist must always lie somewhat outside the field of philosophic thought. Your true novelist is a man gone a little mad with the life of his times. As he goes through life he lives, not in himself, but in many people. Through his brain march figures and groups of figures. Out of the many figures, one emerges. If he be at all sensitive to the life about him and that life be crude, the figure that emerges will be crude and will crudely express itself.

I do not know how far a man may go on the road of subjective writing. The matter, I admit, puzzles me. There is something approaching insanity in the very idea of sinking yourself too deeply into modern American industrial life.

But it is my contention that there is no other road. If one would avoid neat, slick writing, he must at least attempt to be brother to his brothers and live as the men of his time live. He must share with them the crude expression of their lives. To our grandchildren the privilege of attempting to produce o school of American writing that has delicacy and color may come as a matter of course. One hopes that will be true, but it is not true now. And that is why, with so many of the younger Americans, I put my faith in the modern literary adventurers. We shall, I am sure, have much crude, blundering American writing before the gift of beauty and subtlety in prose shall honestly belong to us.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

II

THE "PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY": "NATURAL RIGHTS" AND THE EVOCATION OF NATIONALITY

That nationality is a principle is a discovery comparatively recent. Its appropriation by dynasts, by hereditary and military oligarchs, and by traders, priests, and politicians is little more recent. Nationality was a fact before it became a principle, and it was an unrecognized condition before it became a fact. Before nations were, there were dynasties or states,—that is, associations of men and women working out their lives generation after generation in service and obedience to masters whose claim rested on force, tradition, and superstition. Who, particularly, these masters were, that exploited their persons and property, was a matter of indifference to the masses of Christian Europe throughout the greater part of Europe's history. And even more indifferent was it to the classes, whom they exploited. Lands and people changed owners as the toll of successful military piracy or as marriage portions, and the changes were regarded as part of the necessity that is resident in the nature of things. And necessity, as everybody nowadays has been assured, knows no law.

Nevertheless, this necessity began, on the whole and in the long run, to get abrogated. Its power of constituting the nature of things began to fail. The nature of things was altering, and the force bringing about the miraculous alteration was the force of nationality. Nationality itself, however, is no miracle, no artefact. It also is an aspect and constituent of the nature of things, long merely implicit and asleep, awakened by democracy to power and to efficacy. The awakening was slow and indirect. Remote beginnings accrue to it from the religious reformation which removed the seat of religious authority from the head of a church to the heart of each member of the church; a nearer cause was removal of the seat of sovereignty from the head of the state to the citizenry of the state, the Puritan Revolution accomplishing this in fact by the trial and execution of the Cavalier king, proving thereby that the divinity which hedges about a king makes him none the less amenable to the laws of men, when men choose to assert themselves. The act was defended by opposing to the doctrine of the "divine right of kings" the doctrine of the natural rights of man, and when the French Revolution, a century and more later, repeated the act, the doctrine had become commonplace. Our Declaration of Independence pronounces its essence: God had created all men equal and had endowed them "with certain inalienable rights." These, as against the dynastic privilege, had come to be taken as the necessity immanent in the nature of things. Necessarily, hence, the inequalities among men—of class, of station, of privilege, of right, of property, of virtue—were contrary to the nature of things, artifices, inventions of priests and kings to perpetuate their rule. According to natural law and natural right all men are alike and all men are good; abolish class and privilege and you automatically abolish injustice and evil. So argued Rousseau, so all the eighteenth-century prophets of natural right. "You are as good as your betters, and your betters are no better than they should be. Sovereignty is everybody's and everybody is equal."

This teaching, though it may contradict the facts of life, is so near to the hopes of men, that men took it at once to heart. The Polish *shlakta,* whose indifference to the common good had made Poland the easy victim of the Prussian conspiracy against her, learned to think of the whole of Poland, peasantry, customs, and institutions, as the peer of her destroyers. The British colonies of North America effected their momentous revolution. The masses of France brought theirs to its epoch-making culmination. Under the inspiration of the democratic idea societies of men were acting collectively, autonomously, and with full consciousness of what they were doing, against dynasty, property, and authority, and all that these imply in ownership and command. The beneficiaries of these took natural alarm. Prussia, Austria, Russia, England also, combined against the people of France. But only to

find that their armies melted away, that their subjects everywhere celebrated the coming of the French soldier as the coming of the liberator. The republican form of government followed the French army in fact, as trade follows the flag in military-capitalistic fancy. Dynasts, anxious to maintain their prestige, found themselves compelled to defer to the free good-will of their subjects. Continental state-organization appeared to be getting turned down-side up. The people were in fact becoming the sovereign.

That is, they were becoming conscious, in trying to respond to the call of the revolution, of what nature and habit and hope they and their neighbors were, and of how these were expressed in language and tradition, in memory and custom, in all that makes up a community's cycle of life. The revolutionary call to Equality meant, for the daily life, the abolition of all the caste and property distinctions that the Russians have discarded to-day. The Revolution's call to Fraternity meant, for the daily life, comradeship on an equal basis with anyone with whom communication could be effectively held—with the neighbor, that is, near at hand, who speaks the same language and has the same background, who, by virtue of this sameness, *understands*. The Revolution's call to Liberty meant, first and foremost, the overthrow of the traditional oppressor at home, and the achievement there of self-government, the replacing of dynasty by commonwealth.

Had the new French nation continued to treat the peoples its armies set free as peers, as fellow-citizens, not as subjects; had Napoleon not once more restored piratical imperialism to the place from which the ideas of the Revolution had driven it, the ruling caste of Europe could never have succeeded in duping their subjects into believing in the identity of their interests and the community of their cause. Even so, their success depended on a concession to the principle that sovereignty rests in the people. For the call to resist Napoleon had to be made through an appeal to self-appreciation, through a propaganda, sometimes inspired, sometimes spontaneous, exhorting the various peoples of Europe to consider the excellence and dignity of their ancestries, their cults, their traditions, their histories, their ways of living, their arts, and particularly their languages. The most conspicuous continental instance of such a propaganda is the series of "Addresses to the German People" by the philosopher Fichte.

The outcome of this movement of ideas and events was nationality. As the doctrine that the people is the sovereign spread, it made them conscious of the quality of their life, their memories, and their institutions wherein consists their unity as a people. The need of resistance to a common foe deepened the sense of this unity, and rendered the elements which are its form objects more precious to be preserved than life itself. Among these elements a sovereign government is not to be found: a nationality is not a state, and may exist without any political individuality whatever, as do the Scotch and Welsh and Irish nationalities in England, or the Italian and French and German in Switzerland, or the Bohemian, Croat, Czech, and Serbian in Austria-Hungary, or the Ukrainian or Polish or Finnish in Russia, or the Jewish there and everywhere. A single nationality may be distributed among many states, as are the Jews and the Poles; many nationalities may compose one state, as Great Britain is composed, or Turkey, or Austria-Hungary. Nor, again, is a nationality a nation, for a nation is a nationality possessed of political sovereignty and animated by political purposes with regard to other nations, which it is free to carry out. Hungary is a nation; Bohemia is not; Austria-Hungary is not. England is a nation; Ireland is not. Germany is a nation; Bavaria and Prussia are not. France and Italy are nations; Russia is not. All are nationalities, plural or singular. States exist wherever government controls nationalities for its own purposes without regard to the will and preference of the nationalities. Nations exist where the purposes of government are the expression and execution of the will of the people. Nationality is the basis and material of both states and nations. It exists potentially wherever human beings are associated in durable groups, through

instinctive media of association. It becomes actual whenever the members of the group become aware of the history and form of this association, reverence its past, and hope for its future.

H. M. KALLEN.

Garden Dream

They cried before my gate at morning-mirth,
"Come out and help us burn the weeds from earth!"

But I was planting out my garden-close
With wands of lily and with slips of rose,
And their scented wavings made the air so sweet
That I could not listen to their trampling feet. . .
(*Yet there blew a perfume from the garden-bed*
That changed the evil weeds to white and red!)

They cried before my gate at noontide-breath,
"Come out help us hush the dance of death!"

But I was dancing in a woodland ring
With brown wood-women for my partnering,
And fauns that fluted till the green glades rang,
And all I heard was what the wood-birds sang. . .
(*Yet there came a music from the wood-folk's flute*
That made the drums of evil dancing mute!)

They cried before my gate at sweet of night,
"Come out and help us scourge the black world white!"

But I was weaving me a golden gown
All strung with silver ribbons up and down,
With moon-white laces that should foam and fall,
And I could not hear their lashing words at all. . .

(*Yet there streamed a light from out my golden gown*
That cleansed the blackness of each evil town!)

And every poor man had a garden-close
With wands of lilies and with slips of rose,
And every poor child danced the woodlands through
And sang and fluted merry songs he knew,
And every woman had a golden gown
Gay-strung with silver ribbons up and down,
And we all went singing how the world is fair
And warm the summer light and glad the air!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Literary Affairs in France

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

One of the wittiest Parisian papers, "Œuvre," said this morning that readers of newspapers who took the trouble to go right to the end of their papers yesterday would have found a British victory on the last page. This exactly hits off the position to which the military operations are now relegated in public opinion and in the press. Nobody thinks or talks of anything but the latest scandals; the Bolo affair, the Turmel affair, the Almereyda-Duval affair fill most of the small space to which the newspapers are reduced by the paper famine.

Of all the present "affairs," that in which M. Paul Bolo is concerned is by far the most important, both as regards the sums of money involved and the position of the newspapers and the individuals more or less compromised. The "Bonnet Rouge," which is involved in the Almereyda-Duval case, was (it is at present suspended) an evening paper with a very small circulation and no influence. Almereyda, its editor, who died in prison soon after his arrest, in circumstances not yet cleared up and never likely to be, was an adventurer almost worthy of Balzac, who had few scruples but against whom there was not the smallest evidence of treason. The charge against him was the merely technical one—only possible on account of the existence of martial law—of "detaining documents interesting the national defence," a charge which could be successfully brought against every newspaper-editor in Paris. Duval, who was the manager of the paper, in which he had invested rather less than $40,000, is accused of having had relations with the enemy, but on account of the secrecy with which French judicial investigations are conducted, it is impossible as yet to say what evidence there is for the charge. The smallness of the sums with which he dealt is in itself a reason for doubting whether he was really an agent of Germany; it may turn out that it is merely a case of trading with the enemy. It is assumed that he gave money to the "Bonnet Rouge" to promote "pacifist" propaganda, but there was little evidence of such propaganda in the paper; indeed, the existence of the censorship would make it impossible for any French paper to demand peace at any price. Almereyda, in the course of his chequered career, had been a revolutionary anarchist, but from the beginning of the war his paper received a subsidy of $1600

a month from the government, a circumstance which led him greatly to modify his opinions.

The chief interest of the Turmel affair is to be found in the fact that M. Turmel is a deputy. At present all that is known is that the sum of $5000 in Swiss bank-notes was found in his cupboard at the Chamber of Deputies. But the possession of the bank-notes of a neutral country is not in itself a legal offence and, but for M. Turmel's own inconsistent explanations, it is probable that nothing would ever have been heard of the matter.

Bolo Pasha (he was given that title by the ex-khedive Abbas Hilmi) is in a very different case. It is officially announced that a large sum was paid to his account in certain American banks by the Dresdener Bank. He supplied last year more than $1,000,000 to M. Charles Humbert for the "Journal," he holds half the shares in the company that owns the "Rappel," and among other papers in which he has a financial interest are said to be the "Paris-Midi," the "Cri de Paris" (a satirical weekly), and "La Revue," of which M. Jean Finot is the editor. Bolo had a large circle of influential friends, including the President of the Republic and M. Monier, first president of the Court of Appeal and the second judicial functionary of France. The latter has been called upon by the government to account for his relations with Bolo before the Court of Cassation. Bolo's friendship with M. Poincaré caused him to be entrusted with more than one official mission abroad and he travelled with a diplomatic passport.

One of the most interesting circumstances in the case is that the papers financed by Bolo are all extremely jingo in politics. The "Journal" advocates war to the bitter end and has made a campaign for more "cannons and munitions"; the "Rappel" is the special organ of the party that demands the annexation to France of all the German territory on the left bank of the Rhine. If, therefore, M. Bolo's money in fact came from the German government, it is evident that the latter desires to encourage the extremists in France that demand the continuation of the war until the Allies are in a position to impose humiliating conditions that will permanently cripple Germany. This would be an intelligent policy on the part of the German government, for those extremists and their organs in the press enable the government to persuade the German people that they are defending their very existence, and that the extravagant demands of the Allies are responsible for the continuance of the war. Two years ago the German government had a translation made of several of M. Maurice Barrès's articles in the "Echo de Paris" and circulated them throughout Germany; M. Barrès also demanded the annexation of all the left bank of the Rhine and the annihilation of Germany.

The new ministry—the fifth since the war—does not seem to be very popular either in Parliament or in the country; but ministries that have a cool reception sometimes last longer than those received with enthusiasm. The prime minister M. Painlevé is personally popular and has the advantage of being a new man, for he had never held office before 1915, but the composition of his cabinet is criticized and it is generally considered to be too large and unwieldy. He himself, it is believed, would have preferred to form a ministry of the Left, but M. Poincaré persuaded him to include such politicians as MM. Ribot, Barthou, and Doumer, who represent conservative Republican opinion. For the first time since the war the government includes no Socialist. The Socialist party is sharply divided on the question of ministerial participation; what is known as the "minoritaire" section objects to it altogether and refused to take part in the negotiations with M. Painlevé. The "majoritaire," or governmental, section would still agree to be represented in the government on certain conditions, but they objected on the one hand to the inclusion of MM. Ribot, Barthou, and Doumer and, on the other hand, they were not satisfied with the portfolios offered them by M. Painlevé. M. Albert Thomas, in particular, would accept no office but the ministry of foreign affairs or that of war, whereas M. Painlevé asked him to remain at the ministry of armaments.

The whole question of ministerial participation, so far as the Socialist party is concerned, will be decided at the national congress of the party, which is to meet at Bordeaux on October 6. The question of peace negotiations will also be discussed at the congress; the "minoritaires" have drawn up a resolution in favor of such negotiations at the earliest possible moment, indeed the terms of the resolution suggest that, in their opinion, the moment has already arrived. Until May the two sections of the party were divided also on the question of resuming international relations, but that difference no longer exists; the party is now unanimous in desiring to take part in the proposed Stockholm confer-

ence and both sections declare in their resolutions their intention to use every effort to obtain the passports for Stockholm which the late ministry refused to issue.

Art has languished since the war; the younger artists are at the front or are among the host of killed,—there has been a terrible loss of promising talent,—and their elders for the most part, not having the heart to work in their studios, have found occupation in connection with the war. There are exceptions: M. Maurice Favre, a sculptor of great attainments, has recently finished a marble bust of Anatole France, remarkable alike for its qualities as a work of art and its success as a psychological study. He is now in Italy, where he is engaged on busts of Gabriele d'Annunzio and General Cadorna. The event of last month was the death of Degas. He had already passed out of active life, for on account of his failing eyesight, he had not touched a brush for thirteen or fourteen years; when he could no longer paint, he amused himself by making figures in wax of dancers, which he intended for *cires-perdues,* but I do not think that any reached the stage of bronze. For the last few months he had been confined to his room, but he suffered from nothing except old age and he gradually went out like a burned-down candle. The end came one night quite naturally and painlessly; as one of his relatives said to me, "he never saw death," of which he had an almost morbid dread.

It can hardly be disputed that one of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century has disappeared. Degas is often called an "impressionist," but the term as applied to him is inaccurate and he himself protested against the description. His technique was never that of the impressionists properly so-called, although he took part in all their exhibitions from 1874 to 1886. He himself asserted, perhaps not quite seriously, that he was the artistic descendant of Ingres; his first master, Lamothe, for whom Degas had all his life an immense admiration, had been a pupil of Ingres. But, although Degas was, like Ingres, above all a master of line, and although his art was a natural development of the great French tradition, he broke loose at a very early age from the fetters of academic convention by which Ingres was hampered, and, in my opinion, was a far greater artist than his adopted ancestor—and that is saying much. He was influenced both by the great Italians (during the two years that he spent at Rome in early youth studying without a master, he did little else than copy them) and by the impressionists, and was interested above all in light and movement. Pastel was the medium that he preferred to all others and, in my opinion, he was the greatest pastellist that the world has yet known; I dare to put him even above Perronneau and Latour. The French government, which has bought so many bad pictures, never purchased a work of Degas,—he felt the slight deeply,—but the Louvre has now a representative selection of some of his best paintings and pastels, thanks to the posthumous generosity of Count Isaac de Camondo. Degas has left no "school"; his only real pupil was an American, Miss Cassatt, but Toulouse-Lautrec, of course, owed much to his influence.

I have left myself no space to speak of literature, but there is not much to be said on that subject at present. The majority of books published are concerned with the war and few have much value. The great success of the year—a success entirely deserved—has been "Le Feu" of M. Henri Barbusse, a description of modern war as it really is by a man who has experienced it and, being an artist, is able to record his experiences in a work of great literary qualities. All the fighting men that I know agree that it is the only truthful book about the war. Its sale has been greater than that of the most successful works of Zola at the height of his fame in the same period; it has been translated into English ("Under Fire," Dutton) and also, without the permission of its author, into German. Another book of a very different kind relating rather to the future peace than to the war itself is "Les Bases d'une Paix durable," by M. August Schvan (Paris; Alcan), of which an American edition is, I understand, shortly to be published. It is an extraordinarily original and independent contribution to the study of future international relations; M. Schvan aims at getting rid of diplomacy and foreign politics altogether and his solution reduces enormously the functions of the state. It seems to me both promising and practicable, given the will to put it into practice, but it is intensely revolutionary and makes hay of established conventions and traditions.

The season has given us one really remarkable play, "Les Noces d'Argent," by M. Paul Géraldy, a young author who had the honor of getting this his first dramatic work produced at the Comédie Française; but I must defer any comment on it.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, October 3, 1917.

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry

TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. By Amy Lowell. (The Macmillan Co.; $2.50.)

Miss Lowell, who alternates actively between the creative and the exegetical, has paused in her poetry to write of a half-dozen of her American fellow-poets. Each of her studies carries with it not only a critical estimate of the subject's work, but also a sufficing amount of fresh biographical matter and a portrait not yet familiar to the public eye.

Though the "new movement" has come chiefly within the past five years or so, Miss Lowell finds among her six selected poets representatives of three phases or stages; and this subdivision works advantageously to the architectonics of her volume. In her first stage Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost represent the earliest breaking down of tradition—the slow fading of the fundamental beliefs upon which a particular civilization was reared, though the results of these beliefs still retain their hold upon the people brought up on them. The second stage is represented by Edgar Lee Masters and, in some measure, by Carl Sandburg: beliefs are now so much a thing of the past that they have no power to mould character, and the result, for the moment, is a sort of mental chaos, tending to cynicism and even to despair. In the third stage the old beliefs have been left completely behind by new ones; men are living upon other planes of thought and are able to turn their attention to other things—to Beauty, for example. This last and crowning stage is represented to Miss Lowell by her fellow imagists, "H. D." and John Gould Fletcher.

In the first stage, beauty is a thing remembered; it has still a haunting power. In the second, it is crowded out by the stress of travail —by the birth pangs of the new. In the third, it is rediscovered, regained; and it is intoxicating: we are as like as not to find ourselves in the midst of "sea gardens," and "lacquered mandarin moments," and "vermilion pavilions," and "jade balustrades."

It happens that three of these poets, one for each of Miss Lowell's stages, has written of Abraham Lincoln. She utilizes the three productions to drive her point home concretely. Thus, Robinson presents Lincoln as part man, part symbol, slightly conventionalized, and a little remote and cold:

> For he, to whom we had applied
> Our shopman's test of age and worth,
> Was elemental when he died,
> As he was ancient at his birth:
> The saddest among kings of earth,
> Bowed with a galling crown, this man
> Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
> Laconic—and Olympian.

Masters makes Lincoln a man first of all, but a man typifying a national aspiration; yet, however venerated and loved, always a man neither conventionalized by tradition nor lifted into the realm of legend.

"Out of me," says Ann Rutledge—

> The vibrations of deathless music;
> "With malice toward none, with charity for all."
> Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
> And the beneficent face of a nation
> Shining with justice and truth.

Fletcher raises Lincoln to the rank of "pure symbol, as elusive and pervading as a brooding god"—raises him, indeed, "to the veiled awe of a national legend":

> There was a darkness in this man: an immense and hollow darkness,
> Of which we may not speak, nor share with him, nor enter.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He whom we mocked and obeyed not, he whom we scorned and mistrusted,
> He has descended, like a god, to his rest.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Strew over him flowers . . . rayed, violet, dim,
> With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore and the circlet;
> And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white magnolia,
> Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has passed.

Fletcher, it should be understood, is the son of a Confederate veteran.

Such things perhaps represent the "new poetry" at its highest, as regards theme and manner. Other phases, of course, produce other effects,—shock, bewilderment, protest. Miss Lowell now and then protests on her own account. Though it is the property and the privilege of a new school to believe in itself—even to the exclusion of countenance for all other schools, past and future—still one may discriminate. If she praises with heartiness she chides with keenness. Her exceptions are taken with the disconcerting candor, the unsparing lucidity of criticism that so often are shown within a narrow domestic circle. She perceives the limitations of "H. D." in her Greek modes. She scores the sex-obsession of "Spoon River," and the undisciplined diffuseness of its successors.

She protests the verbal virtuosities of an unchastened Fletcher: though she seems to regard him as the crown of the movement, his overexuberance is against him; and, like Masters, he lacks the selective instinct.

Miss Lowell rises gallantly to Carl Sandburg. The world knows her biography; and through her it may now know his. Were two people ever more unlike in origin, tradition, and experience? Yet a common danger and a common faith unite the little band; all worldly differences disappear before the lions. She apprehends Sandburg as the spokesman of the new "multi-racial" America: "It is he and his ilk who are moving us away from our Anglo-Saxon inheritance," and who "bring us the points of view which are working so surely, if insidiously, upon the whole body of the people." Miss Lowell, herself something of an adventurer and propagandist, seems willing enough to be moved on. Our population is "a crazy-quilt," true; "but how strong is that Anglo-Saxon ground-work which holds them all firmly to its shape, if no longer to its color!"

Miss Lowell finds her Anglo-Saxon account in Robinson and in Robert Frost. The latter was born in San Francisco, but was claimed by Massachusetts at the age of ten, and has since been a dweller on that New England countryside which he celebrates so closely and narrowly. In fact, Frost has become as "down East" as pumpkin pie. Many of his pieces, in their tempo and their turn-out—not always, by any means, in their subject!—have some of the bland, self-containing rotundity of that sectional dish, and possibly something of its soggy undercrust; often, too, an insufficient measure of ginger makes the savor tame. But his commentator feels that he wins by his gentle understanding and his strong and unsentimental power of emotion, though his imagination is bounded by his life, and though he is "bent all one way, like the windblown trees of New England hillsides." Yet, after all, art is rooted in the soil; many besides Miss Lowell feel Frost's effect of quiet solidity and reality; so we must allow her to compare him with Burns, Synge, and Mistral and to rank him with them in the opinion of future generations.

Yet, in the end, Amy Lowell's heart is with the imagists—they are the end to which the whole new creation moves. She analyzes with fond minuteness the brief, staccato-cadenced pieces of "H. D.," reproducing in this connection the "brief list of tenets" on which the imagist poets are mutually agreed, and summarizing it thus: Simplicity and directness of speech; subtlety and beauty of rhythms; individualistic freedom of idea; clearness and vividness of presentation; concentration; and—for an after thought—suggestion. But concentration most of all: "that is of the very essence of poetry." New rules and principles here? she asks. By no means, she answers. And who shall say her nay?

Well, in her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" Miss Lowell is emphatically "there"; there in heart, mind, and spirit; there with her faith and her reasons for it; there with her polemical aptitudes and her full employment of them; on the spot, up to date, with her eye on the poetical clock, to the last second of the latest minute. But a clock has been known to strike thirteen—and she has left out Vachel Lindsay. Who is more of our own land and of our own day? Think of the whirr, the clang, the whole resonant jubilee! Has too strong a regard for architectonic symmetry excluded the tall, loud clock from the furnishings of the House of Present-Day Poetry? Is so joyous and hearty a fellow really to be ranked as a "popularizer" of the movement led by Sandburg and Masters?

HENRY B. FULLER.

Twin Prophets of Platitude and Paradox

HEART TO HEART APPEALS. By William Jennings Bryan. (Fleming H. Revell Co.; $1.)
IS CIVILIZATION A DISEASE? By Stanton Coit. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.)

"A speech," says Mr. Bryan, "may be disputed, even a sermon may not convince." I do not doubt that he speaks out of a wide and varied experience, and I hope that he will not be too much disappointed if opinion finds these heart-to-heart appeals of his a scrapbook of unconvincing sermons and disputable speeches. Even so, they offer an answer, striking in its unanimity with Mr. Stanton Coit's own, to the remarkable question: Is Civilization a Disease?

The question is not original with Mr. Coit. He once "deigned," he tells us, to read a book by that genius and sage, Edward Carpenter. Carpenter calls this book "Civilization, its Cause and Cure," and the reading led Mr. Coit at once to take sides against civilization. What he means by civilization, however, is not what is usually meant by the term. Usually we mean

by civilization the positive contributions of human effort through human institutions to the enrichment and liberation of the powers of man. Civilization is a word of eulogy. But the clever Mr. Coit uses it as a word of condemnation. Quite in the inverted way of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, Mr. Coit makes the word civilization mean the defects and evil generated by human institutions. Civilization begins, he says, "with the crack of the whip"; it rests upon slaves and women; and history is the record of a conflict between man and it. On the side of man are Christ, St. Francis, Savonarola, Wycliffe, Luther, John Wesley, Rousseau and company, Karl Marx, Peter Kropotkin, and Mr. Coit. The Reverend William Sunday, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Bryan are not mentioned. The omission of the two former is intelligible, for if civilization is, as Mr. Coit declares, "the incarnation of self-interest," their indifference to civilization is not beyond dispute. But to leave Mr. Bryan out—unless it be that Mr. Coit has read "Heart to Heart Appeals"!

If he has, he must have been thrown into a state of perplexity, for these appeals are made now in behalf of man, and again in behalf of civilization. Thus: "The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection [i. e., what Mr. Coit means by civilization] by the operation of the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. . . If man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going toward him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former." "Miracle of miracles is man." Again, speaking of the present unpleasantness in Europe, Mr. Bryan says: "There must be a cause and it must be a human cause, for no one who loves God would ever blame Him for this inhuman war." Man, evidently, is in Mr. Bryan's opinion no better than he should be, but his civilization is a perfection—particularly the civilization of America. Thus:

> Standing upon the vantage-ground already gained the American people can aspire to a grander destiny than has opened before any other race. Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to protect his own rights. American civilization will teach him to respect the rights of others. Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to take care of himself. American civilization, proclaiming the equality of all before the law, will teach him that his own highest good requires the observance of the commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Anglo-Saxon civilization has, by force of arms, applied the art of government to other races for the benefit of Anglo-Saxons; American civilization will, by the influence of example, excite in other races a desire for self-government and a determination to secure it. Anglo-Saxon civilization has carried its flag to every clime and defended it with forts and garrisons. American civilization will imprint its flag upon the hearts of all who long for freedom.
>
> To American civilization, all hail!
> Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Mr. Coit might well get irritated as well as perplexed by these utterances of Mr. Bryan's. If, however, he should try to pass beyond the words to their meaning, he would be relieved. He would find Mr. Bryan's answer to his smart question a distinct affirmative. Indeed, rarely have illiterate sincerity and literate sophistication written so unanimously and from such different points of approach. It is not apparent from Mr. Coit's book how long he has entertained its dogmas, but Mr. Bryan is an unparalleled example of doctrinal constancy. His book is composed of excerpts from speeches delivered, he tells us, during a quarter of a century, and there is not an idea in the last that does not appear in the first. Both he and Mr. Coit see certain evils in the life of man and propose certain remedies. The details of the proposals differ as the histories and character of the men differ; their principles are the same.

The flavor comes, of course, from the details. "I was," Mr. Bryan tells us, "eating a piece of watermelon some months ago, and was struck with its beauty." "Did you ever," he asks, "raise a radish?" and watermelon, and radish, and corn that he bought in Cairo, all lead to rhetoric about the Lord, concerning whose wishes and opinion Mr. Bryan seems as authoritative as another and less popular William. Mr. Coit does not have the Lord on his mind and certainly would not reach him through watermelons, radishes, and corn from Cairo. His approach would be urbaceous rather than bucolic. But both he and Mr. Bryan are Christians. That is, they retain the naïve attitude toward the Christ of Christianism, and they derive from Him authority for such opinions as they approve of, attributing to "civilization," or to something else, the things and doctrines they dislike. Both exhibit the characteristic parochialism of the churchly Christian, to whom nothing can be good or religious that has not that label. Both oppose the

exploitation of the masses by the classes, invisible government, war, and the other bugaboos of social reformers. Both see corrective ideals as "the meaning of America," which is to them Christianity. Both are blind, one through ignorance, the other not otherwise than wilfully, to the fact that the recognition of some of the advantages of unselfishness over selfishness is a common human emotional event, which anticipated Christianity many times and will succeed it many times.

Prophets are these men, of better times coming: the one, in platitudes of age-old error, innocent through ignorance; the other, in paradoxes of modern lies, sophisticated through vanity. But their message is the same, and it is sounding enough.

H. M. Kallen.

Criticism with an Unhappy Ending

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art (Third Series). By Bernhard Berenson. (G. Bell & Sons, London.)

As in another volume, which has appeared since, all but the first of the seven essays in this book are readjustments of certain prominent problems in the history of Venetian painting during the fifteenth century. The first, which alone concerns us here, is called a revaluation of Leonardo, and is an eloquent impeachment of his art. It is an elaborate and somewhat alarming "showing-up" of a stately immortal whose memory has come down the centuries in inviolate purple. For Mr. Berenson would persuade us that Leonardo's renown as a universal genius and as a remarkable individual has exaggerated our rating of his achievement as an artist. And it is in the artist that Mr. Berenson is here narrowly interested.

In disputing such a venerable reputation at all, our critic startles us with a contention that seems, at first, audacious in order to be novel and picturesque. For like Shakespeare, like Dante, Leonardo has gone as an acknowledged element of traditional culture, and his genius wins fresh converts every day among the small number of freer, autonomously æsthetic spirits, thus furnishing a special sanction, and evidence of its immediate and intrinsic virtue. An accumulation of respectable, scholarly authority, moreover, increased by the many ponderous volumes newly written about him, has put his fame beyond question, and widespread acquiescence has raised it to a sort of divine immutability.

As his priest and expositor, Mr. Berenson himself, some years ago, rationalized and ritualized the public worship of this deity, and may be said to be responsible for the flutter many of his devotees still dutifully undergo in the presence of his work. He put a reason into our minds for our fancied appreciations and told us what forms our appreciations ought to take. If one is therefore amazed at his apostasy, it is at least disquieting to find that his arraignment is radical, and may even seem unanswerable.

He begins with an autobiographic account—not without its dramatic interest—of an artistic conscience corrupted by the attempt to reconcile the questionable effect upon him of Leonardo's work with academic formulas and literary word-charms. With continued exposure to the works themselves Mr. Berenson's elementary dilemma settles into the conviction that artistically they are far below their supposed level of excellence, and that popular and literary opinion, particularly Pater's notoriously beautiful passage, are mischievous misreadings.

Considered historically, these pious falsifications are ultimately due to a twofold tradition: one academic, the other personal. The former of these secured Leonardo's reputation as a great craftsman, the latter served to leaven the prevailing turn for myth-making, which threw a glamour over his artistic achievement. The academic tradition proceeds from Leonardo's establishment of two formulas, (1) *contrapposto,* or counterpoise, the twisting of the body on its own axis, and (2) chiaroscuro, a refinement upon the illusion of its vanishing planes.

His counterpoise was an epitomized statement of the functional laws of the human structure. It struck its mean, and betrayed its scope. It brought out its motor possibilities, while it held it in unchanging equilibrium. His chiaroscuro provided the painter with a device for producing increased optical effects. It transferred the existence of the objects in a picture from the realm of the determinate to the realm of extended suggestion. One was plastic in effect, the other pictorial, one "formal," the other technical in nature; between them they covered the whole field of artistic performance, and the academies made dogmas of them, and of Leonardo a sort of patron saint.

But the perpetuation and growth of his reputation were assured by the survival of a tradi-

tion concerning his own person, the fabulous variety and distinction of his gifts, his calculated demeanor, his detachment, and his high, privileged association. He was, moreover, the perfect type of the myriad-minded era in which he lived, and he became a cult even in his own day. Not long after his death Vasari becomes his first hierographer. Vasari considers him divinely endowed by immediate and miraculous act of grace; and though Mr. Berenson lays the final act of apotheosis to the Romantic idealism of the last century, Vasari's statements made three hundred years before are less likely to be figures of speech.

Leonardo's innovations, however, were vicious in effect, and inartistic. They made the practice of art easier, and lowered its level of activity. They impoverished it, and doomed it to swift ending. But if they were the blight of Florentine art after him, they marred the finer qualities in his own. For Leonardo was less concerned with making his work yield æsthetic ecstasy (which is the measure of art), than with producing demonstrations of some principle of arrangement, of pose, of expression, or of execution, and consequently where æsthetic qualities are present in his works they are overlaid with formula and technical elaboration. "The æsthetic moment of the 'Mona Lisa' has been sacrificed to effects of chiaroscuro more subtly worked out, more insistently logical than any perhaps that had yet been achieved."

Mr. Berenson's chief quarrel with Leonardo, however, is on the score of "illustration," as in the case of the "St. John," in the Louvre, where "the meaning suggested to us by a representation before us contradicts or opposes the spirit of the ostensible subject as conceived by ourselves." "For educated people," we are told, "visualize no matter how gropingly and vaguely the heroes and actions of story, and cherish a definite, if crude expectation of how they are to be represented." But instead of a passionate ascetic, which is what we look for, we are shown a "well-fleshed epicene creature with an equivocal leer, pointing upward with an operatic twist as if to invite us to look up, not to Christ first appearing upon the world, but to Bacchus clattering along with all his rout." The dogma of illustration has been ignored and a spiritual convention outraged. "St. John" is a piece of unexpected, impudent blasphemy, full of unsavory suggestions.

Even the "Last Supper" fails as "illustration," and its decoration is not distinguished enough to carry off its deficiencies; "the sinister and even criminal faces" of some of the figures and the purposeless grandiloquence of others are unseemly, and Mr. Berenson sets one kind of vehemence against another in his denunciation of this "pack of vehement, gesticulating, noisy foreigners."

But if Mr. Berenson has disparaged some of the world's masterpieces, he has levelled strenuous argument and a savage loathing against the most honored, the "Mona Lisa." He has been lifting the gilt and patina that man and time have put there, layer by layer from the idol's face, and now he is gouging out its eyes.

He owns the mastery, the "conscious art of the painter," the magnificence of the design; but Mona Lisa is doomed, against his deeper insight, to remain what she is, "a foreigner with a look I could not fathom, watchful, sly, secure, with a smile of anticipated satisfaction and a pervading air of hostile superiority." She baffles the spectator and even leads him to doubt his intelligence. She eludes all explicitness and attenuates all emphasis. She blooms with dim intimations, with "over-meanings," which swell into a monster that torments us with its hundred-headed ambiguities.

This view has a lordly lineage, and a knightly champion in our eminent authority. And yet, I must confess that, strange as Mona Lisa's smile has been declared, the commentary the centuries have written round it seems to me stranger still. To discern enigmas was a high recommendation in the mystery-mongering nineteenth century of Ruskin and Pater, and since their day who has not rediscovered the unfathomable in our fashionable Florentine? Criticism of a severer and narrower intention even, has been, thoughtfully and thoughtlessly, rehearsing well-worn judgments about her in precious paraphrase; and the result of thus pouring old wine into new bottles was to do no good to the wine: something of the savor of the real truth was each time lost.

For Vasari the smile was a sort of transfiguration of the features, and no more. But the critical practitioners of our own day with their more intimate insight and infinitely nicer methods have tried to account for it artistically. Mr. Cox—anticipated in substance by Mr. Berenson—thinks Leonardo had discovered that

the expression of smiling is almost entirely a matter of modelling (which is partly true), and that it interested him to produce a smile by delicate changes of surface alone (which is not wholly false). The undeniable truth, however, is that the smile is there, not only as a "result of technical preoccupation" (which Mr. Berenson suggests as a possibility), but as an unmistakable sign of an irradiation of the human consciousness; and its evocations are, I humbly insist, due as much to its own presence as to the insinuating effect of the chiaroscuro. The smile is in the fugitive light—a light coming from within—which pauses for an instant and then passes. The smile and the modelling are really two aspects of the same thing, and the alleged enigma may lie in the abidance of the evanescent, in the paradoxical lingering of the transitory.

It is equally hard to accept our critic's final appraisal of Leonardo, whom he would put down to Botticelli's level. And still harder is it to share his implicit tenet that the art of the Far East gives us a norm by which Leonardo's painting, and presumably all other painting, is to be measured. When he says that "there is nothing in Mona Lisa's expression that is not more satisfactorily rendered in Buddhist art" and that "There is nothing in the landscape that is not even more evocative, and magical" in Chinese and Japanese painting, he chooses to ignore that Leonardo's picture is of a different æsthetic order, and belongs to other modes of æsthetic experience. For who can deny that there are certain internal laws abiding in both arts which alienate them eternally, and that it is to some extent with sets of faculties accordingly different that we respond to either of them? Commensurate, therefore, though they be, they are not commensurate on the ground of their essential natures.

We feel that this cardinal view gets its momentum from the lofty, freely indulged bias of an exquisitely fastidious amateur; but, whether in the last analysis (which I neither pretend nor hope to reach) proved decisive or not, Mr. Berenson's *parti pris* ought to be amiable and inspiring, just because his standards are exalted and strenuously exclusive. To entertain his resolute prejudices against the realism of the "Last Supper," or his disapproval of the "uncomfortable suggestions" of "The Leda," of the "St. John," and of Leonardo's tainted taste, is to bring deeper insight to, and win greater admiration for, the less obvious beauties of archaic Greek sculpture and the exalted arts of the East.

Even if Leonardo does not seem wholly to come to his rights in this remarkable essay, the incidental criticism and the fresh point of view are boldly significant. The original inquiry, moreover, moves through a rich field of general ideas toward many interesting ultimate issues. Indeed it is far-reaching and fundamental. It carries in it a revision of view concerning a number of Leonardo's great contemporaries, whose glory has similarly flowered, and flourished. It implicitly urges upon the historical theorist a reinterpretation of the whole Renaissance, and upon the political historian a revaluation of its conspicuous figures and events. To the philosopher of taste it suggests a reformation of ultimate standards of æsthetic judgment.

RICHARD OFFNER.

Get-Rich-Quick Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. By Will Durant. (The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)

Perhaps it was still possible a generation ago for a single mind to master the accumulated knowledge of the world. If so, the twentieth century has added so enormously to the flood of detailed information that the thing is no longer possible. What then is to be the fate of the philosopher, "the spectator of all time and all existence"? Is he to become a cultural vermiform appendix? Or will he change his function and adapt himself to meet the new needs of the organism? One by one the sciences have left their common mother, Philosophy; have set up independent households, and have become responsible for numerous progeny. Psychology, long a darling child, has lately begun pulling most scandalously at the apron strings, while even Ethics is showing a lack of interest in things about the house and is looking more and more pensively out of the windows. There really appears to be danger that in our time all the children may get started in life for themselves. Is Philosophy to be a good old lady with nothing to do but sit quietly in the corner, fold her impotent hands, and wait for the quiet end?

By no means, answers the author of "Philosophy and the Social Problem." Let Mother Philosophy change her diet and take pragmatic treatments! The result will be miraculous. With color returned to her cheeks, a recovered

appetite, the stiffness gone from her joints, and a new light in her eye, Philosophy will once more be hailed as queen of the sciences, and men will again turn to her for inspiration and for guidance.

If it be suspected that this light-hearted restoration of youth and vigor to philosophy is a caricature, I can only suggest (and I urge it on other grounds) that the reader consult Mr. Durant's book. "Philosophy," says the author, "was once mistress of all the disciplines of thought and search; now none so poor to do her reverence." And this lapse from her former significance and vitality is due (as John Dewey recently put it) to "chewing a historic cud long since reduced to woody fibre." Unless philosophy is revitalized by turning from "a study of the details of superseded systems" to "the study of the miraculous living moment in which the past melts into the present and the future finds creation," philosophy will sink still lower in the "calm death of social ineffectiveness."

Now, really, what evidence have we that philosophy is in such a bad way? We have announcements, like this of Mr. Durant's, made from the house tops. But have we anything more? Is it not true that university courses in philosophy have grown in recent years both in numbers and in vital interest? Is there not more rather than less of a demand for philosophical literature? In matters of this sort one is generally dependent upon impressions, but a widespread impression is not always a bad guide, and there is certainly a wide-spread impression in academic circles that philosophy has experienced a revival rather than a decline in the last decade or two. Neither is the interest confined to what Mr. Durant, with amusing arbitrariness, calls the vital philosophers,—Plato, Bacon, Spinoza, and Nietzsche,—nor to the "few" professors of philosophy "who insist on focussing thought on life." Not only are classic speculators like Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume seriously studied in large elective classes conducted by men not as yet won to the "revitalized" philosophy, but even Kant (whom the good pragmatist cannot name without crossing himself) comes in for a good share of attention. This may be deplorable, but it shows that many people are interested in problems which Mr. Durant would have them find dull and dry. The explanation is, of course, that it is not the matter but the manner that counts. Enough wholesale denunciation may yet succeed in convincing people of the futility and ineffectiveness of philosophical speculation. But in that case there is reason to fear that no exception will be made in favor of Mr. Durant's form of pragmatism. No one, it seems, is so unconscious of danger as the man who is sawing off the limb upon which he sits. In the case of Mr. Durant the limb is sawed almost through, and I appear to see the wide jaws of sociology spread to receive him.

Now, disaster to philosophy is just what the author labors to ward off,—provided it be true philosophy,—"the intellectual reconstruction of life" rather than the "intellectual categorizing of experience." When he thinks of the philosophers transformed into social engineers, platting out the map of life and harnessing the genius of the race for the renewing of creation, his optimism knows no bounds. It is only because present-day philosophers are not hot with what he believes to be passion for social perfection that he will none of them.

If this is good pragmatism, it is somewhat surprising. One would expect a philosophy which has given a new significance to the principle of relativity to be less dogmatic; to allow at least for a programme which is concerned not with immediate but with distant ends, and which aims to affect the social structure indirectly and comprehensively through the enlargement of men's mental outlook and the broadening of human sympathies, rather than directly through the solution of concrete, everyday problems. Alas, not even Kant could be more inflexible. Here is a nasty slum. Take hold; see that it is cleaned up; or admit you are a mossback and not a philosopher. Or if you *are* a philosopher, then it is high time we had a new type. This is Mr. Durant's pragmatic challenge. Well, it is interesting that the contemporary philosopher whom he admits into the front rank is Bertrand Russell, widely known for his long and brilliant occupation with "intellectual dead-issues." I quote a paragraph and a footnote:

> Philosophy was vital in Plato's day; so vital that some philosophers were exiled and others were put to death. No one would think of putting a philosopher to death today. Not because men are more delicate about killing; but because there is no need to kill that which is already dead.
>
> It would be invidious to name the exceptions which one is glad to remember here; but it is in place to say that the practical arrest of Bertrand Russell is a sign of resuscitation on the part of philosophy,—a sign for which all lovers of philosophy should be grateful. When philosophers are once more feared, philosophy will once more be respected.

Mr. Durant's admiration of Bertrand Russell does him credit, but it shows the futility of

insisting that a philosopher who wishes to count socially must go at it in a particular way. Or will Mr. Durant maintain that Bertrand Russell is solely significant as the author of such books as "Justice in War Time" and "Why Men Fight"?

See, then, how the real philosopher gets into the game. Feminism, socialism, eugenics, anarchism, all the *isms,* says Mr. Durant, have nothing to offer toward the solution of social problems. They are like the unintelligent, random movements of a monkey trying to solve a puzzle. This he makes clear by means of a dialogue in the course of which the various *isms* prove one another futile. After this *reductio ad absurdum*, he turns to the sciences. Alas, there is a great defect in the sciences also: they are "shredded," "fragmentated," piecemeal. Science

> becomes more and more a fragmentated thing, with ever less coördination, ever less sense of the whole. Our industrial system has forced division of labor here, as in the manual trades, almost to the point of idiocy: let a man seek to know everything about something, and he will soon know nothing about anything else; efficiency will swallow up the man.

It is "this shredded science" which calls loudly for coördination. And here is philosophy's chance. Science furnishes the shredded wheat; philosophy must bake the biscuit. How? By taking the "essentials from the sciences," coördinating these into a "sense of the whole," and guiding scientific research by the aid of this vision. The scientist is a wizard in the laboratory, but for that very reason is near-sighted. He has a poor sense of direction regarding the utility of his experiments. It is the philosopher's function "to point the nose of science to a goal." He will "do the listening to today's science, and then do the thinking for tomorrow's statesmanship."

Of course one might object that something more than a well-arranged dialogue is required to prove that the *isms* are not, as many people think, effective engines of concrete social reform; and the scientists might object to being led by the nose, even if we were agreed on its desirability. One wonders, moreover, whether the proposed "coördination of the essentials of science" is not simply an invitation to the professor of philosophy to deceive himself into believing that he is still master of the world's knowledge. But I have not the heart to attempt to trip such romping enthusiasm by littering the ground with difficulties. For the same reason the reader is left to acquaint himself with the "Society for Social Research" and the author's unrestrained adoration of the college professor. After all, the central issue raised by the book grows out of Mr. Durant's contention that unless philosophy is ready to adopt a get-rich-quick programme, it has no further excuse for being.

Notwithstanding the shrill insistence upon a particular type of philosopher, which gives to the book a tone of dogmatism probably not warranted by the spirit of the author, and in spite of a certain innocence respecting the stubbornness of human nature and the inertia of social institutions, which gives the discussion a flavor of immaturity, the book is an interesting plea for a philosophy that can pay its way in immediate practical results. The author says things that need repeating, and he says them eloquently and earnestly. Especially is this true of the thesis of the volume: the need of organizing intelligence in behalf of a better human society, nationally and internationally. I fear, however, that his plan of campaign, if followed, would only get philosophy the reputation of being a gadding busybody, meddling in everybody's business, having none of her own.

M. C. Otto.

Goethe

Goethe. By Calvin Thomas. (Henry Holt & Co.; $2.)

Goethe holds a higher position in German literature than any other man has ever held in any other literature. No adjectives can appraise Shakespeare; but if we had to choose between having Shakespeare and having all English literature outside of Shakespeare, we should let the swan of Avon follow the swan of Lohengrin into any sea-change he cared to assume. It is quite otherwise with Goethe. Goethe alone is richer than all the rest of German literature put together. This is not merely because of his amazing versatility; it is because of his still more amazing excellence, for in every kind of book he wrote, except in science and mathematics, he went to the top. He is Germany's greatest poet, dramatist, novelist, and critic. Tennyson's fine compliment to him in "In Memoriam" certainly does not overstate the truth—he sang "to one clear harp in divers tones." It is indeed a remarkable fact that one individual's literary production should exceed in value the combined contribution of his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers. I can think of no parallel to this.

To lovers of literature, not Berlin, but Weimar, is the capital of Germany.

In his interesting preface, Professor Thomas says, "Every scholar has his own Dante, his own Shakespeare, his own Goethe. This book presents *my* Goethe as I see him after nearly forty years of university teaching during which he has never been long out of my thoughts. I came to him as an undergraduate by way of Carlyle." Well, although I do not know one-hundredth as much about him as Professor Thomas knows, for I have never been a professional student or teacher of Goethe, I came to him even earlier, by the same route. I fell under his spell at the age of fifteen, and have never been out of it since. Nearly every book that charmed me, Froude's brilliant sketch of Cæsar among others, mentioned a person by the name of Goethe, a name I could not pronounce. But he was always mentioned with immense respect, for the time had long gone by when De Quincey had found it safe to sneer at him as a "German *litterateur*," and to make this prophecy: "the honours of Coleridge are perennial and will annually grow more verdant; whilst from those of Goethe every generation will see something fall away, until posterity will wonder at the subverted idol, whose basis being hollow and unsound, will leave the worship of their fathers an enigma to their descendants."

Carlyle settled the business for me. I read his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," and became so enchanted by the characters in that wonderful story, that years later, when I heard the opera "Mignon" for the first time, I felt an indescribable thrill as each one of my favorite persons took the stage. It was as though a group of intensely loved friends had all risen from the dead and come back to cheer me with their bodily presence. There are greater operas than "Mignon"; but no other opera can affect me in precisely that way.

It is almost impossible to open any book written by Goethe and not immediately find something stimulating. To test this now at my desk, I opened one, and the first thing I saw was, "The theatre has often been at variance with the pulpit; they ought not, I think, to quarrel. How much it is to be wished, that in both, the celebration of Nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds!"

No matter if a new biography of Goethe were published each month, there would still be a place for a book by Professor Thomas. With his sound scholarship, cool judgment, clear common sense, keen humor, and long experience, he could hardly fail to write something valuable and important. But as a matter of fact, there was an urgent need for this particular work; for unless I am mistaken, there has been no important Life of Goethe written in English since the year 1855, when the notable biography by G. H. Lewes appeared.

Mr. Thomas's book is divided into two parts —the impersonal and the personal. The first part, covering 167 pages, is a simple, straightforward account of Goethe's life. This treatment reveals a rather remarkable skill in the great art of omission; for everything essential is there, and receives due attention and emphasis. No German could possibly have written these chapters. Unimportant details and personal prejudices are absent. Much has been sacrificed to secure clearness and concision, but it is literally true that every page is interesting, for the style has movement.

Then, forsaking the realm of unadorned fact, Mr. Thomas enters the world of ideas. The remaining 185 pages are divided into the following chapters: "The Philosopher," "The Evolutionist," "The Believer," "The Poet," "The Dramatist," "The Novelist," "The Critic," "Faust." Here the treatment is individual. It is the author's Goethe, and nobody else's, who is revealed to us, and this is what we want—the real justification for the appearance of the book.

It is seldom that anyone can find fault with a work for being too short; but I think this should have been longer. And I do not mean it as a compliment. Professor Thomas's admirable "Life and Works of Schiller" is more than a hundred pages longer than the "Goethe," and surely there is not more worth saying about Schiller than about his greater contemporary. In the endeavor, commendable in itself, to avoid prolixity, there is a feeling in these later chapters of abruptness, scantiness, insufficiency. There is never any sense of inadequacy on the part of the author, which makes undue brevity all the more unfortunate.

Another thing. Professor Thomas has of course read all the important books on Goethe written by Germans. He must have become thoroughly aweary of rhapsodical adulation. For the attitude of most German biographers and critics to the great sage has been characterized, not by intelligent and discriminating criticism, but by idolatry. Now, idolatry may possibly be

of some assistance to the worshipper—but, as a rule, it helps neither the idol nor the spectators. Professor Thomas not only refuses to kneel; he bends over backward. One gets the impression that at the outset of his task he took a solemn vow not to slop over. This would be well enough if his admiration for Goethe were only moderate. But in the preface, although admitting that the halo has "grown a little dimmer in the lapse of years," he says, "I am conscious of owing more to him than to any other writer of books." One would not suspect this in reading the chapters on "The Poet," on "The Dramatist," on "The Critic." Indeed, one who had never read Goethe would not believe him to be either a first-class poet or a first-class critic. The chapter on "The Critic" is positively cold. The temperature rises notably in the chapter on "Faust," which is quite properly reserved to make the final impression. My suspicion that Mr. Thomas is writing with German rhapsodies in mind is heightened by reading the chapter on "The Believer," where a strong case is almost ardently supported. The chapter contains this excellent saying: "Looked at in a large historical survey religion may be conceived as a four-sided pyramid one side of which is cult, a second theology, a third ethics, and the fourth mystic emotion." The fourth side is what interested Goethe, and in that sense he was surely not only a deeply religious man, but an inspiring religious teacher, as even I, a convinced Christian, have always found him. Still, he was not nearly so great a religious teacher as he was a poet and artist.

This book is written for English readers. One does not need to know a word of German to enjoy and to profit by it. It is interesting to observe with what scrupulous care Mr. Thomas has avoided using German words. Ordinarily a book on this subject would have been thickly bespattered with them. They occur so seldom—never except when necessary—that they produce a shock. And one might almost say that no word of any kind is used except when necessary. I feel sure that I have never read a combination of biography and criticism of this size, where such extraordinary pains to avoid superfluities in speech have been taken. Even some English words have been "simplified" in order to pack everything into as small a space as is possible. The author has a tight rein on himself.

The chapter on "Faust," as it ought to be, is the best in the book. I have never seen anywhere so fine a discussion of Goethe's optimism. He sees "Faust," not as the English or the French see it, but as Goethe must have seen it himself. Mr. Thomas abundantly confirms the view revealed to me thirty years ago, when I saw Henry Irving produce the play in the afternoon, and Ernst Possart produce it in the evening of the same day. And Irving's manager was there in a box ready to present Possart with a wreath from the famous English actor. But when the curtain rose and the "Prolog im Himmel" began, the manager went out and informed Irving that Possart was not acting "Faust" that night, but some other piece.

Professor Thomas has written a sound and good book, a credit to American scholarship and criticism. He has shown commendable amenity in two ways—by avoiding footnotes and by being steadily and delightfully interesting. And even those who—still under the dominion of German pedantry—believe that a sprightly, luminous style is incompatible with true scholarship, cannot fail to recognize the learning so unpretentiously and modestly displayed. Professor Thomas has long been a recognized authority, and if he were not, this book would make him one. It will be many years before students and lovers of Goethe will find it possible to neglect this crown of a life's work.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Divers Realists

COLLECTED POEMS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (The Macmillan Co.; $2.25.)

OLD CHRISTMAS. By William Aspenwall Bradley. (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $1.25.)

PRUFROCK AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS. By T. S. Eliot. (The Egoist Co., London.)

THE SHADOWED HOUR. By John Erskine. (The Lyric Publishing Co.; 75 cts.)

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson seems a young man to be giving us his collected poems; it is, in fact, a little startling to find that even if most of his early work is omitted, as in this collection, he has published so much. In addition to the more realistic studies, by which Mr. Gibson has chiefly earned his reputation,—"Daily Bread," "Womenkind," "Fires," "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," "Livelihood," and "Battle,"—this rather unwieldy volume contains also one poem in an earlier vein, "Akra the Slave," a useful reminder that, like his fellow-poet Mr. Masefield, Mr. Gibson has evolved in manner from romanticism to realism. When one considers in this connection some of Mr. Gibson's

very latest work, particularly in the lyric and in the sonnet form,—where he seems tentatively to be teasing once more at colors more frankly brilliant,—it is possible to suspect that, again like Mr. Masefield, he has fed himself to satiety on the drab and realistic and may yet revert to the romantic, an evolution altogether natural.

Mr. Gibson's development has, however, been more obvious and orderly than Mr. Masefield's. It was not, in his case, a sudden surrender to an overpowering and perhaps previously unconscious impulse, but rather a gradual modification. Even in "Akra the Slave," for example, there are hints of the close psychological texture which was later to reach its maximum of efficiency as a poetic style in "Fires" and "Livelihood." In "Daily Bread" and "Womenkind," pitched in a colloquial dramatic form (or dialogue, rather, closely akin to Mr. Abercrombie's use of the same form in parts of "Emblems of Love"), there was necessarily a good deal of waste. Mr. Gibson's genius is not dramatic, and he found himself precluded from the sort of step-by-step, objective analysis which is his keenest pleasure. Consequently, this is the weakest part of his work. In "Fires," on the other hand, lies the happiest synthesis of all Mr. Gibson's talents. In these brief, rhymed narratives, dealing for the most part with the lives of working-people, but not too insistently in a drab tone, Mr. Gibson found himself free to exploit side by side his love of color and his love of sharp analysis. The result is a sort of iterative half-lyric analysis, frequently powerful. In "Borderlands," "Livelihood," and "Battle," however, the lyric and colorful aspect has gone dwindling in proportion as the psychological preoccupation has increased. Unfortunately, the gain in truthfulness has not entirely compensated for the loss in beauty. In some of the poems which compose the volume called "Battle," for example, it may be questioned whether actual bathos was not reached: to truthfulness Mr. Gibson seems here to have sacrificed everything, even dignity. One admits his truthfulness, but one does not feel it.

It is, of course, too early to attempt a placing of Mr. Gibson. For the present it is enough to say that he has developed a style peculiarly effective, and valuable too for its influence on contemporary poetry. Mr. Gibson has clearly proved that poetry can deal with the commonplaces of daily life,—with the bitter and trivial and powerful and universal commonplaces of human consciousness,—and do it with force and beauty. None of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic has equalled him in power to drag forth, link by link, the image-chain of a human mood. We cannot yet begin complaining that these moods have a hypnotic sameness throughout his work; nor that he varies the monotony of these analytical studies with too little of that romantic flush which, one cannot help thinking, no less than an excessive love of matter-of-fact, is a part of consciousness. Mr. Gibson lacks the lyric *élan* for this, just as he also lacks flexibility of technique. But these are questions which perhaps will be settled anew with every epoch according to the prevailing taste; one cannot be dogmatic about them. To-day we like Mr. Gibson for his dogged truthfulness, and we shy at his occasional pedestrian sentimentality. A later judge may conceivably reverse the verdict.

Mr. Bradley is obviously a congener of Mr. Gibson. The poems in his "Old Christmas" are, for the most part, narrative and in much the same form that Mr. Gibson is most fond of using: the octosyllabic couplet. It cannot be pretended that this is poetry of a high order; but Mr. Bradley, in adapting to his use the life of the Kentucky mountain-folk, has hit upon extremely interesting material; he has given us some excellent stories, told in the folk-language, with many quaintnesses of idiom, and, on the whole, with the simplicity and economy that makes for effect. Mr. Bradley's technique is useful rather than brilliant —he seldom rises above the level of the story-teller. In "Saul of the Mountains," "Old Christmas," or the "Prince of Peace," the story obviously is the thing, and the story does the trick. When, as occasionally happens, Mr. Bradley shows genuine imaginative power (as in the "Strange Woman" and its sequel) it is hard to say how much that power is fortuitous.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose book "Prufrock and Other Observations" is really hardly more than a pamphlet, is also a realist, but of a different sort. Like Mr. Gibson, Mr. Eliot is a psychologist; but his intuitions are keener; his technique subtler. For the two semi-narrative psychological portraits which form the greater and better part of his book, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "The Portrait of a Lady," one can have little but praise. This is psychological realism, but in a highly subjective or introspective vein; whereas Mr. Gibson, for example, gives us, in the third person, the reactions of an individual to a situation which is largely external (an accident, let us say), Mr. Eliot gives us,

in the first person, the reactions of an individual to a situation for which to a large extent his own character is responsible. Such work is more purely autobiographic than the other—the field is narrowed, and the terms are idiosyncratic (sometimes almost blindly so). The dangers of such work are obvious: one must be certain that one's mental character and idiom are sufficiently close to the norm to be comprehensible or significant. In this respect, Mr. Eliot is near the borderline. His temperament is peculiar, it is sometimes, as remarked heretofore, almost bafflingly peculiar, but on the whole it is the average hyperæsthetic one with a good deal of introspective curiosity; it will puzzle many, it will delight a few. Mr. Eliot writes pungently and sharply, with an eye for unexpected and vivid details, and, particularly in the two longer poems and in "The Rhapsody of a Windy Night," he shows himself to be an exceptionally acute technician. Such free rhyme as this, with irregular line lengths, is difficult to write well, and Mr. Eliot does it well enough to make one wonder whether such a form is not what the adorers of free verse will eventually have to come to. In the rest of Mr. Eliot's volume one finds the piquant and the trivial in about equal proportions.

Mr. Erskine has at best a dubious claim to a share in the title of this review. Most critics would call him a classicist: he writes, in a fairly orotund blank verse, of Satan, the death of religion, the "Sons of Metaneira." Unfortunately Mr. Erskine dons a little too self-consciously the robes of the grand manner. One must forge through many sonorous and archaic Miltonic echoes, many valueless inversions, to come upon the occasional imaginative power or delicacy. In the "Sons of Metaneira" he is at his best: the story is told without strain, with effective touches of dignity and simplicity, and occasionally with sharp realization of scene.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Truth About War

UNDER FIRE. By Henri Barbusse. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.)

Henri Barbusse's *poilus* have a "sacramental saying" that economizes profanity: victory is certain "if the civilians hold out." It is a bit of irony that has not been lost on M. Barbusse. He at least can be accused of no tenderness for civilian sensibilities. He is magnificently indifferent to the curious editorial taboo which results in the frigid brevity of the war dispatch and the inhuman abstractions of Mr. Frank H. Simonds. To a man tremendously in earnest who wanted to make those at home see and feel the war—yes, and smell it, too—any squeamishness would naturally be a simple irrelevance. It would not be thought of, and M. Barbusse hasn't thought of it. The result is a book of terrific impact, a horrible and fascinating document that brings one nearer to the desolation and despair of No Man's Land than anything else I have read.

If "Under Fire" convinces you that you are at last hearing something like the truth, it is because it is so obviously an honest book. It is as innocent of false emphasis as it is of ordinary reserves. If M. Barbusse makes out an overwhelming case against war, it is not by falsifying the evidence, by careful selection and suppression. His book is impressive by reason, largely, of its inclusiveness. So fine an intelligence as his is not tempted to be unscrupulous, because it sees that the case presents itself and can only be ruined by embellishment or distortion in the interest of an argument. It can be ruined by fanaticism, too, as the pacifist usually ruins it. It can be ruined, finally, by any suspicion of hypersensitiveness or any morbid obsession with the horrible. To write a really effective indictment of war, a man has first to persuade us of his sheer normality and the strength of his nerves. He has to convince us that he is not overcivilized and that he can be more or less at home with the primordial. He may loathe it, as M. Barbusse loathes war, but the mere sight of its excesses won't topple him over. He is prepared for anything. All of which is only a clumsy way of saying that "Under Fire" is not a piece of propaganda, a work of pure horror designed to keep the reader at one emotional pitch—and that the least endurable—through three hundred and fifty odd pages. No; for even in war actual fighting remains a little exceptional; the casual and the trivial bulk quite as large as they do in the lives of men at home. Only, the discomfort is on a gigantic scale and the dislocations of habit are without parallel. In the work of rebarbarization they count quite as heavily as the insane fury of the assault. M. Barbusse shows very subtly how all these influences play on the men and mould them; how they are transforming the massed humanity at the front. His book is filled with a kind of primordial humor, with penetrating criticism, with a truly Gothic grotesquery,

with a great and moving tenderness for the patched and wretched cave-men armored in mud, crawled over by lice, sleeping in dung, and sent at intervals across the hell of No Man's Land to slay or be slain as chance serves.

When we meet the men of the squad—peasants and artisans of the lowest class, the true heroes of the war—they are awash on "an endless grey sheet that floats on the sea and has here and there gone under." M. Barbusse does not dabble in childish symbolism, but there is a complete appropriateness in his initial picture of a water-logged world in which "even the wan light seems to flow." Water is, in fact, a sort of motif to which he returns again and again, until he sums up his final impression for us "on the wrecked and dissolving plain, flecked with bodies between its worm-shaped chasms of water, among the islands of motionless men stuck together like reptiles in this flattening and sinking chaos"—"I used to think that the worst hell in war was the flame of shells; and then for long I thought it was the suffocation of the caverns which eternally confine us. But it is neither of these things. Hell is water."

Like the author himself, the men of his squad are tortured by the need of finding words into which they can pack all their misery, so that what remains incredible even to them may be made credible to those who have stayed at home. What is war? One of the men looks out on the "calamitous plain," with bodies strewn "here and there in the vastness like foul rubbish"—he looks and says, "That's war . . . It's not anything else." And the author interprets his thought: "He means—and I am with him in his meaning—more than attacks that are like ceremonial reviews, more than visible battles unfurled like banners, more even than hand-to-hand encounters of shouting strife, War is frightful and unnatural weariness, water up to the belly, mud and dung and infamous filth. It is befouled faces and tattered flesh, it is corpses that are no longer like corpses even, floating on the ravenous earth."

Such, M. Barbusse shows us, in a succession of episodes that are, I suppose, broadly typical—such is war to the common soldier. The impression that he wishes to drive home, and that he does drive home with cumulative force, is one of infinite boredom and inhuman discomfort, of the pervasively disintegrating action of war upon a group of men who have outgrown the mood of war and whom circumstances cannot quite thrust back into that mood. The lust for blood may, in fact, be stimulated, along with other lusts, but what M. Barbusse insists upon is that it is no longer stimulated enough. The men themselves feel this as they watch the black troops getting ready to go into action. The Africans are real soldiers, made for the business of slaughter. But in themselves the peasant and the artisan are only overlaid, not obliterated; and that makes a tragic difference.

And what is their reaction to the war? Is it simply a hopeless and confused acquiescence? By no means. They are fighting the war in a spirit of fine generosity, with complete dedication of themselves; they are trying to save what no longer exists for them—the comfortable civilization of Europe. And they are trying to understand, to emerge "from the delusion and ignorance which soil them as the mud soils them." What is it that causes war, they ask. It is the spirit of militarism, one answers. "'Germany and militarism—they're the same thing.'" No; that is too simple. "'To-day militarism is called Germany.' . . 'Yes, but what will it be called to-morrow?'—'After all, what is it that makes the mass and horror of war?'—'It's the mass of the people.'—'But the people—that's us.'—'Yes, that's true. It's the people who are war; without them, there would be nothing, nothing but some wrangling, a long way off. But it isn't they who decide on it; it's the masters who steer them'—'The people are struggling to-day to have no more masters who steer them. This war, it's like the French Revolution continuing.'" And then: "The people of the world ought to come to an understanding, through the hides and on the bodies of those who exploit them one way and another. All the masses ought to agree together."

I am aware that the passages I have quoted, and especially the last, do a disservice to the author. Nothing in the book has the neatness and salience that such sentences have in a review. "Under Fire" is like a panorama which must be taken in at a sweep; its impressive bigness depends upon the cumulative effect of a host of small impressions which cannot be subtracted from the whole. To review such a book is obviously impossible; one can only recommend it. It is the sort of book which everyone who wants to know what war is actually like will have to read for himself.

George Bernard Donlin.

Briefs on New Books

Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents. Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.

What "Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents" is largely himself; we get him somewhat in the guise of a naughty altar-boy. He kneels before the shrine, he swings the censer, he goes through certain genuflexions; yet he contrives to grimace at the reverent throng and to tip the wink that the worshipful Mystery is too much of a humbug to merit much regard. A man cannot live—live exclusively and consciously—in a realm of unworthy make-believe without suffering for it; and Mr. George Jean Nathan, in some of his phases, is calculated to cause regrets. He is mighty knowing and capable in his field, but he is brash. He opens up some wonderful, sudden vistas for the playgoer, and shoots a number of penetrating epigrams; but his taste and discretion are not equal to his brilliancy. Though from Fort Wayne, as his biography on the jacket informs us, he has come to be more metropolitan than most of the metropolitans themselves—self-possessed to the uttermost verge of the unabashed and as cynical as you please. One wonders how he would act if he met Truth and Right Feeling face to face: according to his own confession of experiences, he seems unlikely to meet them in the modern theatre, his sole *milieu*. He is a sort of latter-day Israfel, playing "wildly," however "well," on the keyboard of Good Taste; he jabs, prods, counters, scrambles—a loud, bizarre, but compelling performance. Yet the impression persists that he really knows the theatre as few others know it, and that he would write more worthily about it if it were more worthy itself. When the better day finally comes for the stage, let us hope not to find that the rather regrettable habits which Mr. George Jean Nathan has formed during times of decadence are operating to prevent him from writing about finer things in a finer way. For despite numerous incisive and clear-visioned pages, large tracts of his work are better suited to the passing *feuilleton* than to the permanent book.

The Evolution of Modern Capitalism. By John A. Hobson. Scribner; $1.75.

The new edition of John A. Hobson's "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism" differs from its predecessor by the addition of a new supplementary chapter dealing with the effect of the war on the industrial organization of Europe. "The year 1914," Mr. Hobson writes in his preface, "will mark a definite break in economic as in other history. . . Never has any previous war exercised such a disturbing influence. . ." The disturbance has shown itself in England as a swift qualitative and quantitative readjustment of industry to new demands, an increase of production in spite of the withdrawal of millions of laborers from work, the "dilution" of labor, that is, an increase in the number of people executing a single process, and the employment of women at jobs hitherto taboo to them. Money wages have gone up, real wages are down, and the maintenance of the real wage level will demand, and in the end compel, coöperation between labor and capital, such that workers may become in some sense owners. Against such a unification of the operators in an industry, however, the consuming public will need protection, so that government regulation and control of prices and production may be necessarily continued even when the war is over. This will be even more essential unless a durable and organic peace gets established. For nations will then want to go completely "heeled," to be self-sustaining in every respect, the governments holding a firm hand upon the manufacture of munitions and the production of food particularly. The war has shown, furthermore, the increased power of the public credit, which kept the banks from going smash during the first period. This may be now invoked to finance a "return to the land" and other enterprises having a bearing on national defence. Without international organization, moreover, economic internationalism is certain to be disorganized. Industry will be subjected to the control of military and political considerations. This will arrest economic progress, and make secure the grip of the financial oligarchy upon mankind.

Love Songs. By Sara Teasdale. Macmillan; $1.25.

A bookful of loveliness is this new volume of Sara Teasdale's verse: new not in the sense that all the poems it contains are recent ones, but that it represents a lately gathered treasury of lyrics. They are characterized, as her work has always been, by a musical facility, strong imagery, and that note of mingled joy and pain which haunts the moments of love, whether in its inception, its fulfillment, or its loss. Indeed the poet stresses so frequently the sweet ironies of what Henry James called "the great constringent relation between men and women," that as one reads many of them the successive poems lose some of their original keenness. Mrs. Filsinger is betrayed, too, by her gift for smooth and charming lines; she occasionally wastes fascinating technique on a triviality which ends in vapor. Her lapses from technical excellence, as for example the rhyming of "love" and "enough," are in fact less frequent than her failures to give point to

otherwise lovely lyrics. Of them all, the "Songs Out of Sorrow" are her least achievement; they descend most abruptly to the commonplace, both in theme and method. Of the others, one beautiful and typical is "Lights":

When we come home at night and close the door,
Standing together in the shadowy room,
Safe in our own love and the gentle gloom,
Glad of familiar wall and chair and floor,

Glad to leave far below the clanging city;
Looking far downward to the glaring street
Gaudy with light, yet tired with many feet,
In both of us wells up a wordless pity;

Men have tried hard to put away the dark;
A million lighted windows brilliantly
Inlay with squares of gold the winter night,
But to us standing here there comes the stark
Sense of the lives behind each yellow light,
And not one wholly joyous, proud, or free.

An Old Frontier of France. By Frank H. Severance. Dodd, Mead; $7.50.

Mr. Severance is a specialist in his chosen field, the Niagara region during French discovery and dominion. He is painstaking and accurate, with an apparently vastly absorbent, orderly intellect, and if only he might have quickened his subject with a more human touch, the reviewer could accord him unstinted praise. The story of civilized man's struggle with the wilderness, with savages, and finally with other civilized men is one of ever-renewed interest, reflecting as it does the evolution of nationality.

Champlain, La Salle, and Tonti, "the man with the iron hand," in their laborious but relentless progress westward, were not, perhaps, inspired by the highest motives, but they were of the stuff that we can admire. Later, exploration was frequently but an excuse for profit in trade, just as trade was still later to become a mask for depredation, and national defence the byword for cruelties hardly exceeded by those of the shifty allies of the French in America. Dongan wrote, in the last years of the seventeenth century, " 'Tis a very hard thing that all the Countryes a Frenchman walks over in America must belong to Canada," and therewith demanded the "breaking down" of the chief French stronghold at Niagara. The attitude that he criticizes was hardly confined to France. It might be applied with scant injustice to every man of whatever nationality who traversed the disputed country of western New York, the Lakes, and the territory of "La Belle Rivière."

Through the maze of bickerings and badly directed affairs, a few men of unusual power stand out. There was Joncaire the Elder, interpreter by profession, clandestine fur-trader, and subtle diplomatist for the French in their dealings with the Iroquois. There were his sons, —Philippe, of whom the Senecas wrote to the Governor that "they saw clearly their Father was angry with them, since he did not send back their son Joncaire, as that alone could tranquilize them," and Chabert de Joncaire, that ingenious rascal who possessed a like power over the loyalty of his Indians, and who followed his term on the Niagara portage as "the greatest transportation monopolist in America," with a few years of not too solemn reflection in the Bastille. We read of such able opposition leaders as Colonel John Bradstreet and Sir William Johnson, the conqueror of Niagara. The author quotes liberally from the caustic, often humorous old journals and reports. In his chapter on "Niagara News in 1757" he reflects most graphically the rough-and-ready existence on the frontier, when prisoners and scalps were brought in with daily regularity, when starving incomers were replenished from the king's stores with little regard to the legitimacy of their disposal, when "ladies, women and children" lent an air of domesticity and gaiety by their unpermitted presence. It was a good time to be alive.

Social Diagnosis. By Mary E. Richmond. Russell Sage Foundation; $2.

To make the study of human relationships as much a science as is the study of physical phenomena has been one of the dreams of the social philosophers since the days of the French enlightenment. But the dream has never come true. While Miss Richmond in her careful work, to the preparation of which she gave the free time of fourteen years, has probably not had such an ambitious aim, she has produced a book remarkable for the accuracy of the methods outlined for the social worker and for the detail and thoroughness with which she has gone into the subject of measurements in one phase of life,—the pathology of social adjustment. This volume is essentially a study in the methods and efficiency of case work. Cases are necessarily in large part individual matters and do not therefore lend themselves easily to statistical study. Not the counting of instances, therefore, but the careful and painstaking analysis of human character in relation to individual and social failure in all its angles and from all available sources in hundreds and thousands of instances difficult to classify has been Miss Richmond's task. It was a stupendous undertaking, but it had back of it the enthusiasm of one of the best-known and most able social workers of the country. And it needed badly to be done. How to get evidence, how to test it, how to use it are the problems she set herself to solve, and she has handled them in a way which has measurably advanced one aspect at least of social science toward the goal which the social philosophers have set for it.

Irish Idylls. Jane Barlow. Dodd, Mead; $2.

When Miss Barlow's "Irish Idylls" was first published, twenty years ago, a critic said of it: "The philanthropist or the political student interested in the eternal Irish Problem will learn more from Miss Barlow's volumes than from a dozen Royal Commissions and a hundred Blue Books." To say more is futile. Miss Barlow, the daughter of the dean of Trinity College, spent her life in a small village just outside of Dublin; and narrow "Lisconnell," hung with peat smoke and mist, is not drawn from imagination,—there is room for a stranger at every hearth, where kindness, sometimes a bit hedged by sharp words, is commoner than potatoes. "A real poet I can never be," Miss Barlow once wrote to a friend, and went on writing singing prose. At the end of a wet day "the cloud canopy . . . was flying eastward, scudding in festoons and trails and shreds, or furled into rumpled bundles in the grip of the careering blasts. . . . Each arrival, mostly in the moth-colored dusk, at the black mouth of Dan O'Beirne's scarlet-hearted forge was a triumphant moment to be anticipated from afar." And so on. But even if it were not shot with such lovely bits of description, every chapter in the book—that one called "One Too Many" most of all—is a gift to the student of Ireland.

The Budget. By René Stourm. Translated by Thaddeus Plazinski. Appleton; $3.75.

There are many reasons for regarding the management of revenues and expenditures as the most crucial part of government. The age-long struggle for democracy has hinged on the power of the purse; and, broadly speaking, political systems succeed or fail according as they make provision for honest and economical handling of the public funds. The United States has had her share of irresponsible and corrupt use of the people's money, but the chief difficulty has been rather the almost unvarying shortsightedness and wastefulness of well-meaning, but inexperienced or inefficient, legislators and administrators. A year or more ago certain students of governmental problems set up in Washington an Institute for Government Research, with a view not only to scientific investigation, but to the development of constructive plans for administrative improvement in the United States. Quite properly, the attention of this promising agency was turned first of all to the subject of finance. An admirable volume dealing with financial administration in Great Britain was published, and the excellences of the British budget system were duly emphasized.

A second publication is no less important, although only a translation. The book chosen is Professor Stourm's "Le Budget," which for many years has been the standard treatise on the preparation of estimates, the voting of appropriations, and the collection of taxes. In France it has reached a seventh edition; and it is safe to say that no book has been more influential in bringing to their present high efficiency the financial systems of the western European nations. The volume has been little used in America, except by scholars. It should now come into the hands of numerous members of Congress, state legislatures, municipal councils, and other spending bodies; and while, perhaps unfortunately, large sections deal on technical lines with problems and methods which are peculiar to France, the American official who cannot find here a fund of indispensable information ought not to be in public office. Fundamentally, the fault in our fiscal administration lies with the people, who cling to the notion that the treasury exists for the satisfaction of local needs. It is too much to expect of the people generally that they read Stourm's lengthy and rather dry book. Yet through increased use by publicists, office-holders, teachers, and students it will undoubtedly become a force in the gradual reshaping of public opinion on more wholesome lines, thereby justifying the confidence of those who are responsible for its appearance in its present form.

A Naturalist of Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Dodd, Mead; $2.50.

Mr. Bradford's title sounds a bit pompous, but he has an authority for it no less august than Sainte-Beuve: "je suis un naturaliste des esprits." This phrase Mr. Bradford condenses into the word "psychographer," which, together with "psychograph," he has "not yet found courage to talk about, and even if I had, publishers and editors have not." Psychography is, however, explained. It differs from biography in that the latter "is bound to present an elaborate sequence of dates, events and circumstances, of which some are merely required to make the narrative complete," while "psychography selects only that which is indispensable for its particular purpose, i. e., the attempt to portray character." This difference hardly seems important since good biography has often succeeded in portraying character with no neglect of the events of the individual's life. The word, together with the process it is supposed to designate, might be ignored were it not for Mr. Bradford's seriousness about it, and his feeling that it "seemed to sum up processes that have been rather vaguely employed before and to give them a name which might be useful in attracting the attention of the jaded,

overloaded American reader." The possibility of using the word "psychography" for that purpose is amusingly pathetic.

There follow, then, ten essays—nine on men and one on "The Novel Two Thousand Years Ago." Of the nine only three are psychographs in the finished state: those on the younger Pliny, Ovid, and Saint Francis de Sales. The other six, on Donne, Leopardi, Anthony Trollope, Burton and his "Anatomy of Melancholy," Alexandre Dumas, and Clarendon, are attempts made before psychography was "consciously working." The reader is grateful that it worked before it was conscious, for it is difficult to tell wherein the real psychographs may crow over their less dignified brethren. Mr. Bradford writes the sort of essay that is born of enthusiasm and affection, the sort that keeps one from sleep and the dining-table. If you know the man of whom he writes, you are delighted; if you do not, you wish you did. He is a humble and not unsuccessful follower of the great, unconscious psychographers, Tacitus, Saint Simon, Sainte-Beuve, and, though he is not mentioned as such, R. L. S.

The Expansion of Europe; The Culmination of Modern History. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin; $2.

Professor Muir's "Expansion of Europe" is a companion essay to his recently published "Nationalism and Internationalism." It undertakes to describe, within the space of 230 pages, "the sources and character of the great process by which, during the last four centuries, the whole world has been subjugated by the civilization of Europe, and its bearing upon the problems of the Great War." Naturally, there is no attempt at formal narrative; and while the recent stages of colonial development are dealt with most fully, even the transformation of the British Empire between 1815 and 1878 is disposed of in less than two-score pages. Emphasis is laid on the motives, principles, and methods of colonial enterprise, and on the influence of colonial undertakings upon the national and international politics of Europe. The best portion of the book is that containing an analysis of colonial rivalries from 1878 to the outbreak of the present war, although even here there is no claim to the presentation of either new facts or unfamiliar interpretations. The world ambitions of Germany are very fairly stated, and one will perhaps find nowhere a better brief exposition of the Mittel-Europa scheme and its international significance. Elsewhere the author gives expression to his somewhat contemptuous opinion of American foreign policy. Perhaps he is right in saying that it is only the British fleet that has prevented the Monroe Doctrine from being seriously challenged; but his cavalier characterization of that doctrine, in its present form, as "a haughty declaration that Europe has no concern with American affairs" is not warranted by the facts. The book may be read profitably by persons who desire a rapid résumé of the colonial and commercial rivalries of the great powers; more serious students will find it of little value.

My Four Years in Germany. By James W. Gerard. Doran; $2.

Germany's recent remarkable response to the call for a seventh war loan, a loan of no less than twelve billion marks, gives timely emphasis to ex-Ambassador Gerard's assertion that the power of the empire is still unbroken, that "we stand in great peril, and only the exercise of ruthless realism can win this war for us." Realism in plenty will be found in his detailed account of his four years in the country now so relentlessly at war with us, as with most of the rest of the civilized world. From the day of his appointment as our representative at Berlin to that of his departure from the German capital with "a clear conscience," as he says, "and the knowledge that I had done everything possible to keep the peace," he tells us the story of his diplomatic and social experiences; and trying in the extreme some of them must have been, though no suspicion of a whine jars with the sprightliness of these chapters of seriously momentous personal and official history. Varying here and there the autobiographic style are sundry informing reports on such topics as German militarism, the Zabern episode, the causes of the war, the treatment of prisoners, commercial and economic conditions, war charities, and German hate. Personal observation rather than abstract theory underlies all these chapters and makes them well worth reading.

The Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It. By D. Macdougall King. Lippincott; $1.50.

Dr. D. Macdougall King, having returned after being "over the top" in the war against consumption, was impressed with the fact that those who fall do so because they do not understand why certain things are necessary. He had a score of years' experience in treating the other fellow, and then he had the years when he was the patient. He has written an unusually clear and helpful manual-at-arms for popular guidance. It is made clearer by the frequent use of simile, chiefly drawn from army life. He tells how the white cells of the body march to and fro in the trenches, and fall upon and destroy the germs of disease; but if the white cells are im-

poverished or overworked, they are unable to win a victory. "You are the general and their destiny lies in your keeping." The tubercle bacilli are weak, and easily overcome if rightly attacked. If they have become established, it is because the patient is ignorant, and he had better go to a sanitarium for instruction. The second portion of the book is devoted to home treatment. Since nine out of ten have the disease at some time, and since failure to recover may be charged in many cases to the ignorant kindness of friends, it behooves all to study the principles involved in the battle, and not to wait until they are attacked. Only one criticism is to be made on the material. Milk pasteurized at 150 degrees is deprived of some of its nutritive value. The approved temperature is from 140 to 145 degrees.

Myths and Legends of British North America. Selected and edited by Katherine Berry Judson. McClurg; $1.50.

Since eyes were made for seeing,—and reading, . . such a book as this has not much excuse for being. In the preface the author says, "As in other volumes of this series, only the quaint, the pure, and the beautiful, has been taken from the tales of the Indians. Any one wishing pure ethnology, good and bad together, would do better to go to ethnological reports." The author then makes no pretensions to scientific appeal, and her readers will hardly find any literary interest in the hundred or so short, miscellaneous, and inchoate myths related from the legends of Canadian aborigines. Whether they are reductions, redactions, or translations does not appear. Neither is there any specific assignment of sources. The purpose of the book seems to be the entertainment of young people, but even for this modest design the sketchiness of the material and lack of developed unity leaves it inadequate. The photograph on the cover and several interior views carry the strong suggestion that here is a new variety—and a rather clever one—of railway advertising.

The Commercialization of Leisure. By James Peyton Sizer. Richard G. Badger; 75 cts.

This little essay with an attractive title calls attention to a serious problem in modern life,—serious despite its leisurely aspect. It brings forth the important consideration that amusement and recreation are among the prominent and essential affairs of men. Amusement has become a huge business. Leisure is in itself a value approaching the highest good. A successful democracy must make leisure possible for the largest numbers. It must provide ways of using leisure which will advance as well as content human beings. The statement made by Mr. Sizer shows how far from such a condition the actual relation stands. It shows, on every side, an exploitation of the need for recreation, and its vulgarization in cheap drama, dancing, moving pictures, and "amusement" parks. The organization of leisure and recreation by the community is ably pointed out as one of the essential duties of the true democratic state.

William Dunlap. A Study of His Life and Works and of His Place in Contemporary Culture. By Oral Sumner Coad. Published by the Dunlap Society, New York.

After a long period of inactivity the Dunlap Society has brought out a new book. This is evidently another of the dissertations on American writers into which the department of English at Columbia has of late been directing candidates for the doctorate, and it is one of the best of its class. Unfortunately, it falls occasionally into a cheaply journalistic style, which might well have been censored by the distinguished gentlemen to whom the author gives thanks for aid with the proof sheets. Like other young investigators, the author includes material acquired in the course of his study which, while new and interesting to him, is readily available elsewhere, and is not closely germane to his subject. Notwithstanding these faults he has done an exceedingly thorough and complete piece of research, and has prepared a sane and, on the whole, well-balanced book. The order and system of his presentation will be especially appreciated by those who know how completely Dunlap's own non-dramatic writings lack these qualities. He has steered well between the danger of overpraising the subject of one's thesis as a hero and that of shattering a traditional reputation by supercilious criticism. There is no gainsaying his judgment that Dunlap was an imitator rather than a creator, and that he had no high literary gift, but was, as pioneer and innovator, a force of the first importance. If Dr. Coad has not succeeded in making as vivid as might be wished the personality of a charming comrade and a likable acquaintance, this may be due in part to the paucity of materials at his disposal. The appendix contains a bibliography of Dunlap's writings, and a partial list of his extant paintings.

The Oppressed English. By Ian Hay. Doubleday, Page; 50 cts.

A book the Englishman could never understand. How anyone could find material for a satire in his dislike of "talking shop" and "putting on side" would be beyond his comprehension. But Ian Hay does and, moreover, he makes very good use of that material. He points out with

evident glee that in the present war, the English soldier, as differentiated from the Scottish or Irish or Canadian one, never gets the credit for any daring deed or victory at the front, but let something go wrong—at once it is the muddle-headed Englishman who is blamed. Mr. Hay tells why he thinks this is so. In another chapter he gives the Englishman's "Secular Decalog" and a typical American's comment on it. He then proceeds to explain why it is the English cannot settle the Irish question. As is apt to be the case with a book of this kind, Mr. Hay's desire to make his humorous periods leads him sometimes to sacrifice the exact truth. He exaggerates the idiosyncrasies of the Englishman to make his satire carry over. Once you have forgiven that, however, you find the little book pleasant reading.

Across France in War-Time. By W. Fitzwater Wray. Dutton; 50 cts.

Across France in wartime is exactly where and when many of the adventurous or the curious among us would like to travel. Mr. Wray (Kuklos), out of a newspaper job because of the war and unfit to serve as a soldier, finds both employment of time and sufficient excitement in a bicycle trip across France from St. Malo east to Vitry-le François, the line of travel all lying south of Paris. The author is wise enough to realize the advantages of travel on foot or cycle —advantages like those of closer acquaintance with the country traversed and of passage over roads inaccessible to an automobile. He gives, in a rambling way, the story of suspicious peasants, deeming anyone a Prussian who is not French, of broken homes, of the difficulty of obtaining food—in short all the usual joys and pains of such a trip. If you are the sort of person who wants to know what is just around that bend in the road, you will enjoy Mr. Wray's story.

Life and Times of David Humphreys. By Frank Landon Humphreys. Putnam's; $7.50.

These two large and handsome volumes are an excellent example of what may be called monumental biography. They have been prepared with great pains to commemorate the life and virtues of a relative of the biographer; and printer, illustrator, and binder have combined to give them a form that is dignified on the library shelves. A casual reader with endless time will find in them much of miscellaneous interest, and the scholar may make use of them by means of the excellent index. A hurried student forced to read them through will do so with many groanings. The author shows his thoroughness by including every bit of information that comes in his way. For example, he thinks it probable, though he has no certain proof, that David Humphreys lived in Connecticut Hall, at Yale, in 1771. This justifies a two-page history of that building, with a quotation from a contemporary mention of the laying of the corner-stone in 1750, and the added remark, "It is not stated whether the ceremony was a purely academic and social one, or whether the 'Worshipful Master' and his assistants were called upon to lay properly the foundation stone." On this plan of telling all that is known, all that is conjectured, and all that is not known about the most irrelevant things, the biography meanders along. The familiar story of Arnold's treason and the capture and execution of Major André is told at length, to conclude with the statement: "The part borne in these transactions by Col. Humphreys does not appear from any available documents. But as one of the General's aides and a personal friend of Col. Wadsworth he undoubtedly went to Hartford, where his knowledge of French was probably of service." Indeed, without the words "undoubtedly" and "probably" the author could hardly have got through the first volume.

In the latter part of the work more correspondence is available, and the facts can be stated more definitely; though of the letters given here two-thirds add nothing to our knowledge of Humphreys, and most of them have been printed elsewhere. All known facts regarding David Humphreys's life could very likely have been told in fifty pages, and all really significant parts of his letters and of letters to him given in one hundred pages more. Since the author has done a monumental biography so well it may be unfair to complain that he did not choose to do another kind; but such a choice would have been a clear saving of 850 pages to the reader. Except for one or two slips that may be chargeable to the printer the work seems accurate and scholarly. It dwells especially on the relations between Humphreys and Washington, not only while Col. Humphreys was aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief during the Revolution, but until Washington's death. It also gives full details of Humphreys's career as minister to Portugal and to Spain, and his efforts to clear up the Algerian complications. His later public-spirited devotion to the improvement of sheep-breeding and of the manufacture of woolen cloth are presented fully, though less emphatically. Those who remember David Humphreys chiefly as one of the "Hartford Wits" may be surprised at the relatively small amount of space devoted to his literary work, though after the chapter of "Humphreys's Writings" little remains to be said.

Notes on New Fiction

Any reader who has hoped that sometime he might have the opportunity to make the *amende honorable* to Edna Ferber has it now. If you have found yourself led along protestingly, however divertingly, through Miss Ferber's previous writings; if you have had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps your author did not quite respect her reader, her art, or herself, here comes the chance to change your mind, to alter your attitude toward one of the most up-and-coming of our present-day fictionists. "Fanny Herself" (Stokes; $1.40) is the most serious, extended, and dignified of Miss Ferber's books. Its first half, in particular, is quite the best work that the creator of Emma McChesney has done. The earlier stages of the career of Fanny Brandeis—her advance from the small bazaar in "Winnebago," Wisconsin, to an important position in a big mail-order house in Chicago—is full of unction, verve and passion. Molly Brandeis, Fanny's mother, who dominates this portion of the book, is even better than her daughter. Later on the author succumbs to that necessary but troublesome thing, a plot. The head of the mail-order house shows himself objectionable, if not dangerous; and a clever young newspaper man of Fanny's own race and own home town leads her to peace and safety. He rescues her from a career of business and business only, and aids her to realize herself as a woman and not as the mere head of a department—an ending which the trend and tone of the story had seemed to threaten. "Fanny Herself" is a vivid, vital, full-blooded book; dealing with "big business" and the ascent of a forceful and persistent race, it is more successful than some of its kind in avoiding essential offences to ideality and taste.

In "The High Heart," by Basil King (Harper; $1.50), the heroine decides to live according to the principle that right will always conquer, and she is ever irritatingly sure of the righteousness of her cause, particularly when she engages herself to the son of a rich family who abhor the match. The head of this family, the "Great Dispenser," as the author wittily calls him, looks upon himself as the divinely authorized arbiter of all his children's lives. His self-conceit is sadly damaged when he discovers that his second wife, whom he loves with all the fervor of his sixty years, is faithless. She exchanges a promise of good behavior for his consent to the engagement of his son to the poor heroine, and then the latter immediately discovers that her affections are really placed elsewhere, so that the sacrifice is wasted. This book, by virtue of the author's perhaps unconscious talent for writing, just escapes being platitudinous.

It is a pity that Phyllis Bottome should waste her efforts on intellectual cream-puffs. A great deal of the psychology in "The Second Fiddle" (Century; $1.35) is accurate; but where could such happy endings possibly evolve? And how could one lovely, normal girl be all but surrounded by a set of caricatures? Any romantic young lady could tell you at the end of the first thirty pages who is going to get the charming Sir Julian in the end. The effect is not lessened by a change of nomenclature—a proof-reader's oversight—from "Sir Richard" to "Sir Julian." It is not fair for Miss Bottome to subsidize her gifts to the Ladies' Market.

"We Can't Have Everything," by Rupert Hughes (Harper; $1.50), is a misnomer, for the various personages get what they wish, and that is "everything." The book is a plea for quick and easy divorce. A lovely girl is married to a mere man. She is loved by an athlete. The husband, for his part, ties himself tightly to the bows and bells of a dancer. The wife, in defiance of her pastor's wishes, finally obtains her release, just as the athlete finds himself obliged to marry an actress of the movies—already twice married. In the end the reader isn't sure just who is married. The whole, in its sly sex-suggestiveness and apparent frankness about ostensibly vital problems, is quite characteristic of Rupert Hughes.

The war has put an end to the existence of many fads, but Mary Fisher deems some of them still strong enough and harmful enough to write a story about. In "The Treloars" (Crowell; $1.35), we meet the editor of a frankly anarchistic literary journal, the newspaper worker with ideals (soon snuffed out), the woman who believes that home is woman's only proper sphere, the spoiled actress who likes being loved and does not mind making a slave of some susceptible man, the angelic maiden who finally wins the only man after the actress dies, and two controversial old men. All the personages are suitably downhearted, but almost every one finds salvation in the war. What a godsend the war has been to lazy or unimaginative novelists! With it they can cut every Gordian knot. But even so, sending the offending personages off to war is certainly less cruel than killing them.

Ethel M. Kelley's first novel, "Turn About Eleanor" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.40), will attract the favorable attention of those who want an old-fashioned story about new-fashioned people. It is old-fashioned in this day of typewriter-made fiction because it is full of common sense and good workmanship. There is more than an amusing plot, there are real ideas in it, as well as flesh and blood and brain characters. The story concerns a group of young New Yorkers who, fired by the zeal of a young collegian, de-

termine to find a "worthy purpose" in life. That purpose is discovered in the adoption of ten-year-old Eleanor. Anyone who ever had a child or wanted one will follow the ensuing experiences with the keenest enjoyment. Eleanor spends a month with each of her foster parents in turn. Each of them tries to mould her character in accordance with his pet preconceptions—and gets moulded himself! Miss Kelley knows how to tell a story and she has a sparkling wit. The book is the sort that one passes on to a friend.

The scene of "Temperamental Henry," by Samuel Merwin (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50), is very plainly Evanston twenty or twenty-five years ago. Henry is a boy of eighteen who falls in love with every girl he meets. For one tragic climax he starts out to New York City with the intention of seeing his present lady-love off to Europe, but meets a siren on the train who soon incites him to get rid of his last penny, with most humiliating consequences. The boy's violent introspections and his barometric self-conceit are both funny and pathetic.

Twenty-five years ago, if a stranger travelled through the Kentucky mountains, he was as likely as not to be taken for a revenue officer, and be summarily escorted from the country or disposed of in some less gentle way. To-day the mountain children no longer hide behind the house at the sight of a "furriner," and coal, the railroads, and settlement schools have among them almost transformed the mountains to the guise of civilization. But there is still a place the other side of the divide from any railroad, where men who live a mile or two from their neighbors will say, "Law, hit's noisy enough fer *me* right hyer!" It is from these places that John Fox, Jr., draws the material for his new collection of stories, "In Happy Valley" (Scribner's; $1.35). Happy Valley harbors a mission school where St. Hilda, its founder, has created a social nucleus for the mountain people, where they may send their "young uns" to get learning, and where they may go themselves for help. Mr. Fox takes the keenest literary enjoyment in telling his tales of shootings, weddings, preachings, and other mountain ceremonies among the people whose ways and speech he knows so well. The inspiration that he seemed to draw from those earlier days at the Gap, when the mountains were really what one imagines the mountains to be, is somewhat dimmed, just as the mountain character has acquired a veneer of outer-worldliness. But the point is that he sees below the surface into the real lives of his people, and that he enriches mere incident with the warmth that comes from an appreciation of the values from which it springs.

Casual Comment

Who, before the outbreak of the Great War, was the leading advocate of international conciliation and pacificism in the United States? Who constantly and with curious insistence represented to his countrymen the German Kaiser as the true friend of peace, the ideal statesman, the genial family man and devoted scholar? Who never tired of praising the German system of government and spread far and wide the gospel of its perfection? Who wore upon his breast the Kaiser's decoration and boasted of the imperial favors bestowed upon him? Who spent Carnegie's enormous peace funds right and left hiring speakers, organizing pacifist societies in our colleges, and paying teachers to go to summer schools all over the country propagating the doctrines of international conciliation? Who demanded government ownership of munition works in order to remove the most insidious militarist influence from American politics? Who first fell upon the German professors after the outbreak of war and denounced them for their intolerance, their blind patriotism, and their undiscriminating allegiance to the Kaiser? Who permitted the militaristic trustees of his institution of "learning" to subject to a humiliating inquisition in 1916 two professors accused of pacific leanings? Who permitted his trustees to pass and make public resolutions calling for a degrading inquiry into the views of the teaching force and then went South to play golf? Who drove out of his institution a young instructor who was one of his own paid peace propagandists? Who defamed and misrepresented two professors of pacifist leanings and called upon the mob to crucify them? Who has now flung aside his "convictions" on international conciliation and become the chief witch-burner and heresy-hunter in America? Answer: The man who occupies the exalted office of president of Columbia University.

• • •

"Yesterday," writes a friend of The Dial, in Paris, "I revisited the city. It is changed beyond recognition. The houses and shops are of course the same, and Lahaye, mine host of the Café de Paris, as formerly, never fails to stir the ice at the bottom of his glass as he remarks, 'Here's another the Prussians won't get.' But Dessertenne and Develoy and all the ox and cow dealers of the countryside are down and out. The Americans, now two months gone, hold the country. They came up, they looked it over, they settled down. They own the railway station, in spite of the station-master, whom they sent out to pasture—politely. They own the streets, peopling them with camions and

automobiles and side-cars. They own the cafés, eating and drinking in them *à la* quick-lunch, without allowing anybody to waste their time. They own the fields; brick and iron barracks come up and cover the banks of the river. The drill-ground is theirs; batallions drill from morning to evening and entrain with an air that tells onlooking *poilus*—'Now, then, look sharp. They're at it.' And the women are theirs; I hear that the ladies look at them, lips puckered, and that all the young girls are dreaming of marrying Americans. But don't imagine the natives are angry at being jostled and shaken up and shoved out by this invasion. Oh, no! The aborigines hold a corner on it, if I may say so, quite closed up. 'Ain't they the rascals!' they keep saying. And when a Morvandiau deigns to call somebody a rascal, he's using, I assure you, his superlative of enthusiasm."

* * *

How is criticism to remain infallible in spite of the fallibility of the critic? The question is posed by a literary editor. In fiction, we are reminded, the critic's "great personal enjoyment" may be "excited to the highest degree by a Sherlock Holmes story, while 'Anna Karenina,' we will say, might leave him quite calm. And yet he would be perfectly honest as a literary critic in recommending the 'Anna Karenina' novel much more highly than the detective story —and this in spite of the fact that he enjoyed reading the detective story much more than he did 'Anna Karenina'." The study of literature has furnished the critic with "perfectly definite laws" by which to distribute praise and blame. What a nightmarish possibility! The "laws" apparently enable the critic to regenerate his readers while leaving his own nature unregenerate. Could there be a more irritating paradox?

* * *

The literary event of the past fortnight was, of course, the appearance of the two unfinished novels by Henry James. To the intrinsic interest of the volumes there is added the further interest of the workman's notes, swift jottings that trace the evolution of the theme and the successive modifications it took on under the eager play of his mind. To those who love letters, such intimate revelations are always precious. Whatever one may think of the durability of the vast fictional structure James reared,—a question we shall certainly hear tossed about in the next few months,—there can be no doubt of his impressiveness as an artist. He was unique and he was inspiring. Glance at these hasty, and yet always fastidious, notes—"the overflow into talk of an artist's amorous plan"—and you are forced to realize anew how entirely James had brought all his powers to a focus in the task of creation. Every impulse was subordinated, every activity tributary, to the main stream of his interest. The problems he set himself were never easy, and they were never slighted. He seems even to have delighted in accumulating difficulties as he went along, in an effort to reveal more and ever more aspects of the repercussion of moods and the clash of temperaments. He recorded copiously and with the merciless minuteness of a man who has all the time there is, and yet one sees that what he wanted always to give was the utmost truth possible—never mere subtlety. The prize he set himself was, to use his own words, "to achieve the lucidity *with* the complexity." He didn't always succeed; some of the complexities he saw—or imagined—could never have been made lucid; but there is no doubt that he did his best. And he achieved in doing it a complete individuality as a writer. Such absorption as he revealed may seem a little idolatrous, inhuman in the wide area of experience it excluded, but it gives you the figure of the artist who is content to be that and nothing else. And such a figure cannot but be imposing.

* * *

There is a certain resplendent magazine, published in the only "cosmopolitan centre" in these states, which has for its special care the fashioning of our nascent aristocracy. It is almost invariably patient and helpful, having regard to the rawness and stubbornness of the material with which it is condemned to work, and it can be informative on a vast range of topics touching the orthodoxies of the decorous life, such as hats, walking sticks, tea-table embellishments (including conversation), and so on. Literature and the arts are by no means overlooked. For example, "There are only two requirements for greatness in a work of art:—it must set forth material that is momentous, in accordance with a method that is masterly. In the first place, the artist must have something to say; and, in the second place, he must know how to say it." Or again: "In any really great work material and method are so completely married that it is impossible for analytic critics to divorce them. The thing said and the way of saying it are one and inseparable. The genius of such supreme artists as Phidias, Dante, Velasquez, Shakespeare, and Beethoven is identical with their talent." There are those who maintain that a passion for the *cliché* is inborn, while others hold that it can be readily acquired along with the traditional culture. As long as the latter theory is not absolutely discredited, and tolerance of platitude remains the true mark of caste, our neighbor does right to persevere.

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Briefer Mention

To compare such opposite studies of feminine philosophy as Anna Walther's "Around the World with a Milliner's Needle" (Stokes; $1.50), and Margaret Sherwood's "Familiar Ways" (Little, Brown; $1.25), seems impossible; yet they have a predominate element in common,—selfishness. Miss Walther, after achieving success in everything in her career except a marriage with her supercilious adorer, turns petulantly from her selfish agnosticism to an equally selfish faith in Christian Science. Miss Sherwood dilates peacefully on the joys of detached bachelor existence where the question of bird species is second only to that of bulbs. Yet the first of these volumes is brilliant in color and vivid in movement; and the second is notable for grace of expression.

It is refreshing in these will-o'-the-wisp days of spiritualistic gleams over quagmires of doubt, to come across a series of short, sincere essays in Christianity, which really indicate a thoughtful and wholesome outlook on present-day affairs. "The Other Side of the Hill," by F. W. Boreham, is just that. (Abingdon Press; $1.25.)

The first element in physical slovenliness, according to H. Irving Hancock, in "Physical Training for Business Men" (Putnam; $1.75), is weak feet, and the second is defective habits in breathing. Setting-up exercises are greatly aided by first training the muscles of the feet and chest. All the exercises advised by Mr. Hancock may be taken at home, and without special apparatus. His directions are made clearer by the use of half-tone reproductions from weird composite photographs, reminding one of pictures of Vishnu. The plain, common-sense general advice and comment is of great value to any man or woman, and would add to efficiency.

It is doubtless because Thoreau devoted himself to nature throughout the year, while most of us are campers and trampers only in the fair-weather months, that his editors like to group his writings according to the seasons. We have long had volumes of extracts from his journals bearing the titles "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter." "Through the Year with Thoreau," by Herbert W. Gleason (Houghton Mifflin; $3), a new and attractive gift-book commemorative of the centenary year, gives briefer selections on the same plan, illustrated with half-tones from photographs which Mr. Gleason has secured by retracing for years the rambles of Thoreau in Concord and vicinity. Except for a pleasantly written and sanely appreciative introduction and a very few footnotes, Thoreau and these pictures speak for themselves. The illustrations are worthy of the poet-naturalist in that they include not merely the conventional landscapes and "pretty" flowers, but less usual and less promising subjects, such as the skunk-cabbage, fungi, icicles under a bank, and the "sand-foliage" produced by liquid mud on the snow in the railroad cut. It is interesting to note how an art wholly unknown when the author lived—that of photo-engraving—aids in the interpretation and appreciation of what he

wrote. It may well be that he would have disapproved of a process with so large an element in it of the mechanical. But Mr. Gleason has put into his photographs as much of an artist's individuality as the wielder of a camera can well do, and it is evident that in making and selecting these pictures he has been engaged in a patient labor of love.

For those who are desirous of a handbook which summarizes in clear, if dull, English the traditional ideas entertained by liberals, "Religious Thought of the Greeks from Homer to the Triumph of Christianity," Mr. Clifford Herschel Moore's Lowell lectures on the subject, will give satisfaction. Mr. Moore is professor of Latin in Harvard University, and his lectures are printed under the rubric above set forth, by the Harvard University Press. They deal in succession with Homer and Hesiod, Orphism, Pythagoreanism and the Mysteries, religion in the poets of the fifth and sixth centuries, the same in Athens of the fifth century, in Plato and in Aristotle, and the religious philosophies of their successors. In addition there are a clarifying exposition of the cultural relations between Greece and Rome, a discussion of oriental religions in the western half of the Roman Empire, an orthodoxly liberal survey of Christianity, and a discussion of the influence of paganism on Christianity. The learning exhibited in the book is solid and unimaginative, the style too much that of the classroom, dull but informing. They do these themes better in England.

Mr. Thomas A. Joyce, of the department of ethnography of the British Museum, having given us previously two volumes on the archæology of the Mexican and South American cultures, now extends his investigations with "Central American and West Indian Archaeology" (Putnam; $3.75). Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama, Mr. Joyce finds, have been influenced chiefly from the north, by the Mexican and Maya civilization, although at the southern end of the region there are evidences of southern influences as well. The Antilles, on the other hand, reveal only slight evidence of contact with the north and something of a relation with the mainland of Yucatan, with strong indications of southern influences. The volume is richly illustrated with specimens of Central American archæological material.

W. S. Williams, in a little book entitled "The Problem of the Unemployed" (Badger; $1), classifies the causes of unemployment under the heads, individual, social, and industrial conditions. Many, of course, will object to this classification and wish to merge the second and third causes. The author himself does not separate them carefully. He places special emphasis on the effect of industrial conditions. The brief statement of methods of solving the problem in Europe is supplemented with suggestions for America. Here again one is struck with the failure to utilize standard discussions of this subject, for example, the programme of prevention presented by the American Association for Labor Legislation. As remedies he suggests education, industrial training, abolition of child labor,

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prohibition of industrial disputes, sickness insurance, better labor exchanges, and the application of Christian principles to the problem. The brevity of the book prevents thorough discussion, and its failure to draw on the latest federal statistics and other well-recognized sources seriously limits its usefulness.

Though not so announced on the title-page, "The American Public Library," by Arthur E. Bostwick (Appleton; $1.75), is a new edition, revised and brought up to date, of the original work published seven years ago. But the printing on the wrapper and a supplementary paragraph in the preface, proclaim this fact. As a matter of mechanical necessity, no doubt, the revisions and additions have limited themselves to such changes as could be made, here and there, without requiring any considerable resetting or recasting of the pages, so that the former pagination is retained, except that two pages have been added to the index. The table of contents of the first edition has also been reprinted without change, though a few of its details do not apply to the new edition, and a few details in the new edition find no place in the reprinted table of contents. Among alterations made necessary by recent developments, several of importance arrest attention in the chapter on "The Library and the State." A useful list of American library periodicals takes the place of the old list of library clubs, and the statistical table of A. L. A. meetings is lengthened by eight entries. The excellence and usefulness of this the only comprehensive manual in its special field call for no commendation at this late date.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's latest book, "Notes on Shakespeare's Workmanship" (Holt; $2), is correctly named. The chapters are pleasantly written observations which retain the conversational flavor of their original form when first delivered as lectures at Cambridge. The author has brought together many of the important conclusions which Shakespearean scholars have arrived at during the past ten years. Thus, although often fresh and scarcely ever superficial, the volume appeals more to the general reader than to trained students of Shakespeare.

Professor Warren K. Moorehead is known to archæologists through his former work on "The Stone Age in North America." In his new volume "Stone Ornaments of the American Indian" (Andover Press), he attempts to draw conclusions from the distribution of ornamental stones as to the direction of migration of the Indians. After investigating nearly 12,000 specimens of problematical forms in ornamental stones Professor Moorehead concludes that the centre of their distribution is the region Illinois-New York. If the Indian had come from the East, one would expect to find problematical ornamental stones in western United States. Since we do not, it is more conceivable that the migration was from west to east, and that the tribes which settled in the East developed these problematical ornamental forms as a separate cultural affair. The volume is beautifully illustrated and makes interesting reading.

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

American collectors are interested in the sale by Christie, Manson & Woods of London, England, on December 10, 11, and 12, of the first part of the collection of rare early-printed German books from the library of C. Fairfax Murray. These books were collected chiefly for their illustrations and are mostly in fine bindings. Included among them are five block-books. There are examples from the presses of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, all of which produced a typography and illustration different from those of the Latin countries. The period included embraces the years 1465 to 1680, the first date being approximately the date of the block-books and the last that of the book containing Rembrandt's etching to Jan Six's "Medea."

The majority of the books are of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but a few of the seventeenth were included by the collector on account of their Dürer interest. The woodcuts are of remarkable importance and completeness, commencing with the earliest xylographs—that is, the "Apocalypsis," "Ars Memorandi," "Ars Moriendi," "Biblia Pauperum," and "Speculum Humanae Salvationis." The famous early German presses at Augsburg, Basel, Cöln, Frankfurt, Lübeck, Mainz, Nürnberg, Strassburg, and Ulm are all well represented, besides those of Antwerp, Gouda, Louvain, Bamberg, Brünn, Leipzig, Rougemont, Schiedam, Speier, and Zwolle. The collection contains many fine and important books from the Ashburnham, Marquis d'Adda, William Morris, Huth, Pembroke, and other recently dispersed libraries. The second part of the Murray library, consisting of rare early-printed French and Italian books, collected chiefly for their illustrations, will be sold in the new year.

At the same auction house on February 4, 1918, and the three following days, will be sold the Medici Archives, consisting of rare autograph letters, records, and documents, 1084-1770, including 166 holograph letters of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the property of the Marquis Cosmo de' Medici and the Marquis Averardo de' Medici. Almost all of Lorenzo's letters in this collection are addressed to Pietro Alamanni, Florentine ambassador at Milan and afterwards at Rome and Naples. The other papers are letters received by Lorenzo, and sent on by him to Alamanni for reference, copies of Lorenzo's instructions to other ambassadors or of their dispatches to him, the Florentine government's instructions to Alamanni, Lorenzo's letters to the pope and so on. Four centuries ago ambassadors treated official correspondence, that remained in their hands, as their own private property. About a hundred years after Pietro Alamanni's day, Raffaello di Francesco de' Medici married Costanza Alamanni, and there is every reason to suppose that through this marriage, Lorenzo's correspondence found its way into the family archives and this explains how state papers of such extraordinary importance as the holograph letters chance to exist,

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unknown to historians, in the hands of a younger branch of the Medici family which branched off from the parent trunk 600 years ago.

The unpublished love letters of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, written to Miss Bottsford, an Indiana school teacher, now dead, mention of whose sale to Gabriel Wells, of New York, appeared in a recent issue of THE DIAL, and which were resold to a well-known private collector, have been sought by relatives of Mr. Riley. They got into communication with the present owner of the letters, and tried to purchase them from him. His answer was that he intended to keep the letters, but that he was willing to have relatives of the poet look over the correspondence and reach an agreement whereby some of the letters, containing things which ought not to be preserved, should be destroyed. Mr. Riley's relatives claim that no one except the publisher of Riley's writings has the right to print publicly or on a private press any of these unpublished letters.

Three holograph letters of Charles Dickens have recently come into the possession of Mr. Wells. They are all addressed to Clarkson Stanfield, marine and landscape painter and a friend of Dickens. One, dated April 30, 1844, concerns a dinner on behalf of a sanitarium for students and artists in which Dickens was interested. Dickens says:

> The dinner is to comprise the new feature of ladies dining at the tables with the gentlemen—not looking down upon them from the gallery. It will be very brilliant and cheerful.

A second letter, dated May 25, 1849, is signed "The Misconceived One." In part it reads:

> No-no-no, Murder, murder! Madness and misconception. Any one of those subjects—not the whole. Oh, blessed star of early morning, what do you think that I am made of that I should on the part of any man prefer such a pig-headed, calf-eyed, donkey-eared master's request. Says my friend to me, "Will you ask your friend, Mr. Stanfield, what the damage of a little picture of that one would be, that I may treat myself with the same if I can afford it?" Says I: "I will." Says he, "Will you suggest that I should like it to be one of those subjects?" Says I, "I will." I am beating my head against the door with grief and frenzy and shall continue to do so until I receive your answer.

The third letter is dated January 9, 1844, and is signed "Philo Forecastle." It reads in part:

> I was coming up to you today, but was detained abroad until dinner time, swearing affidavits against a gang of robbers, who have been pirating the "Carol," and against whom the most energetic vengeance of the inimitable B. is solemnly (and lawfully) directed. I think of going back to the Garrick, having received earnest invitations from the committee. What do you say? Umph. We expect every hour to have a Baby down here. If anything happens, while I am putting this in the envelope, I'll write the sex in large type outside.

Stan V. Henkels, of 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, sold autograph letters and historical documents, on November 2, belonging to John R. Craigie and to Charles F. Gunther of Chicago. The Walpole Galleries, of New York, will sell on November 5 the library of the late Frederick D. Sherman, professor at Columbia University.

Le Gallienne Rarities

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Mr. MacKay's inquiry about rarities by Richard Le Gallienne, on page 360 of your issue of October 11, was of special interest to me in view of the fact that during the summer I was forced to be concerned with the work of Mr. Le Gallienne in connection with the forthcoming little book on his poetry in the "Contemporary American Poet Series."

The six items remarked are undoubtedly rarities. It would be presumptuous for me to think of adding to them as I am in no sense a specialist in bibliography. The reader not quite so expert, however, might be willing to bear with some mention of publications almost if not quite so rare as those that Mr. MacKay remarks.

I should by all means remark "My Ladies' Sonnets" (privately printed, Liverpool, 1887). "Volumes in Folio" (C. E. Mathews, London, 1888) is not at all a common acquaintance. "The Book-Bills of Narcissus" first appeared in 1891 and subsequently in editions in various other years. A copy of any early edition should be a prized possession. "Fifty Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" (The Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wis., 1901) and "The Beautiful Lie of Rome" (1900) are by no means common in the libraries of the country. Mr. Le Gallienne has been such a prolific writer and has contributed to so many different periodicals that someone else will doubtless be able to go much farther than I in answer to Mr. MacKay's question. Very truly yours,

Benjamin Brawley.

October 18, 1917.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Under date of October 18 I wrote with reference to Mr. MacKay's inquiry in The Dial about works by Richard Le Gallienne. It happens that I have just received from Mr. Le Gallienne a letter bearing on some of the items in question.

"My Ladies' Sonnets," and other "vain amatorious verses, with some of graver mood," termed by the author "a very boyish production," was privately printed in Liverpool in 1887. The booklet should now be very valuable. Peter Nansen's "Love's Trilogy," noted in some catalogues, was not translated by Mr. Le Gallienne himself, but by his second wife, Julie Le Gallienne; hence it does not properly come into a consideration of the poet's work at all. "The Beautiful Lie of Rome" was originally published in England. W. F. Mansfield published a small edition in America, in New York. A distinction might be made between "Love-Letters of the King, or the Life Romantic" (1901) and "The Life Romantic" (1900), the latter being the English edition of the former. Hunt and Blackett were the English publishers. The books are otherwise the same. Very truly yours,

Benjamin Brawley.

Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga.
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NOTES AND NEWS

It is not necessary to introduce John Dewey to readers of THE DIAL, nor to insist that his qualifications to discuss the issue at Columbia University are unique.

Sherwood Anderson, who puts his view of the American novelist's problem with the greatest candor, attracted wide attention with his first novel, "Windy McPherson's Son." His second novel, "Marching Men," was recently reviewed in THE DIAL.

Margaret Widdemer is a young New York poet, whose books include "The Rose-Garden Husband," "Factories, with Other Lyrics," and "Why Not?"

Robert Dell, with the present article, joins the staff of THE DIAL and will contribute a Paris Letter regularly hereafter. He is Paris correspondent of the Manchester "Guardian" and the "Burlington Magazine," of which he was formerly the editor. As his magazine articles testify, he writes on a wide range of topics.

Richard Offner, during a long residence abroad, was closely associated with Mr. Berenson. He is now giving courses in the history of art at the University of Chicago.

M. C. Otto is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

William Lyon Phelps has been Lampson professor of English literature at Yale since 1901. His books include "Essays on Russian Novelists," "Browning," and "Essays on Modern Novelists."

John Morley's "Recollections' is announced by the Macmillan Co.

The ranch country of Montana is the background of "The Forfeit," a novel by Ridgwell Cullom, published by George W. Jacobs & Co.

The graceful verses of Robert Silliman Hillyer have just been collected and published in book form by the Harvard University Press.

Ginn & Co. announce a history of the years from A. D. 1250 to 1450 by Professor Emerton of Harvard—"The Beginnings of Modern Europe."

A romance of the days of Louis the Bold is the gist of Clara E. Laughlin's "The Heart of Her Highness." G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

"Richard Cumberland," by Stanley Thomas Williams, contains a critical estimate of Cumberland's dramas and an account of his life and times. It is from the Yale University Press.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce what they believe to be the final "Leaves of Grass," an authorized edition which contains 100 poems not to be found in any other edition.

Edgar Wallace, author of "The Twisted Candle," has come out with another detective story, "Kate Plus 10." There is a taking kind of humor in his way of putting things.

The personal traits of our presidents from Washington to Wilson are set forth in "American Presidents," by Thomas F. Moran. It suggests the interesting question whether there is any one

American type which makes the presidential chair oftener than others, and which traits constitute the ideal president. The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. publish it.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Francis Clement Kelley, head of the Catholic Church Extension Society, is the Myles Muredach who wrote "Charred Wood," a book recently published by the Reilly and Britton Co.

Lovers of the heroic will find cause for rejoicing in George D. Herron's "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace," published by Mitchell Kennerley. The President is glorified and the war raised to inspiring levels.

The setting of "Anne's House of Dreams" suggests Miss L. M. Montgomery's own girlhood home—the little village of Cavendish, Prince Edward Island. The story is from the press of the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

In "A Literary Pilgrimage in England," Mr. Edward Thomas reflectively contemplates the scenes amid which the literary men of the last century or so, lived and gathered material for their work. The illustrations in line and color are quite delightful.

Stuart Maclean, author of "Alexis" (Appleton), has just been appointed director of music at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. His work as music critic was called to the attention of the university authorities, it is said, through the book "Alexis."

Brothers of the Book, Chicago, are issuing a series of literary monographs of high artistic workmanship, the first two of which are now ready: "Walt Whitman: Yesterday and Today," by Henry Edward Legler, and "Oscar Wilde: An Idler's Impression," by Edgar Saltus.

Miss Amy Lowell's new book, "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," published by the Macmillan Co., deals with Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, "H. D.," and John Gould Fletcher, as types of the trends of contemporary verse.

An attractive little book is the Walton Advertising and Publishing Company's brochure "The War Administration." The book includes a good portrait of President Wilson and a picture of the Congressional Assembly that witnessed the delivery of his great war addresses last Spring.

The vivid and true personal narrative of a young Rumanian immigrant in America is announced by Harper & Brothers—"An American in the Making." If one is conscious of a slightly hostile attitude toward immigrants, he will get a new point of departure in this book.

One of the sure-to-be-popular books of the season is Eleanor Gates's "Apron Strings" (Sully & Kleinteich). Miss Gates is busy now with a dramatization of her book, and when she isn't playwrighting or novel-writing, she is riding, for her interest in horses is more than keen.

Brentano's are bringing out Alexandre Dumas's "The Neapolitan Lovers" in its first English translation. Another important book which they announce is Claude Farrère's "The Man Who Killed," the story of a remarkable incident in the life of a French military attaché in Constantinople.

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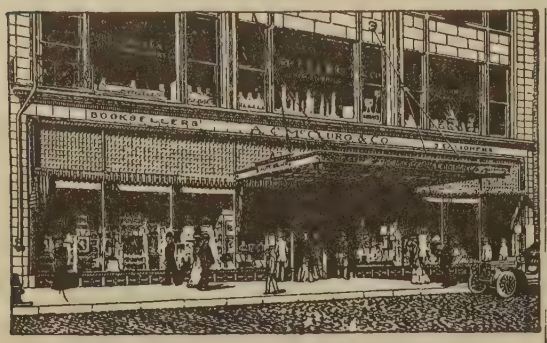

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See the chapter on Chicago, page 43, "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett

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Major Ian Hay Beith's "All In It" will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. November 3. During the second liberty-loan campaign Major Beith sold liberty bonds in a large New York store. He will shortly begin his lectures, speaking on conditions at the front and the outlook for the future.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation announces Volumes VII, VIII, and IX of their "Scandinavian Classics,"—"Marie Grubbe," by J. P. Jacobsen, "Arnljot Gelline," by Björnstjerne Björnson, and "The King's Mirror," by L. M. Larson; also an "Anthology of Swedish Lyrics," by C. W. Stork.

William Aspenwall Bradley, while making a horseback tour of the most isolated and primitive sections of the Kentucky mountains, was stricken with typhoid, and spent six months convalescing among the mountaineers. Hence "Old Christmas, and Other Kentucky Tales of Verse," which the Houghton Mifflin Co. publish.

George M. Cohan has just finished the dramatization of Gelett Burgess's "Mrs. Hope's Husband" (Century Co.). "Long Live the King," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Houghton Mifflin Co.), has also been dramatized, and will be produced this season in New York by Winthrop Ames. The title will be changed to "Peter the Little."

A new-thought novel called "Destiny," by Julia Seton, M.D., and published by Edward J. Clode, is eloquent with the beauty of women, the magnetism of men, and the mysteries of love. Another heroine who is "very, very lovely" with purple eyes, is Grace Lorraine in the novel of that name by Douglas Sladen, just published by Brentano's.

A new scheme for making boys study who don't want to study relegates the teacher and her pointer to the back of the class-room and puts the boys in control of the recitation. "The Play Way," by H. Caldwell Cook, has been tried "successfully" at the Perse School, Cambridge, England. The book is published in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Two college boys are the heroes of "From Job to Job Around the World," which has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. In the spirit of seeing the world "before being anchored by matrimony" and with little but confidence in the supply of jobs to sustain them, they made the grand tour, and the account is none the less interesting because of a youthful egoism and naïve sense of humor.

The World Book Co. announce "Problems in Subnormality." The author, Dr. J. E. Wallace Wallin, is director of the psycho-educational clinic of the board of education of St. Louis. He has spent eight years in clinical study of children in institutions for the feeble-minded, epileptic, and insane, in public-school and university clinics, and in the organization of classes for defective pupils.

In a letter to "Poetry" Vachel Lindsay gives some interesting information about the "Samson" in his new book of verse, "The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems" (Macmillan). Mr. Lindsay writes: "I attended a negro church when I was last in Chicago, and some of the spirit of the sermons we heard went into *Samson;* and the process of conversion and repentance is, I hope, an honest and reverent record of what happened before us.

"After coming home I heard a negro sermon on Jerusalem whose refrain every few minutes was, 'Let Jerusalem be coming into your mind.' Another day I heard, amid a general exhortation, this outburst: 'There was a Russian revolution yesterday, and my Lord is riding high.'

"I have used these phrases, I hope, in the same spirit that they were originally uttered. The fundamental difficulty of negro sermon poems of this type is that there is a profound seriousness of passion in the midst of things at which the outsider is fairly entitled to smile; and when a white man tries to render this seriousness and this humor at the same time, he is apt to be considered more of a humorist than a sermonizer. The negroes are perfectly willing to laugh a little on the way up to glory, and, unlike the white man, they do not have to stop going up while they laugh."

Mr. Hartley Withers, director of financial inquiries in the British Treasury, has written a little book, "Our Money and the State," which has gone into its sixth edition in England, and is now brought out here by E. P. Dutton & Co. In the preface he says: "The present war, by making us spend with such Titanic recklessness, has supplied us with a huge magnifying glass by which cause and effect are more clearly seen than in times of peace. The results of borrowing, inflation of currency, and inequalities of taxation are seen at work now on such a scale that if we use the experiences of the war aright they may help us to better financial methods when the war is over."

Dr. Henry van Dyke gives an account of how "On the Right of the British Line" came to be written and published: "Four of us were dining at the Athenæum Club in London in February 1917. One of the party was a young British captain who had been absolutely blinded and afterwards taken prisoner by the Germans in the fighting on the Somme front. He was the most cheerful one of the party, and his narrative of his experiences was full of intense interest. When we went into the smoking room he said very quietly: 'Look here, you fellows. I can hear from your voices that you are pitying me because I am blind. Don't pity me. Congratulate me because I am alive.' I urged him to write down some of the wonderful things he had been telling us. . . He wrote the story and I brought the manuscript to America and took it to the publisher. This is how Captain Nobb's book "On the Right of the British Line' came to be brought out here by the Scribners."

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The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Ida M. Tarbell. 2 vols., illustrated, 8vo, 426-475 pages. The Macmillan Co. Set $5.

The Life of Augustin Daly. By Joseph Francis Daly. Illustrated, 8mo, 672 pages. The Macmillan Co. $4.

The Master of the Hill. By W. Russell Bowie. Illustrated, 8vo, 372 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Compiled by Gilbert A. Tracy. Illustrated, 8vo, 264 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

My Fifty Years in the Navy. By Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark. Illustrated, 12mo, 346 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy. Youth—Volume I, 1847-52. Translated by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis. Illustrated, 12mo, 270 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

An American in the Making. By M. E. Ravage. 12mo, 266 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.40.

Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By Arthur C. Benson. Illustrated, 12mo, 446 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.50.

The Early Life of Robert Southey. By William Haller. 12mo, 353 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

Sylvander and Clarinda. Edited by Amelia Josephine Burr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 252 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Light Beyond. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 8vo, 299 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

The King's Mirror. Translated from the old Norwegian by Laurence Marcellus Larson. 8vo, 388 pages. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Utopia of Usurers. By G. K. Chesterton. 12mo, 217 pages. Boni & Liveright. $1.25.

The Freaks of Mayfair. By E. F. Benson. Illustrated, 12mo, 233 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

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The Maid with Wings. By E. B. Osborn. 12mo, 263 pages. John Lane Company. $1.25.

The Well of English and the Bucket. By Burges Johnson. 12mo, 149 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

My Little Town. By Winifred Kirkland. 16mo, 32 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Realism in Prose Fiction

Prose fiction is the vehicle *par excellence* for a realistic ideal. But I wish to call special attention to a somewhat embarrassing feature of the realistic technique of nearly all prose fiction, further to suggest a method—not a wholly new one—for the development of a fictional technique that differs materially from the normal, excelling it, in my opinion, in its purely psychological possibilities. If one rummages in his memory of short stories and novels,—such of them as can be fairly conceded to strive for realism,—he will, I believe, be prepared to admit the justice of a somewhat unexpected thesis, that those succeed best in giving a sense of the flow and depth of life, in attaining both outer and inner realism, that do with the smallest number of essential characters, or, to put it rather differently, that do not attempt to individualize all the characters with equal care. The thesis will not hold rigorously, to be sure, but in a large way it undoubtedly possesses much truth. In the measure that it is sound, it is merely the symptom of a wider principle, which we shall define in a moment.

What gives a play its power of realistic illusion? Evidently the simple fact that the action and dialogue are directly revealed to us, not left to the imagination. This means that we can readily identify ourselves with the various characters as they follow one another. Being passive spectators, our minds work kaleidoscopically without serious effort, without too great an exercise of creative imagination. The drama is predigested food. For the lyric poem a greater degree of creative imagination is required of the reader. He must identify the mood of the poem with a potential mood of his own. As a rule, he is aided in this task by the singleness of the mood represented. Economy of attention makes for strength and vividness of mood-realization. Thus, the essential technique of both the drama and the lyric makes it a simple matter for us to live through the experiences that the artist aims to have us feel and sense with him.

What are the tacit assumptions in fiction? Generally speaking, the writer does not identify himself, and through himself the reader, with a central character alone but claims an unconditional omniscience. He enters with equal freedom into the psychic privacy of all his characters. His outlook upon the events and motives that comprise the narrative seems to be directed now by one of his characters, now by another. This conventional omniscience of the author's goes by the name of objectivity. It is a power that the reader is supposed to share with him; indeed, it is considered so much of a *sine qua non* in the art of story-telling that it can hardly be said to be generally recognized as a tacit assumption at all. The reader, at the mercy of his omniscient guide, turns one imaginative somersault after another. Hardly has he ensconced himself with some degree of comfort in the head and heart of one individual, hardly has he begun to feel the warmth of vicarious self-consciousness, when he is mercilessly bundled out of his retreat and required to take up new quarters. Incidentally he is asked to cut his former self dead, at any rate to exhibit no more than a purely external acquaintance with him. Needless to say, he may be called upon at any moment to race back into his old skin, or even to adopt a third *alias,* a fourth—indeed, there is no limit to the demands made upon his reincarnative capacity but the charity of the writer. All this makes good gymnastics for the reader, and he develops a flexible, bouncing multi-personality that keeps him ever alert. There is not one of us who has not rejoiced in the exhilaration of the exercise.

But let us not forget that the test of a truly realistic technique is the relative ease with which the reader or hearer or spectator can be made to live through the experiences, thoughts, feelings of the

characters. He must himself be these personalities and develop as them. In the drama, as we have seen, this self-identification with a number of personalities is rendered a comparatively easy matter by the very nature of dramatic technique. In fiction, however, it requires a more distinct effort of the imagination to project oneself into a character's soul life. To do this for several characters and to shift rapidly about from one psyche to another may be fatiguing. More than that, it is, psychologically considered, a not altogether convincing procedure. Once we have identified ourselves with a definite personality, our imaginative pride demands, provided always that the artist can hold our interest, that we be left to the isolation imposed by our new shell, that we watch the progress of events from our own point of vantage and follow the psychic lives of the other characters, not as revealed by themselves, but as affecting or as reflected in the soul that we have made our own. If the artist chooses to impose this limitation on the narrative form, two things inevitably result. The arena crowded with significant characters, one of the features of the older, romantic and semi-realistic, types of fiction, becomes an impossibility. It is significant of a striving for a subtler understanding of reality that modern fiction has, on the whole, progressively moved away from this crowding of the arena. Further, the degree of individualization of the characters needs to be carefully shaded. It will not do to bring them all into the foreground, for that would belie our naïve outlook on our environment. The self stands strongest in the light. Further removed are a small number of individualities whose lives are closely interwoven with that of the self but whose inner experiences can only be inferred, sometimes truly (that is, in a manner roughly coinciding with the viewpoints of their own selves), more often mistakenly. Still further removed are a larger number of personalities whose inner life is of little or no consequence to the central self, whose only function is to lend dash and color to the stream of daily experience that makes up the outer life of this self. And in the dim background bob up and down the merest ghosts of psychic entities, pale gleams, fragments of a suggested multitudinous world beyond. So we are fated by self-consciousness and the limitations of attention to live our life. So we may be made to live an imagined world at the artist's bidding. This psychic perspective is of greater importance than the unity of plot and the rest of the academic requirements of literary art. For want of it many a well-conceived narrative, excellently motivated, proves "jumbly." In a picture everything is illumined by a single light that has direction. We would not think much of an exterior in which the central figure is lit up by daylight that runs counter to several subordinate daylights showing up the rest of the group. Yet we do not seem to have developed a very keen sense of the value of the strict analogue in literary art of consistent lighting—a self-consciousness that sets all the elements of inner and outer life in comprehensible, livable relations. Singleness of outlook by no means limits the writer to the short story or to labors of unambitious scope. Indeed, one of the works which seem best to answer to our ideal, though it has not by any means altogether eliminated cross-lights, is a prose epic in ten volumes—"Jean-Christophe."

At this point the reader may object that while this method pretends to be sweepingly realistic, to aim to grasp a bit of life and imprison it in narrative form, it yet is the merest subjectivism, an egoist's dream in which everything is hopelessly out of plumb, in which the valid relations of the objective world are badly muddled. Nor would he be altogether wrong. And yet, what is life, as we really and individually know it, but precisely "an egoist's dream in which the valid relations of the objective world are badly muddled"? Objectivity, one might say, is romance. But he would need to add that we crave and demand this romantic objectivity, this mad seeing of things "as they really are," and that the literary artist has therefore a perfect right to choose between rigorous realism, the method that is frankly subjective, and objective realism, the romance of reality. There is, indeed, always room for the narrative embodying more than one psychological viewpoint, for the "cross-light" technique. Some of us, however,

will continue to look upon the subjective, or better "single-light," technique as the more subtle and æsthetically satisfying.

Yet it is at least possible to combine the peculiar advantages of these two contrasting techniques by the use of a third method of realistic representation. Look at the three human beings seated around a dinner table, nibbling at jejune bits of conversation. If you and I, like the psychologist of the behaviorist persuasion, merely described what *we* saw and heard, the reader of our story would not thank us. Insipid twaddle he would call it, for all our pains. If we identify ourselves with the host and take the reader into our confidence, revealing to him the stormy soul life hurtling along under the placid surface of conventional table talk, he would begin to feel interested. Yet he might tire of so purely one-sided, so merely subjective an interpretation of what was happening at the dinner table. On the other hand, if we identify ourselves now with the host, now with the hostess, now with the guest, pretending omniscience, some of us get restive, say "jumbly," and talk of cross-lights. What if we tell it all three times—as seen, heard, and felt by the host, by the hostess, and by the guest? Should we not succeed in being subjective in three different ways, in other words, in being objective? For may not objectivity be defined as the composite picture gained by laying a number of subjectivities on top of one another, the most romantic of all wish-fulfilments, the successive jumping out of our skin in as many distinct manners as we fancy? Thus we reclaim the gift of omniscience that we had modestly discarded for the "one-light" technique, but with a difference. Before, we let our nine lives out of the bag all at once, now we live them in succession.

The reader will not fail to have observed that we are not dealing with an altogether novel literary device. It is as old as "The Ring and the Book" and has latterly been the subject of experiment at the hands of Arnold Bennett and Joseph Conrad. Yet I doubt if the tremendous possibilities of "The Ring and the Book" method for the conveyance of a certain attitude toward realism have been clearly recognized. The method is of far greater significance than as a more or less interesting technical device; it is one of the major approaches to a profound and all-embracing realistic art. It sacrifices neither the depth, the inner truth, of subjective realism, nor the external completeness of motivation of objective realism. It unites the two in a new synthesis of boundless resources. As a method for the artistic presentation of ideas and the analysis of life, it is bound to come into its own and reap a large harvest. That it can never become *the* method of narrative fiction is obvious, if only because it violates what we may call, with apologies to the jargon of the economists, the law of diminishing returns in narrative interest. Let us acquaint ourselves with some of its implications.

One thing is obvious enough. This method of varied repetition makes somewhat serious demands on the technical ability of the writer. Mere repetition of incident and dialogue with appropriate variations in motivation is out of the question. No mere human beings would long tolerate the resulting dulness, were they animated by the best of wills. One of the great tasks of the literary craftsman working with the normal narrative technique is to make a satisfactory synthesis of the disparate elements—of character, incident, and motive—that go to make up his story. He is always fearful lest he fail, explicitly or implicitly, to arrange his materials so as to bring out his point with maximum effect. The weaving of threads becomes an obsession with him. In our suggested method of repetition, however, the threads need rather to be unraveled. The total material to be put before the reader must be distributed, with naturalness and nicety, among the successive versions. In this way each version brings something new with it, while the actual repetitions must be charged with ever-changing significance. Needless to say, the arrangement of versions would normally be such as to produce the effect of cumulative energy, of a steadily growing comprehension of the meaning of the whole. Like all inductive processes, the method requires a high degree of mental alertness in the reader, an alertness that finds its reward in the fulness of realization finally attained.

Attention may be called to a further technical feature of interest. In the usual narrative it is always difficult, sometimes impossible, to avoid explicit analysis of character and motive. Even when we cordially like such analysis, we cannot altogether ward off a sneaking irritation at the disturbing influence it exercises on the flow of the narrative. Our method reduces the necessity of explicit analysis to a minimum. The tacit comparison of even two skilfully constructed versions gives opportunity for a wealth of implications, many of which would need express mention in a single version. We gain a perspective of motive as we pass from one subjective viewpoint to another, just as we gain our knowledge of space relations by shifting the angle from which we look at a number of objects.

There are many other interesting corollaries of the method. There is one in particular that should appeal mightily as opening up exquisite possibilities of a purely æsthetic order. We have all of us often observed the peculiar individuality that a specific light lends an object. A house is not the same thing in the chilly gray of dawn, in the blazing light of a clear noon, in the soft glow of sunset; it is not the same thing under a hard winter sky as in the hazy warmth of summer. Each version of a repeated story is doubly subjective. The focal character brings with him not merely a psychic perspective, a centre of motivation, he brings with him also a temperament and a mood. His version receives an emotional atmosphere all its own. As we pass from one version to another, we not only shift our standpoint, we also attend in a different mood. This feature of change of emotional approach can be utilized to give the most profound, the most poignant interpretations of life. One and the same series of events may be apperceived in varying, even contradictory, manner—as a merry jest, a tragedy, a clever play of circumstance, an irritating bungle.

Need one say that in the promised land is displayed a signboard bearing the following inscription, in letters writ large: "Tinkers beware. Only artists allowed"?

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

II

THE "PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY": NATIONALITY AND SOVEREIGNTY

By and large, nationality is the integration of the successive and permanent elements of group life, as personality is the integration of the successive and permanent elements of individual life. It is as useless to seek any irreducible differentia of the one as of the other. Controversy about the nature and constituents of nationality goes on, as controversy goes on about the nature and constituents of personality. Both dissolve under analysis; both are the most potent of dynamics in the making of history, which is their record. And it is upon the observation of the conditions and workings of this fact, and this alone, that a programme of lasting peace can successfully base itself. Nationality, then, is to the group what personality is to the individual: tradition is its memory, custom its habits, history its biography, language, literature, the arts, religion, its mind. Together these form its culture, and culture in the nationality is character in the individual. During the nineteenth century one European people after another achieved nationality simply by becoming conscious for the first time, or by recalling afresh and cherishing, these items of its being,—the Greeks, the Italians, the Germans, the various Balkan peoples subject to Turkey, the Hungarians and the Slavic races subject to Austria, the Norwegians, the Walloons and Flemings of Belgium, and the Finns and Ukrainians in Russia. The Jews have been its great exemplification from the days of Titus, the Irish since Cromwell's time, the Poles from the date of the final partition of Poland.

To-day there is hardly a single society of men in Europe, who share in the same memories and customs and speech, that has not established its nationality, and demanded for it freedom and opportunity. Where democracy prevailed the establishment took place spontaneously, as the effect of freedom; in lands with tyrannical governments it eventuated as resistance to oppression under democratic inspiration.

So deep-lying is it in the funded mentality of the human families of Europe, that it has become the governing concept in a theory of civilization and a programme of life. The democratic prophet of this theory is the great Mazzini; its dynastic promulgators are Nietzsche, Chamberlain, Treitschke, von Bülow. The latter formulate it in a mythology of race, and provide metaphysical and moral sanctions for German imperialism; their work, indeed, is an admirable instance of how a fact, converted into a "principle" and applied consistently and regardlessly, may become its own bitterest enemy.

Against this German misapplication of the "principle of nationality" the democratic powers oppose their own sounder formulation. How it applies to the present situation, its needs and demands, they have not said. What does it offer the so diverse nationalities that are the population of Europe? Which of the various components of nationality does it acknowledge as definitive? What must it safeguard and reënforce? What repress or extirpate? The Allies' declarations yield no answer to these questions. They only deny the claims of imperialism, and those, only when they are German. But what is the relation of the "principle of nationality" to the imperialisms, if there be such, of England, or France, or Italy, or Russia, or the United States?

To ask such a question, any *realpolitiker* will say, is folly. The "principle of nationality" will mean at any peace conference only what the victors will let it mean, nothing more. But there are these other determinants of its meaning, nevertheless—the wishes and demands of the various nationalities; the implications and requirements of the fact of nationality as that appears as a force and a hope in the natural history of mankind. A lasting peace can rest only upon the harmony of all else with the latter. Now the least that can be said about the latter is that the association invoked in nationality is so peculiarly intimate as to command and demand the highest degree of loyalty and self-sacrifice from the associates. So intimate is the association that, in spite of both criticism and evidence, the idea that the basis of nationality is race, community of blood and ancestry, is shared by both democrats and dynasts. It has its propaganda even in America, in the archæological romancing of Mr. Madison Grant and the fictional eugenics of Mr. Seth Humphrey.

Scientific anthropology discounts the whole conception, but there is envisaged in it at least this fact—that the claim of any large association of men to consanguinity is an indubitable sign of a wakeful sense of nationality. Common ancestry is indicated in the word itself, *natio*-nality, but purity of stock can obviously not be the basis of it. How diverse stocks, associating together, fuse through marriage, and become of "one" blood, cannot be said. Nationality falls between race and other more external forms of associative unity. That racial quality underlies it and is near to it, must be granted, but it is false that racial quality is identical with it. Association may spring from the original and inward nature of men, from the instinct of the herd, from a hereditary or constitutional like-mindedness; it may derive from the need of defence and offence in an unfavorable environment; it may rest upon both. Association of the first order is natural, internal; of the second order, external, artificial. The difference is as the difference between time and space. Thus, a man may change his surroundings; he cannot change his past. That is inalterable, and he is what he is because that is what that is. To abolish that, he would have to abolish himself. He may, for example, be at the same time an Irishman, a son, a father, an uncle, a cousin, a citizen, a church-member, a lawyer, a Republican, and a capitalist. Each of these words signifies a group to which he belongs. Most of them he may enter or leave without otherwise altering his nature and conditions. Others he enters without choice and cannot leave without taking leave of his life. The citizen of America may become one of England, the Baptist a Methodist, the lawyer a banker, the Elk a Mason, the Republican a Socialist, the capitalist a proletarian. But the son, father, uncle, cousin cannot cease to be these; he cannot reject the relationships these words

express, nor alter them. If they obtain once, they obtain forever. So an Irishman is always an Irishman, a Jew always a Jew. Irishman or Jew is born; citizen, lawyer, or church-member is made. Irishman and Jew are facts in nature; citizen and church-member are artefacts in civilization. Natural groups, like the Irish, the Jews, or any nationality, cannot be destroyed without destroying their members. Artificial groups, like states, churches, professions, castes, can. These are social organizations; natural groups are social organisms, organisms conscious of their nature, their powers, their interests and desires, conscious, in a word, of their social personality, and acting in such a way as to preserve, enhance, and perfect it.

Empirically, then, what is affirmed in 1914 concerning *nationality* is the natural right which was declared in 1776 inalienable to *personality*. The "principle of nationality" may be stated in paraphrase of the Declaration of Independence: All nationalities are created equal and are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among them being life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . To secure these rights governments are instituted among nationalities, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

That is, the principle of nationality is an extension of the scope of democracy from single to group personalities. Its application to artificial persons of that order—corporations and the like—within the state, is traditional; the struggle for its application to the nationality is only just culminating. As the declaration supplied the governing concept for the constitution of the United States, so the "principle of nationality" supplies it for the constitution of mankind. International organization, it implies, depends upon reciprocal national responsibility, and indicates, hence, a nationhood suffrage parallel to manhood suffrage: one nation, one vote. Could this doctrine ever have been adequately applied, Europe would have had a happier history. Differences between nationalities and their corresponding states in numbers, size, wealth, quality, and power, however, weighted the influence of nations variously and unduly; encouraged in international affairs fear, jealousy, and suspicion to such a degree that the modicum of justice and fair dealing which the United States uniquely offered Nicaragua and Mexico was looked at askance; kept international behavior set upon a policy of *laissez-faire,* which only the growing economic interdependence of the world has succeeded in modifying. The internal affairs of states, no matter how rotten, are holy, taboo to all interference. An outraged German government whines over the presumption in President Wilson's reply to the Pope's peace proposals and cannot interfere with Turkey's treatment of Armenia; the governments of our allies tread softly with regard to one another's sacred inwards. No interference in a state's internal affairs; no responsibility in foreign policy; no accountability, except to force, in anything. Each nation, each government is *sovereign;* each nationality wants sovereignty; and sovereignty is irresponsibility, is international anarchy.

Under the prevailing system the demands of the nationalities are just. Without sovereignty, the policy of international *laissez-faire,* tempered by piratical imperialism, leaves a nationality at the mercy of any exploiter who is stronger. Without sovereignty it fears the security of its life, its liberty, its free way to happiness. Without sovereignty it is hampered in performing what Mazzini has called "its special function in the European work of civilization." But this sovereignty is also its enemy. It is the ground of international rivalry, the source of the afflatus called national honor, of militarism, and of dynastic domination. The "principle of nationality" solves nothing if it commits the post-bellum settlement to an increased number of sovereignties. It fails of its purpose if it fails to secure an open way for the spontaneous powers and happiness of nationalities. Without this security there can be no lasting peace; and sovereignty both is and is not this security.

The problem of the reorganization of Europe can find its solution only in conditions that will unequivocally secure this end.

H. M. KALLEN.

The Idea of a University

Every American college and university is affected by the issue raised in Professor Beard's dramatic resignation from Columbia as a protest against trustee autocracy. For the conditions which he found intolerable spring from a ruling conception held by university trustees and a portion of conservative public opinion as to the nature of the modern university. The methods taken at Columbia to secure the expulsion of Professors Cattell and Dana are very revealing as to the status of professors and the nature of university prestige. The excuses, causes, and reasons given by the university authorities and the current comment of the newspapers show how frankly the American university has become a financial corporation, strictly analogous, in its motives and responses, to the corporation which is concerned in the production of industrial commodities. Trustees who are business men, who hold positions as directors or executives in large financial or industrial corporations, carry over into the management of the university the attitudes and sensitivities learned in the corporate world. The university produces learning instead of steel or rubber, but the nature of the academic commodity has become less and less potent in ensuring for the academic workman a status materially different from that of any other kind of employee.

As directors in this corporation of learning, trustees seem to regard themselves primarily as guardians of invested capital. They manage as a sacred trust the various bequests, gifts, endowments which have been made to the university by men and women of the same orthodoxies as themselves. Their obligation is to see that the quality of the commodity which the university produces is such as to seem reputable to the class which they represent. And in order to maintain the flow of capital and the general credit of the institution they must keep the stock above par. In the minds apparently of the trustees, and of the executives and professors who work with them, the reputation of a university is comparable to the standing of a corporation's securities on the street, the newspapers taking the place of the stock exchange. The real offence of Professors Cattell and Dana seems to have been not so much that they were unpatriotic as that they had lowered the prestige of the university in the public mind. Neither the president nor the trustees nor the faculty committees brought forward any evidence besides epithet that either professor had, in the language of President Butler's warning, actually "opposed or counselled opposition to the laws of the United States, or had acted, spoken, or written treason." What these professors had done was to associate themselves with organizations which were enjoying infamy in the irresponsible press. No attempt was made to discover whether the newspaper accounts were true. Chatter and rumor were sufficient to convict them. Why? Because on the stock exchange it is by rumor and prejudice that the value of securities is hit, not by evidence. When your stock is depressed by an alarming rumor, it is irrelevant whether the rumor is true or not. The mischief lies in what people think, not in the actual facts. And for this purpose newspaper chatter is authoritative. Your object then becomes not to discover the truth but to combat the rumor. If the fall in your stock is due to a suspicion of the value of your commodity, you renew your efforts to convince the public of its soundness. If it is due to an offending employee, you dismiss the employee. Having removed the cause of the prejudice, you may then expect your securities to resume their former level.

Only on such an interpretation can we explain the tendency of university authorities to rely on newspaper opinion and upon the complaints of persons whom they would not take seriously on any other question whatever. One is often amazed at the callousness of university trustees towards the indignation that follows these arbitrary dismissals of professors. But this corporate attitude naturally discounts the opinions of the non-investing public. It is not the discontent of idealists that

matters, but the vague complaints from parents that their sons are being taught irreligion and sedition within the university, complaints from business men that a professor is tainted with economic heresy, indignation of prominent alumni at the connection of the university's name with unpopular movements. These are the attitudes that depress the credit of the university in the investing world, and these are the attitudes that carry weight, therefore, with the university president and the trustees. Vested interests presumably receive dividends in the form of orthodox graduates. Whatever interferes with the supply of such a revenue is therefore a serious assault on the stability of the corporation.

In any such system of ideas, the professor becomes inevitably a mere employee of a company which has a standing to maintain in the corporate world. His intellectual freedom is extremely precarious, because a chance remark, or any public activity, may bring him that newspaper censure which causes the grave damage the university is likely to incur in the minds of the significant classes. An "institution of learning," administered even on autocratic principles, might be expected to move always with the most scrupulous regard for the dignity of the teacher and for the principles of legal evidence in any cases of dismissal or censure. The professor might be expected to have a status more secure and more respected than that of the employee, holding his position from day to day, and might be expected to be dismissed only after formal charges, and after conviction on evidence which would satisfy an impersonal and judicial mind. None of the circumstances connected with the latest expulsions at Columbia shows that any such standards prevail in our largest and wealthiest university. They show, on the contrary, that under trustee control the American university has been degraded from its old, noble ideal of a community of scholarship to a private commercial corporation. And the situation at Columbia is merely a sharpened form of what has gone on in other colleges and universities throughout the country.

Professor Beard's stirring gesture has raised the issue whether this reigning corporate idea of a university shall any longer prevail. If that reigning idea is making it impossible for a man of Charles Beard's intellectual distinction, courage, and democratic idealism to serve our largest university, we have come to the time when Americans will have to choose between the current philosophy of university government and the presence in the university of independent and vigorous minds. If a man like Professor Beard is to be forced to cut short his academic career because the status of the college teacher is becoming intolerable, a revolution in the idea of a university cannot come too quickly. The present agitation for at least a constitutional form of government by which control over all academic matters is turned over to the faculties is an advance. But to ensure the instructor's freedom, both university authorities and the newspaper public must learn to distinguish between his academic functions and his private opinions and activities. He will scarcely be free as long as he is vulnerable for activities which in no way concern his academic work, or as long as he is considered to implicate the university in everything he says or does. The partisan of "academic freedom" will also want to see worked out an entirely new status for both the instructor, who is now an employee, and for the student, who is now partly ward and partly consumer. State control is no solution, so long as directorship is given to men with the current corporate attitudes. State ownership of universities, with control vested in the "guild" of professors, is probably the ideal solution. Meanwhile what is most needed is a clear realization of the hostility between the present system of ideas which governs university control, and the functional and coöperative ideals which should govern a community devoted to learning. That hostility is almost complete, and Professor Beard has done a great service by making a dramatic issue of it at the present time.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Literary Affairs in London

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Two books have just been published, each dealing in its own way with the past of England. To-day we are thinking intensely and almost hectically of the present, a little—but not enough—of the future, and hardly at all of the past. Yet knowledge of, and meditation on, the past is an essential thing if our concern with the present is to be healthy or useful. We look back at most for parallels to our position, but we do not trouble about the long sequence of cause and effect that has been bringing us for thousands of years exactly to the point where we now stand. We think in months and days, not in epochs; our strained attention is concentrated on to-day and on the next three or six or twelve months, according to the view taken by the military expert, who has developed in every one of us, of the probable duration of the rest of the war.

It is not a bad thing, then, that two authors in whom the thoughtful public has confidence should have plunged into past centuries. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who calls his book with proud simplicity, "A Short History of England," races through the ages at an exhilarating speed. Mr. Stephen Graham, who pitches the action of his novel, "Priest of the Ideal," in the present day, gets back to the early English church by taking his protagonists on a tour round the sacred places of the faith; and in each place, Iona, Lindisfarne, Durham, or York, it seems as though he stepped off some sort of moving staircase of modernity into a cool and motionless dimension quite outside the hurry of time. The contrast between these two writers in their treatment of the past is immense. Mr. Chesterton conceives the ages as galloping by, while to Mr. Graham they have an enormous, vegetable motion that is almost imperceptible. Yet the two have a very similar effect; and they arouse, the one by quiet intensity, the other by restless vigor, as it were a revival of sensation in those obscure and hidden nerves which connect us with our past.

Mr. Chesterton's career through English history is not only rapid, but a little surprising. He has, of course, a political theory to support; and it is not my business to say here whether I think his theory tenable or his historical foundation of it correct. He believes that England is ruled by the rich, that the bulk of the population is without an effective word in the government of the country, and that the rich are every day increasing their power and applying it to what he and his friend, Mr. Belloc, call "the regimentation of the poor." He now traces the ascendancy of the wealthy classes to the end of the Middle Ages when the barons overcame the monarchy and, gradually resolving themselves into a new nobility, part legal, part commercial, part land-owning, but predominantly plutocratic, used Henry VIII as a catspaw for the spoliation of the monasteries and so absorbed the major part of the wealth of the country. He sees another "revolt of the rich" in the Puritan Revolution and the execution of Charles I; and the enthronement of George I is to him a proof that the rich had become so powerful that they were able to put a mere dummy into the seat of Edward I. Whatever you may think of these opinions, it is certainly true that Mr. Chesterton's statements of fact are almost always impeccable; it is only in his interpretation of the facts that he departs from orthodoxy. It is beyond doubt that Hampden, the Ship Money hero, was, as he says, a very wealthy squire; and you may make what you like of his epigram that "there was no village Hampden in Hampden village." It is also true that Cromwell was a member of an immensely wealthy family; and, though Mr. Chesterton does not mention it, it is one of the odd dark corners of English history that his real name, the name he used when his signature was required in connection with money, was not Cromwell but Williams. But whether these things cast any doubt on the complete disinterestedness of the great Puritans is a question that each man can decide for himself without browbeating from authority—as Mr. Chesterton has decided.

But perhaps this reversal of common opinion is not the most important part of Mr. Chesterton's book. What does matter in it is his intense and passionate love of the English people. He sees our faults and our blindnesses, but he sees also, in just relation to them, our virtues and our misfortunes. It may seem rather a ridiculous attitude to exhibit tenderness toward a great nation; yet this is what Mr. Chesterton does without becoming ridiculous. He has never belonged to that odious historical school which trumpets the greatness of England as though she were the one righteous person in a world of beings at once ruffianly and inefficient. These writers are the bagmen of the realm of ideas; and the higher their level of expression the more

disgusting their attitude seems. Mr. Chesterton in times of peace was a little too much inclined to harry us for our vices. But, early on in the war, he wrote a poem in which he said:

> Of old with a divided heart
> I saw my people's pride expand
> Since a man's soul is torn apart
> By mother earth and fatherland.

and told how he knew

> A blacker thing than blood's own dye
> Weighed down great Hawkins on the sea;
> And Nelson turned his blindest eye
> On Naples and on liberty.

But he went on to say that he now gave thanks to the "thousandfold and frozen folk":

> Who have no faith a man could mourn,
> Nor freedom any man desires;
> But in a new clean light of scorn
> Close up my quarrel with my sires.

Mr. Chesterton is one of not many writers who have risen to the occasion of the war, and his history of England is, in a sense, a second and richer expression of that closing up of a quarrel. It is a poem of which the English people are the hero; and when I say the English people, I do not mean only the people who live in England. To illustrate this point and Mr. Chesterton's style at the same time, I may quote a few sentences on the American Declaration of Independence:

> We talk, with a humiliation too rare with us, about our dubious part in the secession of America. Whether it increase or decrease the humiliation I do not know; but I strongly suspect that we had very little to do with it. I believe we counted for uncommonly little in the case. They were led on by a light that went before.

That is a compliment to the American people; and compliments between us, I believe, are now not wasted. They are the right and proper expression of a right and proper spirit. But I do not think that Mr. Chesterton is here at all concerned with compliments. He is merely rejoicing in a manifestation in English blood of a temper that he admires.

Mr. Graham equally pierces through a surface of things he disapproves to a heart which he maintains to be fundamentally sound. His two chief characters are Hampden, an English lay preacher who is stirred to spiritual blossoming by the stress of the war, and Washington King, a rather farcical American who comes to England for the purpose of buying relics, from a derelict gargoyle to the tower on Glastonbury Tor, by means of which he intends to endow his own country with the past she lacks. Hampden agrees he is justified in purchasing whatever England will sell, because the sale will mean that the object sold has outlived its significance; and he conducts King on a tour around the holy places where Christianity first rooted, in the hope of learning that England still treasures her sacred things. The scheme of the book is decidedly odd. It is now written in a tone of profound and brooding meditation, as in the passages descriptive of Iona and Lindisfarne, now in a tone of satire—as when King invokes the aid of a newspaper magnate, who first booms him, then turns and rends him. It is interspersed with Hampden's sermons, very beautiful passages of religious feeling, and ends with his death at the front. The most impressive note is sounded in those pages in which Hampden, as it seems, by mere intensity of will gets into touch in the sacred places with those who made them sacred and forces on the reader a realization of the fact that the past lives, that we cannot move a step or live a minute as though those first missionaries had never been. But the book is odd and partly incomprehensible. The mystical and the ordinary blend in it queerly. It is like looking at a stick thrust half-way into water—half of it is plain and then quite suddenly half of it is refracted and unreal. And sometimes it is irritating because the whole book is not written in the same key. King, for example, is at one moment as absurd as a character in "Candide," at another as delicately real as a person observed by Turgenev. It provokes on the whole the reflection that Mr. Graham's book on Russia may have been misjudged, that he was not reflecting with extreme subtlety the obscure soul of an alien people, but reflecting, as easily in that mirror as in any other, the peculiarities of his own mind.

I have no space to do more than note the fact that a posthumous book by Edward Thomas, who was killed in the attack on Vimy Ridge, has just appeared and that his "Tenth Muse" has been issued with a short memoir by Mr. John Freeman. Thomas was a good writer who somehow never came into his inheritance. He was a fine critic and he had that eye for country which our modern writers are beginning specially to develop. But he mixed up criticism with the country, so that nobody ever knew what to make of him, and he spent nine-tenths of his life in writing potboilers—the kind of potboiler that does not sell profusely. He is reported to have said once that he had reviewed every book of verse which had appeared during

the last twenty years. The remark might be his epitaph. Criticism in this country is a thankless, unhonored, hard-driven, and ill-paid business; and it was certainly a stony stepmother to Thomas's rare and rather delicate talent. He felt this; and the feeling is probably responsible for a certain reluctance and coldness even in his most companionable books. I hope to return to him when the extraordinarily beautiful poems, which he began shyly to produce in the last years of his life, are collected and published.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, November 1, 1917.

A Fig Tree

I

Murmurous, at evening, over the yellow-hilled
Lone land they came,
Crowding about his heels like timid sheep,
Whispering his name,
Peering at one another, pondering what they heard
Resolute, each, to keep
His every utterance as the chosen word.
Till, like a group of vagrant ghosts they filled
The broad slope where he paused, full in the flame
Of the scarlet sunset, stood and never stirred,
Brooding—his feverish eyes
Full of deep wonder, restless with surprise.

II

Then suddenly, from somewhere in the crowd,
They heard him cry aloud:
"For shame, for shame, fruitless and faithless tree,
That canst not, even to me,
The Son of God, hungry, with weary feet,
Give anything to eat;
For that I came and that thou didst not see,
Henceforth forever fruitless be."
And saw him, speaking, point as at some vile
Unholy thing—then turn away and smile.

III

Light-lipped is laughter: in a far-off age,
One, turning his dim page,
Hungry in body and spirit for a text,
Paused, half perplexed,
Then rose and took upon him to confute—
For this world and the next—
All them whose faith had given God no fruit.

R. S. MITCHELL.

Confectionery and Caviar

SEA-MOODS. By Edward Bliss Reed. (Yale University Press; $1.)
MANDRAGORA. By John Cowper Powys. (G. Arnold Shaw; $1.25.)
MAIN STREET AND OTHER POEMS. By Joyce Kilmer. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.)
THE DREAMERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodosia Garrison. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.25.)
AL QUE QUIERE. By William Carlos Williams. (The Four Seas Co.; $1.)

It would be doing no very frightful violence to the truth to say that one could divide most contemporary American verse into two great types—the types indicated by the title of this review. If one leaves out of account the matter of poetic form, rudely ignoring for the moment the bitter quarrel between vers-librists and metrists, one could justifiably conclude that all our contemporary poets are purveyors either of confectionery or caviar. Two or three exceptions we must make, of course: Amy Lowell, clearly, serves a *mélange* of both; and Messrs. Frost, Robinson, and Fletcher, and perhaps Mr. Masters, will escape our classification altogether—which is to their credit. But in the main, it can be plausibly argued that the classification holds.

The confectioners, of course, are in the majority. These are the prettifiers, the brighteners of life, the lilting ones. They fill our standard magazines; they are annually herded by Mr. Braithwaite into his anthology; and now, taking advantage of the poetic decuman wave and the delusions of publishers, they are swamping the land with their sweet wares. The conservative press flings garlands at them, the "Literary Digest" quotes them, the Poetry Society of America (alas!) fêtes them. Hourly they grow more numerous, more powerful. The courageous and creative ones, and those who look to poetry for truthfulness and for a consciousness of life always subtler and more individually worked will soon have to fight for their lives. And how, indeed, shall they be able to fight? There are no giants to be slain—rather, a host of pigmies, and all alike. A poem by one might bear the signature of any. They sing in chorus rather than singly.

The present group of volumes—if we except "Al Que Quiere," by Mr. Williams, which we reserve for our course in caviar—is an excellent illustration of this. How many critics, not personally acquainted with these four authors, would know the difference if the names had been shuffled? Mr. Powys, perhaps, would protrude

—one would be a trifle alarmed at so much howling *Weltschmerz,* so many Sphinxes and wicked heathen kisses, so much passionate frustration, in Mr. Kilmer, for example; and one might, the case being reversed, start at Mr. Powys's so speedy conversion to ululating Catholicism. But even here the difference is in the symbols rather than in the literary quality. They are both, they are all, blood brothers—sentimentalists, dabblers in the pretty and sweet, rhetoricians of the "thou and thee" school, pale-mouthed clingers to the artificial and archaic. Here are platitudes neatly dressed, invocatory sonnets, the use of italics for emphasis (that last infirmity!), and all the stale literary tricks so relished, especially by the female, —the "calls o' love," the "cries i' the wind," homing birds,—in fact, the whole stock-in-trade of the magazine poet. Of Mr. Reed these remarks are partially unjust. Mr. Reed is too well bred to go so far. He restrains his platitudes from any attempt at lilting; his gait, indeed, is pedestrian. But of Mr. Kilmer and Mr. Powys and Mrs. Garrison—particularly Mrs. Garrison—they are all too true. Here is nothing new, nothing distinctive, the trotting out of the same old passions, the same old heartbreaks and love songs, ghostly distillations of fragrances all too familiar. Is it possible for individuals to be so little individual? Have they never experienced anything for themselves? The publisher tells us that Mr. Kilmer has had, for a man still young, an astonishingly varied career. Nevertheless, one could not guess it from Mr. Kilmer's book. Ideas, emotions, language, rhythms, all are oddly second-hand, as if they had been offered to him and blandly accepted. So too with Mrs. Garrison, with the addition of a touch more femininely sensuous, a sentimentalism a trifle more unctuous. So too with Mr. Powys, though his range is wider, his intellect, in a stereotyped way, freer.

The trouble with these poets, at bottom, is simply that they are imitative,—and imitative with a sentimental bias. A few years ago an objective psychologist, a behaviorist, M. Nicolas Kostyleff, made a tentative study of the mechanism of poetic inspiration. The conclusions he reached, whatever else their value, were highly suggestive. An important part in poetic creation, he maintains, is an automatic verbal discharge, along chains of association, set in motion by a chance occurrence. The difference between a poet who merely echoes the ideas and rhythms of the past, and the poet who creates something new, is simply that in the former instance this verbo-motor mechanism is not deeply related to the poet's specific sensibility; in the latter, it is. This distinction fits the present case admirably. These poets, in other words, have not experienced sharply for themselves. They have drawn their stores of verbo-motor reactions from the books of others, without checking up from personal observation. They color their lives to a certain extent in accordance with their too early adoption of a speech which is not their own, instead of coloring their speech in the light of their own experience. They give us, therefore, neither clearness nor truth, nor any beauty of a personal kind. They give us instead a tame uniformity, floods of tepid rhetoric, vague regurgitations of the words of others, varied now and then for good measure with the grotesquely inept and the foolishly naïve. And over and under it all runs our undying American adoration of the pretty-pretty, the pious, the sacred virtues. Life is made out to be simply one sweet thing after another. These are, in fact, confectioners, and not inspired ones, either.

With the question whether there might not arise a great confectioner—one who would bring genius and originality to his task of enlightenment and cheer or, if not that, at any rate another Longfellow—we need not concern ourselves as yet, merely replying that there will be time for discussion when he arises. Meanwhile it is more interesting to turn to a consideration of the type of poetry we have called caviar, and to Mr. Williams, who brings us samples. If the purveyors of confectionery are almost totally lacking in individuality, the purveyors of caviar fly to the other extreme: they carry individuality to excess. These are our modern individualists. What do they care how peculiar or esoteric their idiom is? Self-expression is the thing. If the crowd cannot understand them, or ignores them, so much the worse for the crowd. This is a sentimental attitude, there is a good deal of pose in it, and a consequent defeat is easily regarded by the poet as the martyrdom of the truly great. Nevertheless, it is oddly significant that these caviarists, these purveyors of bitter realism, collectors of the bizarrely unpleasant and the irrelevantly true, have a style entirely their own. M. Kostyleff would admit that their mechanisms of verbo-motor reaction are closely related to their specific sensibilities: they are as clearly original as our other poets are imitative. It seems to be true, in this connection, that the realists have a much less stereotyped style than the lilters. They

appear to remember that, after all, literature should be drawn from life, not from literature. They experience first (and whole-heartedly, not with a fountain-pen behind the ear) and write afterward.

Mr. Williams is a case in point. His book throughout has the savory quality of originality. Is it poetry? That is the question. Self-portraiture it is—vivid, acridly sensuous, gnarled, by turns delicate and coarse. There is humor in it, too, which is rare enough in contemporary verse. But on the whole it is more amiable than beautiful, more entertaining than successful. The reasons for this are several. To begin with, Mr. Williams too seldom goes below the surface. He restricts his observations almost entirely to the sensory plane. His moods, so to speak, are nearly always the moods of the eye, the ear, and the nostril. We get the impression from these poems that his world is a world of plane surfaces, bizarrely colored, and cunningly arranged so as to give an effect of depth and solidity; but we do not get depth itself. When occasionally this is not true, when Mr. Williams takes the plunge into the profounder stream of consciousness, he appears always to pick out the shallows, and to plunge gingerly. The sensory element is kept in the foreground, the tone remains whimsically colloquial, and as a result the total effect—even when the material is inherently emotional—is still quaintly cerebral. Is it at bottom a sort of puritanism that keeps Mr. Williams from letting go? There is abundant evidence here that his personality is a rich one; but his inhibitions keep him forever dodging his own spotlight. He is ashamed to be caught crying, or exulting, or adoring. On the technical side this puritanism manifests itself in a resolute suppression of beauty. Beauty of sound he denies himself, beauty of prosodic arrangement too; the cadences are prose cadences, the line-lengths are more or less arbitrary, and only seldom, in a short-winded manner, are they effective. In brief, Mr. Williams is a realistic imagist: he has the air of floating through experience as a sensorium and nothing more. He denies us his emotional reactions to the things he sees, even to the extent of excluding intensity of personal tone from his etchings; and his readers, therefore, have no emotional reactions, either. They see, but do not feel. Is Mr. Williams never anything but amused or brightly interested? The attitude has its limits, no matter how fertile its basis of observation.

Of course, one prefers, in the last analysis, Mr. Williams and his caviar to any amount of thin saccharine. It is at least real. But one concludes that the richer and more vital realm lies midway between the extremes: in the truth-tellings of those who not only see sharply and know themselves intimately, but also feel profoundly, relate themselves to their world, and tell us what they know in the comprehensive balanced harmony which we call art.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Making Germany Democratic

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Hermann Fernau. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.)

Bishop Berkeley proposed to cure all physical ailments with the general application of tar water. He was unique in the selection of a remedy but not in his dependence upon one cure for various ills. The history of human thought consists largely in the appearance of great thinkers who interpret the universe in terms of one substance and who would mitigate the maladaptations of man and his environment with a single prescription. To-day the evil is German autocracy and the one remedy the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns. "The Coming Democracy," by Hermann Fernau, presents a diagnosis and propounds the antidote.

From an enforced retreat at Berne, Switzerland, Fernau charges German autocracy with responsibility for the Great War and calls upon his countrymen to repudiate their leaders. No American has more severely indicted the Hohenzollerns. He believes the historical development and the present constitution of the German Empire make for war, not peace. The government is the kaiser, possessed of God-given monarchial rights, received and to be interpreted by the kaiser alone. An examination of the German constitution shows that the states of the empire are but appendages of Prussia, for this state dominates the Bundesrat, or Federal Council. The states have surrendered to the emperor, king of Prussia, exclusive power to declare war, conclude peace, make alliances and treaties, and to appoint and accredit envoys. The imperial diplomatic, civil, and administrative officials are responsible personally to the emperor and to him alone. He may, when he considers it necessary, declare any portion of the federal territory in a

state of war and thus extinguish "civil authorities, the liberty of the press, speech, meetings, union and even travel." The Reichstag is a fictitious democratic trimming. Its representatives, selected according to an electoral law of 1871, do not represent the German nation of to-day. "If, at any time, the government loses its majority in the Reichstag, it dissolves the latter (the Emperor only requires for this purpose the assent of the Bundesrat, of which he is assured beforehand), or simply ignores it." Its financial control is easily evaded and its law-making functions are confined to initiating laws and petitions for the consideration of the Bundesrat. The chancellor represents the emperor and is in no way responsible to the Reichstag, while "only the nobility, endowed with divine insight, is entitled in Prusso-Germany to fill the most important offices and to solve the most difficult political problems. Consequently all leading governmental, administrative, and military posts are filled by members of the nobility."

The continuance of this structure rests with the army. The German army represents a fusion of feudal absolute military control with the modern system of universal military service. The army is national, but its allegiance is personal. "You have sworn me the oath of allegiance," said William II to the newly sworn recruits of 1891. "More than ever before unbelief and dissatisfaction lift their heads in the Fatherland, and the occasion may arise when you will have to shoot down or bayonet your own brothers and relations. Then seal your allegiance with the sacrifice of your heart's blood."

Equally potent for dynastic security has been the propaganda of ideas. A comparison of intellectual Germany of to-day with the Germany of fifty years ago reveals no similarity. The ideals of Kant, Fichte, Feuerbach, Schleiermacher, and Schiller are aliens in the intellectual community of to-day. "Learning without character, knowledge without conscience, organization without humanity, discipline without liberty, ideal without dignity; such is the result of a mental development that, commencing with the disappearance of the Weimar Germanism, and politically trained by Metternich, Bismarck, and William II, and intellectually by Hegel, Treitschke, and their disciples, could only play its part as a protecting power of the dynasty." This is the outcome on the one hand of a suppression of opinion hostile to the dynasty and on the other of a governmental encouragement and subsidy of thinkers who have persistently taught that the state is a divine entity in which the individual is insignificant; that the essence of a state is power unlimited by moral responsibility; that the ends of a state are best attained through war; that war is "divine, holy, normal and the moral law governing the development of the human race"; that racial science indicates that the Teuton is the highest type of man, and, consequently, the divinely appointed vehicle of European civilization.

Governed by a dynasty thus entrenched, which recognizes no law but that of might, Germany can be nothing other than a menace to international peace. It was not surprising to see German representatives at the Hague in 1899 and again in 1907 oppose arbitration of disputes between nations. And when other countries suggested arbitration tribunals, reduction of armaments, and so on, as means of insuring peace, it was to be expected that the Kaiser would reject a limitation upon his free action with this enunciation of a strong-arm policy: "Believe me, peace will never be better safeguarded than by a perfectly organized and prepared German army."

Fernau seeks to prove from German official documents and admissions of Prussian statesmen that the Hohenzollerns deliberately struck at the peace of Europe in 1914 and by means of falsehood and misrepresentation enlisted the loyal support of the German people in a "defensive" war.

Thus proceeds the arraignment. Perhaps this is no time to pass upon its accuracy. It will be accepted by many who in a calmer period would insist that it is an oversimplified exposition of complicated and interrelated tendencies. The outcome may well be an unscrupulous autocracy hostile to the peace of the world, but it does not follow, as Fernau implies, that contributing agents were motivated by sycophantic intentions. I am willing to let the indictment stand, however, if emphasis will shift to the proposed remedies. Fernau's are simple, too simple. He would make Germany a republic and institute some form of international organization which will "frustrate by force of arms any attempt to restore personal despotism." He sincerely believes, in common with many Americans, that wars will cease with the disappearance of dynasties. If his book will enforce this illusion, its present value is questionable. It is not sufficient to paint German autocracy with lurid colors. If we are truly anxious to preserve democracy, we must ask the question, Why have the German people sub-

mitted to the Hohenzollerns? Why have they manifested no more discontent under a dynastic absolutism than have many Americans with a representative system? The explanation is not found exclusively in the standing army and a rule of fear, but in the careful attention given to the economic and social welfare of the German citizen. The happiness of a civilized people is most intimately related to its industrial organization, and although we may condemn the German feudal political structure, we should not hesitate to imitate its concern for the well-being of the individual. Unless democracies supply an equality of economic as well as political opportunity, they are democracies in name alone, and the fundamental duty of Americans while waging this war is not to rage blindly at the Kaiser but to actualize the principles in which we profess belief.

Once we attempt this, we shall see the futility of a universal nostrum for the world disease. What does it mean to say a nation is an international menace? Ultimately, does it not imply that the individuals which constitute nations are imperiled in their development? This suggests that the time has come when we should cease thinking exclusively either in nationalistic or international terms; rather we should use the distributive welfare of mankind as a standard with which to test the effectiveness of both national and international organizations. The Coming Democracy will be, then, such an organization both within and between states as will give to the individual a freedom for the development of his powers, and will substitute the principle of coöperation for that of force and coercion. If this be true, the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns is not a complete assurance of the future. It is Fernau's naïve assumption that wars are caused solely by dynastic ambition which makes his book inadequate in the present exigency. Should the conclusion of the war substitute a rivalry of capitalistic interests for dynastic ambitions, we shall have made the familiar leap from the frying pan into the fire. Wars will persist until there is removed the present temptation for political domination and trade expansion to go hand in hand. A monopoly of international opportunities is no different in principle from special business privileges within states. Regulated behavior and equality of opportunity must supersede international cut-throat competition before nations "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

V. T. Thayer.

Gothic Architecture

The Substance of Gothic. By Ralph Adams Cram. (Marshall Jones Company; $1.50.)

These six lectures, given during the winter of 1916-7 in the Lowell Institute course, in Boston, present Mr. Cram at his boldest and best. Astride his favorite charger, Mediævalism, incased in the shining armor of his enthusiasms and his abhorrences, wielding the Excalibur of his wisdom and his wit, he pursues the dragon of Modernism over Europe and adown the centuries by way of the abbeys, churches, and cathedrals he knows and loves so well.

A great many people, because they do not agree with him, refuse to take Mr. Cram seriously; but he is a potent force, a very palpable fact. The war is an eloquent commentary on his main contention, that materialism is devolution; that its high gods are tottering to their fall; that we stand on the threshold of an age of faith, which will express itself in beauty. One naturally distrusts the special pleader, particularly if he be eloquent, as is Mr. Cram; but in his exaltation of the culture of the Middle Ages, cooler heads than his concur that the weight of evidence is all on his side. According to his view, Gothic architecture is the all-sufficient answer to all our claims to a superiority of culture. "Efficiency" is only a sign of civilization, a thing with which culture has nothing whatever to do.

Although in this book Mr. Cram uses Gothic architecture so largely as a stick to beat a dog with, he has nevertheless produced the best and most interesting short, non-technical history of the style that it has been the reviewer's pleasure to encounter. And he has been able to do this so easily and so well, first, because he speaks of what he knows and loves, and second, because he has not been guilty of the error of isolating his history of the building impulse from that of the life impulse, but has kept constantly before him the fact that the one is only the manifestation of the other.

Mr. Cram writes not alone from the point of view of an ardent Gothicist, but from that of an ardent churchman as well, and this contributes both to the strength and to the weakness of his book—to its strength because he has so keen and constant a realization of the nobility and vitality of the essential spirit of Catholicism; to its weakness because all those who fail or have failed of that realization are to him either heretics, heathen, or pagans, bent on establishing the kingdom of Satan upon earth. Paradoxically, iron-

ically, intolerance was and is the indelible stain upon the white robe of the Church. The hunting down of heresies and the persecution of heretics has ever been a part of its activities. If it is maintained that this is necessary to the existence of any religion, one has only to look for refutation to Buddhism, with its wise and gentle tolerance for alien faiths. Ask the average Catholic priest about Buddha and he will tell you that Buddha was a false god of the heathens; ask a Buddhist priest about Christ and he will place him among the great hierarchy of spiritual teachers of mankind.

If Catholicism, as Mr. Cram hopes, and half believes, is to effect the spiritual regeneration of civilized society after the war, it must become catholic in fact as well as in name. To the reviewer it seems quite as probable that a war-weary world will turn for healing to the secret and sacred wisdom of the immemorial East, treasured for centuries in the brooding bosom of Asia. Then indeed we shall find that West is East, and East is West, after centuries of mutual misunderstanding.

In either case the world will not be the loser, for if its soul awakes, stirred and summoned by whatever "righteous and eternal forces," the flower of great art will blossom again, to be the vehicle of these forces. Science, now organized so largely in the service of death, will become the handmaiden of beauty, inaugurating another of those wondrous epochs of free-flowing life of which ruined Rheims has come to be the sad and eloquent symbol. The German cannon which aimed to obliterate that solid and serene rebuke to all their frightfulness have acted instead as so many pointed forefingers to make men see and remember the real and eternal issues raised by the war. This is Mr. Cram's valedictory on that phase of art of which Rheims is a supreme example:

> Gothic art had done its work; it had given immortal form to Christian civilization, and it passed with the splendid thing it had so faithfully served. It can never come back, at least with the life and power which were its own. . . Whether its spirit comes back to express, in some new series of forms, the righteous and eternal forces that made the Mediaeval man and the Mediaeval State, depends on the answer the world gives to the great question propounded by the War.

The interest of Mr. Cram's book lies, not in the picture he draws of the splendor of mediævalism as expressed in its architecture, masterly as that picture is, but in its foreshadowing of a picture still to be painted on the blank canvas of the future years.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Personalities of a Half-Century

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY LIFE. By Charles MACFARLANE, 1799-1858, Author and Traveller. With an introduction by John F. Tattersall. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $3.50.)

About two years ago Mr. Frank Woore, an antiquarian bookseller of St. Peter's Street, Derby, bought "at a country sale, among a number of old ledgers and account books . . . two quarto manuscript volumes containing the reminiscences of Charles MacFarlane." A small part of the manuscript was in MacFarlane's own writing; for the rest a number of amanuenses had been employed. Mr. John F. Tattersall was given a sight of these volumes, and has now edited them for the public. His work as editor, he informs us, has consisted in the omission of a few entries of minor interest or of a nature to give pain to living representatives of the persons referred to, in the arrangement of the material, and in the correction of errors made by the amanuenses without the author's having had an opportunity to revise.

MacFarlane has been all but forgotten, even by the students of the literature of the period. Yet in his day he was a man of considerable prominence. He was born in 1799, spent the happiest years of his life (1816-1827) at Naples, visited Greece and Turkey, returned to London in 1829, associated personally with nearly all the conspicuous people of the time, married, begot children, fell on evil days, was admitted as a "Poor Brother" to the Charterhouse in 1857, and died the following year. His literary works, of which a list, compiled by himself, is given in an appendix, were of a miscellaneous character, but for the most part comprise travel sketches, historical writings, and three "historical tales," one of which, Mr. Tattersall conjectures, may have given Kingsley the idea for "Hereward the Wake."

The present volume, published sixty years after the demise of the author, was not meant by MacFarlane to be put into print immediately. He composed it partly to cheer his solitude, partly with the thought that it might some day be published, and partly that it might be prized as an heirloom by his eldest son, an officer in the British army. It was begun in 1855. The author's purpose may be given in his own words:

> It has been my fortune, both at home and abroad, to be thrown among very many remarkable persons, of some of whom the world still talks and writes, and will continue to talk and write. I will say my

say of these, and give some of their sayings and doings. I have never Boswellized; I have never thought it fair to go from a man's table straight to one's diary, and before his dinner be digested or the flavour of his claret passed away, to sit down and enregister all that he has been saying in the confidence or carelessness of conviviality. But though I took no "notes," I pondered over and treasured what I heard—as also what I saw—and as my memory has been very retentive, I think that I may report with tolerable accuracy. I cannot promise to myself that in these souvenirs I shall be always and invariably eulogistic. . . *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a benevolent-looking maxim, but it will not do in practice; it would be the death of history, of biography, of anecdote.

Of anecdote—of pleasantly told gossip—there is no dearth in the volume. A rapid reading of the 300 pages is not only a recreation in itself, but a reminder of the personal characteristics of the men of that time and of the tangled interrelations of these men with one another. Our memories grow hazy on such points as the jealousy of Rogers ("Old Sam") toward Sydney Smith, the wearisome and boastful loquacity of the other Sidney Smith (the savior of Acre), the rudeness of Rogers to Lamartine in calling Béranger "the greatest poet of modern France," the feud between Leigh Hunt and Tom Moore, the perennial borrowing by Mrs. Leigh Hunt of five pounds from Carlyle; but MacFarlane reacquaints us, or newly acquaints us, with these matters. Of his lighter gossip an example is this incident "after a very jovial dinner at Old John Murray's"—King John's:

> Theodore Hook was called upon to sing one of his improvised songs. He was in "keff" and in vein; he sang three songs in succession, and really excelled himself. [The conceited Thomas] Campbell, considerably more than three-fourths "fou," went off into an ecstasy, and taking his wig off his head, he threw it across the table at Theodore, shouting, "There, you dog! Take my laurels! They are yours!" The laughter was uproarious. . . Washington Irving laughed until his sides ached, and then with a sly, demure face told Campbell that he had never before fancied those poetical locks were not of his own growth.

But light, frothy comment is not all. MacFarlane was a man of cultivated mind, was a fit associate of the varied personalities with whom he had contact. The chief value of his book lies in his reaction to those personalities. And along with his easy-going chatter about them goes an instinct for discerning the things which are characteristic, revealing. He perceives that the graceful turn which Sir Thomas Lawrence would give a letter to a tailor—a turn as elegant as if he meant the letter for a duchess—is a symbol of the painter's pride in doing everything thoroughly. In Shelley he sees personal peculiarities, yet asserts that the poet "never could have been taken for anything but a true thoroughbred English gentleman," and adds: "He was all over feeling, and all his feelings were of the acutest sort. Had he not been drowned as he was, he never could have lasted; the bright, sharp sword had already outworn the scabbard. . . His was never atheism, but a sort of indescribable pantheism. . . Perishing as he did, he was getting his philosophy and his religion all right." Keats, he declares, "could hardly see a London street row without the impulsive wish to be in the midst of it. . . He was one of the most cheery and plucky little fellows I ever knew. . . I rather think that what I most admired in Keats were his pluck and thorough abhorrence of what—after my friend Thomas Carlyle—we now call 'shams.'" He assures us that Moore "was thoroughly a manly fellow, and except on certain rare occasions, utterly devoid of pretension and affectation"—an assurance the latter part of which the reader of the melodist's journal will perhaps modify a little. The senescent Godwin he pictures as more human than we might have surmised, and he throws in the touching sentence: "I rather fancied that he liked me because I had known poor Shelley and his wife." He finds sterling qualities in Beau Brummell. He shows anew how genuinely the great-hearted Scott was affected by his environment. He deplores the impression that Wordsworth, in his later years, "was a circumspect, cold-hearted man." Most delightful of all his portraits is that of Hartley Coleridge, of which no adequate idea may be had unless the reader consults it for himself.

MacFarlane cherishes few grudges. He readily forgives Charles Knight, who brought him to financial ruin. Yet he sometimes interprets harshly. He is severe toward Campbell, unsparing of De Quincey, vindictive toward Harriet Martineau and Macaulay. "Of the ill-favoured, dogmatizing, masculine spinster" he quotes approvingly the dictum of John Wilson Croker in the "Quarterly": "The false, foul, and unfeminine pen of Miss Martineau." His acquaintance with Impey, whom Macaulay pillories in the essay on Warren Hastings, and with many of the documents in the case, may account in part for his virulence toward the "right hon. lampooner . . . whom people persist in calling *the* Historian, although with him History is little more than a romance and a political satire." But the surer clue lies elsewhere. MacFarlane,

travelled and experienced as he was, was pronouncedly conservative. He hated any signs of departure from Anglicanism, he loathed the Whigs, he looked upon the passage of the Reform Bill as an event which would send the country and the future to the dogs. It seems hard for him, with all his personal charity, to do justice to a man of liberal temper. Not that he was as reactionary as many other men of the age. Yet he was reactionary enough for us to have doubts about his fairness to Pole-loving Campbell ("Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell"), to De Quincey with his "solemn cant," to religion-baiting, political-economy-lauding Harriet Martineau, to Macaulay the Whig, and the rest. And we should give greater weight to his approval of Shelley, Wordsworth, and Godwin if he did not himself assure us that Shelley was becoming orthodox, Wordsworth was no longer given to indiscretions, and Godwin had lost his religious and political radicalism. Honest and candid as MacFarlane is, we must reckon with this bias in his nature in deciding whether his interpretation of a given personality is just and sound.

GARLAND GREEVER.

A Nucleus of World Organization

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. (The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)

Now and again the full-flowing stream of war literature bears to the reviewer's desk a volume of substantial and lasting worth. Such a book is Mr. Beer's "English-Speaking Peoples," containing the most penetrating analysis of past and present Anglo-American relations that has yet been made, and discussing with peculiar sanity the future duties and dealings of the several great branches of the English-speaking family.

Upwards of twenty-five years ago the question of a formal political connection between the British Empire and the United States was debated with much seriousness in certain circles on both sides of the Atlantic. The final word was uttered by Captain A. T. Mahan in a thoughtful essay wherein he laid all due stress on the numerous and important bonds of sympathy and interest between the English and the American peoples, but declared that the ground was not yet prepared "in the hearts and understandings" of Americans, and probably not in those of British citizens. As Mr. Beer rightly says, strong unifying forces have been at work during this quarter-century, and particularly since 1914, and the question of the future relations of the two peoples has taken on an entirely different aspect. It is not assumed that a political reunion is any more feasible to-day than it was in 1894, and Mr. Beer does not undertake to discuss that question. But he does seek to explain (to use his own words) "the advisability and necessity of a coöperative democratic alliance of all the English-speaking peoples, from which may possibly in time be developed such a new type of permanent political association."

The discussion begins with a trenchant analysis of the shortcomings of the modern system of sovereign states—a system which the writer frankly characterizes as "international anarchy." Not only is the present cataclysm the outcome of a system which sets off nations one against another and enshrouds interstate intercourse with a "murky atmosphere of fear and suspicion," but so long as the community of states remains unorganized, the "will to war" of one of its members will always be able to thwart the pacific purposes of the majority. International law, arbitral machinery, "ententes," and understandings—all must fail to save the world from being a great armed camp, so long as the nations refuse to yield their jealous separatism and to give up the notion that they, as sovereign states, must demand from their citizens supreme and undivided dedication. It is plausibly argued that no nation, particularly under present-day conditions, can really be fully self-controlling (that is, fully *sovereign*), and that a more general recognition of this fact would have the wholesome effect of causing states to relax their rigid attitudes toward their neighbors.

Mr. Beer's main point is that this sort of relaxation is to be expected first from nations that have longest been on good terms, and that have most in common. The English-speaking nations best meet this condition; hence the plea is for the initiation of the new type of internationalism by and among these nations. Gradually, it is hoped, the idea will commend itself elsewhere; and finally the whole civilized world may attain such a measure of organization as to make great catastrophes like the present war forever impossible.

The major portion of the book is taken up with a description of our foreign policy before and during the war, and with an inquiry into the extent and character of the unity of the English-speaking peoples, with a view to ascertaining

how far these peoples now are from the mutually trustful attitude required for the international reorganization that is advocated. The judgment passed on the American policy of separatism is severe. "Almost, if not equally, as disastrous to the civilization of the world as are the aims and acts of Germany, was the traditional attitude of the United States which, immersed in concern for its own peace and liberty, had until 1917 adhered to a policy of 'no foreign entanglements' outside the western hemisphere that is tantamount to a repudiation of all responsibility for maintaining justice and right in interstate relations other than such as directly affected the American continents." The United States is, accordingly, held to a degree of negative responsibility for the present war, and it is declared that the contest has given the death blow to the country's cherished policy of isolation by demonstrating—what ought to have been plain before—that the traditional course of non-intervention is impossible in a highly interdependent world.

In the author's opinion, the time has come for a permanent English-speaking alliance—an alliance not of Great Britain and the United States alone, but of all the English-speaking peoples of the world, so that the great self-governing dominions of Canada, Australia, and South Africa will have their clearly defined and proper places in it. In a final chapter the reasons for such an alliance are succinctly set forth. They run substantially as follows: (1) the English-speaking peoples have a deep and lasting inheritance of common speech, ideas, institutions, purposes, and methods; (2) upon them will fall, in a peculiar degree, the task of economic rehabilitation after the war, requiring the closest coöperation; (3) their security is dependent on a preponderance of sea power, which they can more economically maintain in collaboration than separately; (4) the two fundamentals of American foreign policy which are likely to survive the present conflict—that is, the Monroe Doctrine and Chinese integrity—have heretofore been powerfully supported by British good-will, and can best be maintained in the future with the aid of that valuable force; (5) the alliance would mean an accumulation of strength such as would avert the danger of preparedness in any of the countries growing into militarism; (6) the English-speaking peoples must form the central element in a League to Enforce Peace, or any similar international organization having as its object the discouragement of war.

Mr. Beer's argument is logical and forceful. He has scrupulous regard for the facts of history and economics; his views are the outcome of a lifetime of study of British imperial and colonial affairs and of international politics. Many, perhaps most, of his readers will shrink from his conclusions. Even to-day the proposal that the United States adopt a settled policy of foreign alliances is somewhat startling. But no one will be justified in withholding from this book the tribute of candid and thoughtful consideration. To a world in chaos such a piece of constructive reasoning and planning should be welcome.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

The Story of a Failure

THE RISE OF DAVID LEVINSKY. By Abraham Cahan. (Harper & Brothers; $1.60.)

Fifteen or twenty years ago there appeared in the magazines some remarkable stories of the East Side of New York by Abraham Cahan. They were not of the crudely comic type of Potash and Perlmutter, nor were they in the somewhat finer mood of sentimental humor which made the late Myra Kelly deservedly popular. They were humorous and pathetic in a quiet, compelling way, with a gentle austerity of tone even less familiar to American readers then than it is in the days of the Russian invasion. Mr. Howells praised these stories and he and others in editorial authority encouraged the author to write more. A career in the pleasant art of fiction was open to Mr. Cahan. But he withdrew from it and, so far as I know, he has written no more stories for at least ten years. He has devoted his energy to building up the great Jewish daily "Forward," which is not only the voice of the East Side, but a powerful vehicle of social and political ideals that have not yet penetrated the capitalistic sanctums of Times Square and Nassau Street.

Now, as he approaches sixty, Mr. Cahan gives us this solid, mature novel, into which are compacted the reflections of a lifetime. The notice on the wrapper calls it "a story of success in the turmoil of American life." Probably the writer of those words intended to help the book by the appeal which "success" makes to the American mind, for no reader, not even a publisher's clerk, could miss the immense irony of

the story. It is indeed the story of a failure. The vanity of great riches was never set forth with more searching sincerity. The helplessness of the individual, even the strong and prosperous, in the economic whirlpool, the loneliness and disillusionment only partly assuaged by pride in commercial achievement, the sacrifice of the intellectual life to the practical, these are the fundamental themes of the book. Levinsky, with the instincts of a scholar and a desire for the finest things in life, is swept into business by circumstances which he hardly understands himself and against which he is powerless; once in the game he makes the most of his abilities, but he never ceases to regard his visible good fortune as poor compensation for the invisible things he has missed. His wealth forces him to associate with all that is vulgar and acquisitive in Jewry and isolates him from all that is idealistic. He finds that he cannot even speak the language of the woman he most admires. Worse still, he is out of sympathy with the aspirations of millions of poor Jews from whose ranks he has sprung. He has no sympathy with those who would break the game up or make new rules, yet he sees that the game is hardly worth playing, even for the winner. "Success! Success! Success! It was the almighty goddess of the hour. Thousands of new fortunes were advertising her gaudy splendors. Newspapers, magazines, and public speeches were full of her glory, and he who found favor in her eyes found favor in the eyes of man."

The portrait of David Levinsky is a portrait of society, not simply of the Jewish section of it, or of New York, but of American business. And business is business whether done by Jew or Gentile. If Levinsky is a triumphant failure, he is so because American business, which shaped him to its ends, is, viewed from any decent regard for humanity, a miserable monster of success. Not that Levinsky is an abstraction, or that the novelist is forcing a thesis. Far from it. The personality of Mr. Levinsky is as sharply individualized as the hero of Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors," though with a different kind of subtlety, the subtlety not of detached analysis, but of naïvely simple self-revelation, which of course is not so simple as it sounds.

Mr. Cahan is an artist; he knows how to think through his characters, by letting them do the thinking, as if it were their affair and not his. At the same time he does not perform (nor does any other artist) that foolish and meaningless operation, as expressed by a great poet through a young critic, of holding "the mirror up to nature." Nature in a mirror is just nature, not nature thought out, excogitated, turned to human uses, interpreted in human words. And this is the place to say that Mr. Cahan knows how to use words. There are no great phrases in this book. A simple and (intellectually) honest business man writing his autobiography would not use a great phrase; such a phrase might issue from some enviable person in that intellectual life from which Levinsky was excluded. But there is no banal or inept phrase. Such a man as Mr. Cahan intends Levinsky to be, a man trained in the Talmud, which means verbal sense, and hammered by the facts of life, which means a sense of reality, and a wistful failure, which means imaginative retrospection, says things in a direct, firm, accurate style. There is no lack of emotion; strong feeling, expressed or implied, runs through the book from beginning to end. But there is a complete absence of eloquence, a deliberate refraining from emphasis, an even manner of setting forth ideas and events impartially for the value inherent in them, an admirable method, the method of a philosophic artist. Here is life; some of it is good, some of it is bad; it is all somewhat pitiable, to be laughed at rather than cried over; nobody is deserving of indignant blame or abuse. It is our business to understand it as well as we can; and though we never can see it in its entirety or with complete clearness, if we make an honest effort to record events and delineate personalities, the events will arrange themselves in a more or less intelligible sequence, and the personalities will be their own commentary upon themselves. An obvious method, but you will read many a book to find one skilful application of it.

It seems to me the method most often employed and carried to the highest degree of perfection by the great Russians. I am driven to the timidity of "seems" by my friend H. L. Mencken, who reminds us in his bluff-calling manner that we do much talking about Russian novels without having read many of them or understanding what we have read. But better-informed critics than I have noted that one characteristic of the Russian novel is a benevolent impartiality in its treatment of all kinds of people and a calm contemplation of events horrible, gay, sad, comic. A revolutionist can portray, in fiction, a commissioner of police, whom in real life he would be

willing to kill, with a fairness that is more than fair, with a combination of Olympian serenity and human sympathy. He can be a virulent propagandist when he is writing pamphlets, and when he writes fiction he can forget his propaganda or subdue it to art, that is, to a balanced sense of life. A remarkable case is Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Tolstoy had given up art as a bad job and had been for years a zealous propagandist, benevolent and philosophic, to be sure, but exaggerated and distorted. He had fallen under the influence of Henry George and the single-tax idea (because he, like George, lived in a country where the chief economic problem was agrarian). When he came to write "Resurrection," he made his hero a protagonist of the single-tax theory. A propagandist who was not an artist would have made that theory succeed in the book. Success in fiction is cheap and easy. But Tolstoy, an artist—that is, a man with a feeling for the facts of life—made the idea fail before the conservatism of the peasants whom the idea was intended to benefit. That is honesty in art.

When I say that Mr. Cahan's novel sounds like a good translation of a Russian novel, and that he is a disciple of the Russian novelists, I accuse him of the crime of being an artist and a seer. As a matter of biography, he is a child of Russian literature. And that is why his novel, written in faultless English, is a singular and solitary performance in American fiction. If that strange demand for "the" or "a great American novel," a demand which is at once foolish and the expression of a justifiably proud feeling that a big country ought to have big books, is to be satisfied, perhaps we shall have to ask an East Side Jew to write it for us. That would be an interesting phenomenon for some future Professor Wendell to deal with in a History of American Literature. And by the way, Mr. Cahan is a competent critic. I hope he will give us not only more novels, but a study of Russian literature for the enlightenment of the American mind. I remember with gratitude an article of his which I read when I was even more ignorant than I am now, on the modern successors to the group of Titans, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky. He put Maxim Gorky in his place and told us (this was before the Russian invasion) about Andreyev and Chekhov. If Mr. Cahan will write a book on Russian literature, I will do my best to establish him in his merited place in American literature.

JOHN MACY.

Jacob Tonson

BOOKS AND PERSONS. By Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran Co.; $2.)

Here you are face to face with a professional —"a tremendous and omniscient expert," to borrow one of Arnold Bennett's own thumping phrases. In our American world of salesmen and brokers, Mr. Bennett would indubitably have been known as a "live wire." Easy to imagine other brokers hanging on his lips, waiting for the golden word that might turn out to be an invaluable tip and the first stage on the road to fortune. I do not mean to be disrespectful; I mean to be complimentary. Mr. Bennett has taken the trouble to know his business from the ground up rather than from the clouds down, and that in itself is quite sufficient to give any real artist distinction in the world of letters. He knows the technical side and the publishing side, and he has taken the trouble to formulate a pretty definite notion of the public for which he writes. He is sufficiently alive to be keenly and not superciliously interested in all the gossip going, and he does not pretend to disdain trivialities. He did not begin to be an artist by the aristocratic process of exclusion or elimination, and even if we are obliged to regard his peculiar case as one of the happy cases of dual personality and to think of him as, so to speak, a two-fisted writer, that doesn't in the least invalidate the message he has to give to the novice. That most novices will be inclined to mistake his sanity for cynicism and resent the cool grays in his picture of the literary life, makes no difference whatever.

The base on which Mr. Bennett's talent rests is common sense. Some people complain that that is precisely what is the matter with him, by which they mean to indicate, I suppose, that his work is not sufficiently irradiated with imagination. They feel cheated, let down, forced to live too much on one plane and in the mood of Monday morning. Well, I confess that one does feel that sometimes in the novels, especially in the famous trilogy; there are vast, arid stretches in "Hilda Lessways" and I think there are some even in "The Old Wives' Tale." There is often something mechanical and galvanic about the simulation of romantic ecstasy—especially when it is a question of the illusions of youth. The exclamation point bends under the burden it has to support. But as critic, Mr. Bennett almost always recognizes a work of authentic imagination when he sees it; nor is his enthusiasm

rendered less happily infectious by the fact that he tolerates no nonsense and begins by assuming that the production of masterpieces is something more than "inspirational hypersthenia."

The present volume is made up of selections from the *causeries* he contributed to "The New Age" during the years 1908-11, under the name of "Jacob Tonson." The range is considerable, giving Mr. Bennett's reactions to publishers, the public, the literary agent, the prevalence of cant, and so on; but I think the book is chiefly interesting as a record of the casual judgments—casual in form only—of a tremendous expert on his fellow-craftsmen. Such judgments are always immensely stimulating even if they aren't (as Mr. Bennett is fond of pretending) the only judgments worth listening to. They are usually more provocative and enlivening than elaborate criticism, for they may be—as these are—quite innocent of rhetoric, and rhetoric can be an appalling spoil-sport. It suggests embalming fluid. The liveliest idea, treated with rhetoric, often takes on the vacuous placidity of a corpse. Here, on the other hand, we get the writer's enthusiasms and exasperations, his forethoughts and afterthoughts, and even his profanity. All of which is precisely as it should be in a *causerie* that is often no more than an expanded paragraph.

So far as Mr. Bennett's enthusiasms are concerned, most of them were quite easy for a man of taste writing in 1908—Chekhov, Dostoevsky, Conrad (whom he only, to be sure, defends against the ineptitude of the "Athenæum"), H. G. Wells. What he says about Mr. Chesterton seems to me altogether just and not too severe; Mr. Chesterton's dogmatic orthodoxy, coming at this time of day, stamps his mind, for all its brilliancy, as second-rate. (Since the beginning of the war it has been absolutely third-rate, when it hasn't been in abeyance.) Nor are his remarks on the later Rudyard Kipling too drastic. Some would object to them as sociological. The crux of the matter is Kipling's attitude to the English land system. "To read this story one could never guess that the English land system is not absolutely ideal, that tenants and hereditary owners do not live always in a delightful patriarchal relation, content. There are no shadows whatever." But what Mr. Bennett is objecting to is not Kipling's tory complacency; it is his blindness—a very serious disability in an artist.

We are working now into the region of Mr. Bennett's aversions. I have kept no count, but my impression is that the aversions are more numerous than the enthusiasms in this collection, and there can be no doubt at all that they are more vivacious. His judgments of doom are "short and shattering." Take the case of Arthur Christopher Benson—a shining mark who has come off unscathed under a shower of arrows. "Much if not most of the 'Thread of Gold' is merely absurd. Some of it is pretentious, some of it is inept. All of it is utterly banal. All of it has the astounding calm assurance of mediocrity. It is a solemn thought that tens of thousands of well-dressed mortals alive and idle to-day consider themselves to have been uplifted by the perusal of this work." With Mr. Benson one may loosely lump such other aversions as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Marie Corelli, and Elinor Glyn—all incomparable idols of the book-reading mob, the mob, in this sense, being composed of the "superior stolid comfortable," the middle-class props of the *status quo* and the invincible enemies of progress and art. How they dote on elegance! The elegant emotions of Mrs. Ward's heroines, and the elegant upholstery and language of Elinor Glyn's. As for Mrs. Ward, she knows her business; her novels are possibly "the best stuff now being swallowed by the uneducated public; and they deal with the governing classes; and when you have said that you have said all. Nothing truly serious can happen in them. It is all make-believe. No real danger of the truth about life . . . I should think not indeed!"

The chief remaining aversion of Mr. Bennett is the mandarin, and the most mandarinic of the mandarins is for him the professor. Here Mr. Bennett assumes the posture of the professional heaping scorn on the amateur. Churton Collins is his particular *bête noire*. "He had acquired much learning. Indeed, I should suppose that on the subject of literature he was the most learned man in Britain. Unfortunately, he was quite bereft of original taste. . . The frowning structure of his vast knowledge overawed many people, but it never overawed an artist—unless the artist was excessively young and naïve." And Mr. Bennett goes on "de-classing the whole professorial squad—Bradley, Herford, Dowden, Walter Raleigh, Elton, Saintsbury. The first business of any writer, and especially of any critical writer, is not to be mandarinic and tedious, and these lecturers have not yet learnt that first business."

Indeed, Mr. Bennett's attitude to all criticism, whether mandarinic or not, is frankly aristocratic. The critic wants the special insight and sympathy that belongs to the "creative artist," and without that he is simply bound to flounder; above all, he is bound to arrive late at the feast. Mr. Bennett's ostentatious and persistent appropriation of the title "creative artist" is not unsuggestive of swank, a form of self-indulgence with which he is on intimate terms, as he has shown conclusively in more than one novel. That is not, however, the whole story. No! If he is hard on the professor here and harsh elsewhere with the dilettante,—the man who knows more and talks better than any creative artist,—it is not altogether because he objects to the genteel tradition in criticism. Impossible to acquit him of a touch of envy. Not envy of the professor's gentility or of his eminence, but envy solely of the blissful amplitude of his leisure. What a chance to read books, all the books there are! Some, perhaps most, creative artists are quite innocent of any such envy; Arnold Bennett, however, is really a bookman and there is not a little evidence that he has had to remind himself now and then that the main business of the writer is to write and not to read. Such things are naturally irritating.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

Night on the Beach

A bare spit of sand
Stretches out to the dark;
At the border of it, houses:
Sparse-scattered blocks of obscurity.
At the edge of it, night,
And a surging, a moaning,
Something clutching hard at the edge of the sand,
Something sliding in terror away.

Two people drift past,
Talking in low voices;
They are lost, blurred shadows
In the grey flatness.
The heavy clouds hang in the sky
As if they dared not go further;
A wind scurries hastily over the sand and then stops.
And beyond,
There is something great heaving and clutching,
And stretching out endlessly. . .
Something greater than man,
Something empty of life,
Something changeless and old and alone.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

PORTRAITS AND PROTESTS. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. Holt; $1.25.

As a poet Miss Cleghorn's gift is a slender one, and lies rather in intention than in accomplishment. Her subject-matter is usually fit for lyrical treatment, whether it is the picture of a girl or a landscape or even a little social irony. But her manner of handling these themes is too completely conventional to be poetic. While the verses have all a distinct personal accent, they fail adequately to convey emotion. This is partly due to the fact that the author clings to lilting measures, intelligible for "Margerita Singing Ballads," but not for "Jane Addams," that she uses inversion frequently, permits her metrical feet to stumble, and has a rather tiresome fondness for flounces and roundabouts. The lack of intensity is perhaps also due to Miss Cleghorn's austere passion for New England. The portion of the book called "Protests" has more of propaganda value than of warm human anger in it, and the occasional humor is as dry as the air of Vermont. An instance of lyrism exceptional for the volume is this:

> Fields of fireflies
> Wheel all night like stars above the wheat.

But this note on George Herbert is more characteristic:

> He led the wanton English Muse to church:
> The lovely pagan Muse, *"well drest and clad."*

Several of the poems show a kinship with the shrewd talent of Emily Dickinson, but not her genius. The difference is significant: where the latter was, even on her intellectual altitudes, communicative, Miss Cleghorn remains merely expressive.

NEW ZEALAND IN EVOLUTION. By G. H. Scholefield. New Edition. Scribner; $1.75.

"You can't tell," as the admirable Crichton of Mr. Barry remarked, "what will happen on an island." New Zealand is the most insular of civilized countries. It is 4000 miles from South America, the nearest continental land area, and it is divided from Australia by "an uninterrupted moat twelve hundred miles in width at its narrowest part." And a great many things have been happening in New Zealand.

During the last seventy-five years the islands have been a sort of political experiment station for the rest of the world. In 1840 European civilization was represented by a handful of pioneers and perhaps 60,000 savages, among whom cannibalism was not yet extinct. To-day New Zealand is a commonwealth of a million middle-class souls living under the most advanced democracy in the world. Within this brief period this little island nation has faced

and, humanly speaking, has solved most of the problems that older peoples are reluctantly beginning to consider. It had a race problem, which it "solved" by guaranteeing to the natives their rights in the soil and making of them, like the Indians in Oklahoma, a landlord class. It had a land problem, which it solved by a policy which has tended to make great estates unprofitable and to discourage absentee ownership. It had a labor problem, which it met by the establishment of a national labor bureau, a state farm for the unemployed, and a system of compulsory arbitration.

It has had other problems, which it has met by taking its coal mines under state control, by the organization of a state life-insurance company, the establishment of a state sawmill, and by taking over the control of the national oyster beds.

Mr. Scholefield's book, which was written in 1909, is now published in a cheaper edition. At the time it was first published it was said, in spite of all that had been written on New Zealand, that nothing had been written which gave at once a comprehensive and consistent account of the whole political and economic evolution of the island. This need the book met and nothing has since been published to take its place. There is a certain propriety, also, in the republication of the volume at this time, when the changes now going on in the political and economic organization of the world make the description of New Zealand's bold experiments in democracy, interesting reading.

Militarism at Work in Belgium and Germany. By K. G. Ossiannilsson. Unwin; 2s. 6d.

In his Flag Day address President Wilson made passing reference to the singular zest with which the German people seem to submit to their present oppressive form of government. Possibly the zest is only apparent, and not real. Mr. Ossiannilsson depicts a highly organized system of ruthless repression against which protest has small chance of rising above a whisper. "Why has German Liberalism proved such an utter failure?" he asks. "Why is a double quartet allowed to sing the part which ought to resound with the full force of a massed choir? Is everything hypnotized by militarism? Is Germany so united in wrong-doing as we are made to fear and believe?" His reply is that the massed choir is only waiting for the leader's baton, but that every potential leader is made to disappear, in the trenches or prisons or elsewhere, as soon as the attempt to raise the baton is ventured. That nefarious device of Prussian statecraft known as Preventive Arrest throws suspected persons into jail under the pretense of benevolently protecting them from their own latent tendencies to evil, and in jail they remain until their errant impulses are overcome. The insufferable governmental conditions now existing in Belgium and, in a somewhat less degree, in Germany itself, are plainly, with much documentary evidence, exposed to view; and finally Goethe's Egmont is aptly quoted in behalf of his compatriots, the sturdy Belgians, in his eloquent protest against the tyrannical rule of Alba. Mr. H. G. Wright translates this little volume from the Swedish.

Russia as I Know It. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Lippincott; $3.

After all the conflicting reports and interpretations of Russia, it is significant that so experienced a traveller as Mr. de Windt, having already written "Siberia as It Is," should discreetly call this work "Russia as I Know It." To have paralleled the former title would have been a hardy matter. In allowing the book to be published in its present form, however, the author risks the charge of taking undue advantage of the contemporary interest in things Russian. For, interesting as it is, the material shows every evidence of having been collated with less thought of homogeneity than of producing a book that would sell.

The arrangement of subjects is curious. The reader is taken from Petrograd to Moscow, then to Finland and over to Siberia, back to Kiev, down to the Crimea, and finally to the Caucasus. Interspersed along the way are chapters on the moujik, the Cossack, diversions, food, and creeds.

The author is at his best when he writes of the Russian. He pictures and characterizes, leaving the reader to interpret. His friend the moujik is the subject of a particularly illuminating chapter. One learns from it that the Russian language is spoken all over the empire (for such he still calls it) with the same purity of accent by plebeian and patrician alike, and that you can tell an aristocrat from a moujik more by his manners than by his speech. The moujik has other excellent qualities. He is hospitable, industrious, skilful, brave. Extenuation is found for his laxity of morals in his cramped and insanitary housing conditions, and if his clothing is unclean and vermin-infested, he at least wars upon the parasites by subjecting them to a high temperature in the kitchen-stove oven. According to his education and training he is quite an exemplary citizen, a contrast in a variety of ways to the rich Siberian of whom the author was once a guest. The Siberian owned priceless pictures and other artistic treasures, horses and

carriages, and conservatories of rare orchids. His bedroom was furnished in Louis XV style by a famous Parisian decorator, yet he slept every night, fully dressed, on three chairs.

Evidently Mr. de Windt has not been in Russia very recently, for usually he tempers any positive statement regarding a condition that may have been changed by the revolution with a footnote or parenthesis such as "or was (or did) under the Empire." It is difficult to believe, however, that this care was exercised in the assertions that there are fifty breweries in operation throughout Finland, that the Russian ballet is the finest in Europe, or that the revolutionary youth of both sexes are easily recognized, as they affect an eccentric style of dress. Enough of ante-bellum Russia must of necessity remain, however, to give the book some lasting value in spite of its blemishes, for it is mostly about people, and human nature does not change with politics.

The Ladies of Dante's Lyrics. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Harvard University Press; $1.35.

The most obvious parallels which come to one's mind in reading these studies are two works of Dante himself, the "New Life" and the "Banquet," where the poet frames a certain number of his lyrics in a prose commentary. Professor Grandgent has translated the majority of Dante's short poems, grouped them to show their probable relation to one another, and surrounded them with all the exegesis that keen critical insight can offer. At first the reader is captivated by the charm of the style and the translations of the lyrics; it is only on reflection that he becomes aware of the masterly interpretation, based on long study of all Dante's works. In the first chapter, entitled "Violetta" after one of the more shadowy of the ladies, there is a discussion of Italian poetry contemporary with Dante and of the evolution in his own manner, through rather conventional amatory verse, to the *dolce stil nuovo,* with its mystic idealism. The remaining studies deal with Matelda, the lovely symbol of youth in the earthly paradise, with Pietra, who inspired some of the most wildly beautiful of the lyrics, with Beatrice, and with Lisetta, possibly the lady of the window, who occupied some place in the poet's mind, as he says, after the death of Beatrice. None of the figures can be positively identified, though Professor Grandgent believes that each one is the idealized image of some woman known to Dante. In general the poems point to a tendency which seems to have been characteristic of the author. "First Dante's fancy is stirred by a real person; then, having come to regard this person as a symbol of something abstract, he little by little loses consciousness of the reality and consecrates himself to the cult of the symbol. Having reached this last stage, he believes, or tries to persuade himself, that the whole experience has been an allegory."

How to Study Architecture. By Charles Henry Caffin. Dodd, Mead; $3.50.

Mr. Caffin's object is to treat architecture as a live art—one which grows out of both the needs and the ideals of life. He gives much more heed than is common in books of this type to the considerations—religious, philosophical, social, political, and economical—that have influenced architecture among various peoples in various ages; and he is constantly, consistently concerned with architectural works as organic growths. His book, like most of its kind, labors through the ages to bring things down to us and to our day; what is aside from the main line of advance to that goal is omitted. Thus the architecture of the Orient—China, Japan, India—is passed by: the gate recently opened to eastern painting and other arts is not yet wide enough to admit eastern building. On the other hand, Mr. Caffin has a sufficing chapter on Minoan architecture, based upon the excavations of Evans and others in Crete; and thus he closes up the hiatus long felt between the architecture of Egypt and that of Greece, besides accounting more clearly for remains like those at Mycenæ and Tiryns. He endeavors to appraise the value of individual buildings, as well as of national schools of building, and he stands throughout on the basis of organic structure and development. As but few peoples have been able to compass in their architecture a happy balance of logical and emotional elements, Mr. Caffin now and then is naturally "put to his stumps." Thus, Roman architecture, in its æsthetic aspects, was largely an overlaying of native construction with Greek decoration, quite illogically applied: if the Romans are to be praised, it must be mostly as organizers on a grand scale and as engineers of great energy and audacity. Again, if we are to enjoy the architecture of the Renaissance, at which time the master-builder was succeeded by the architect (in the modern sense), we must regard its examples as works of pictorial design rather than as creations based on organic functioning. And what of the characteristic American architecture of the present day—the steel-cage construction clothed in stone, brick, or terra cotta draperies lifted at random from all historical periods? Well, we must be indulgent here, too. We turn with a little sigh of relief to the Greeks, the Byzantines, and the mediæval cathedral-builders, peoples of three

periods who were able to bring about a complete fusion of fine feeling and clear thinking. Mr. Caffin makes concessions but does not yield ground. For the rest, his book offers throughout a sufficiency of practical detail for the student and the amateur; and the illustrations, many of which are unhackneyed, invariably illustrate the points he is intent upon making.

OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA. By John T. Faris. Lippincott; $4.

Ten famous highways and their rich historical and legendary associations form the subject of Mr. Faris's agreeably discursive volume. These roads, favorites with automobilists and, formerly at least, with equestrians and pedestrians, are the King's Highway to Wilmington, the Baltimore, the West Chester, and the Lancaster Turnpikes, and the Gulph, the Ridge, the Germantown, the Bethlehem, the York, and the Bristol Roads, stretching out, collectively, somewhat like the radiating sticks of an open fan, with the Delaware River serving as the outside sticks and the city hall as the central pivot on which the sticks turn. No other city presents such a number of radiating highways passing through scenes of such varied beauty and historical interest. It was a happy thought to make them the subject of a book, and with much curious lore has the subject been enriched, showing diligence and no little original research in the treatment. Historical, genealogical, and literary items of note sprinkle the pages.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. By Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.

The worth of a jest is said to lie in the ears of him that hears it. Franklin P. Adams is enough of a psychologist to know this axiom, and he plays on the joy of recognition to gain much of his deserved applause. He chooses his audience, and gives its members things to gloat over which will waken familiar echoes in their brains, as well as delight them with his own happy wit. This audience is, however, catholic. It should know its classics, Horace, Catullus, Propertius, as it knows its Irving Berlin and its Arnold Bennett. It should rejoice in things carnal, prefer tennis to toil, and have human sympathies withal, appreciating the righteous resentment of the ditch-digger against the plutocrat in a motor.

This latest volume is rich in parodies, most of them so nice as to be exquisitely funny. Especially good are those which at once parody and reply to such poets as Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, and Owen Seaman. But there are other bits which do not depend on any reference for their humor. Such are the "Strange Cases" of people whose fate is surprisingly what one would expect it to be, if one had not been led by popular fictionists to expect the unexpected; the sweet, sardonic thumb-nail sketches of such notables as Mrs. Vernon Castle and Gaby Deslys; and verses like the pathetic plea to W. Hohenzollern, which concludes:

> Sue then for peace! And let the skies be fair again!
> The Polo Grounds' most ardent eager tenant
> Was I. . . And, William, how I yearn to care again
> About such things as who will win the penant!"

Besides his funniness, which depends as much on his assumptions of intimacy as on a gentle irony, Mr. Adams is felicitous in his use of exacting metres and involved rhyme-schemes. He takes a certain joy in overcoming technical difficulties, though he does not scruple to split a word for the rhyme's sake, and then he seems to take you into his confidence regarding the poet's problem. Most choice is his use of slang in paraphrasing Latin. Even his titles are mirth-provoking: "Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum . . ." is entitled "The Cold Wave of 32 B.C."; "Vixi puellis nuper idoneus . . ." is immortalized as "When Q. H. F. Sang 'Goodbye Girls.'" The quality of these translations may be seen in this version of "Vitas hinuleo me similis, Chloe":

> Chloe, regard my song sententious
> And trust me as your soul's director:
> No longer be a conscientious
> Objector.
>
> No lion, I, to feast upon
> You, Chloe. Do not be so distant.
> Forget your mother. Be a non-
> Resistant.

THE ORDER OF NATURE. By Lawrence J. Henderson. Harvard University Press.

In the recent thoughtful and stimulating work of this author on "The Fitness of the Environment" emphasis was laid upon the fitness of the inorganic world for life. This is shown in certain fundamental stabilities of the chemical and physical environment, in the equable temperature of the earth, in the constancy of alkalinity in the ocean, and in the regularity of currents in the atmosphere and the ocean. Again the mobilization of the chemical resources of the earth and their marvelous freedom of movement depend upon the unique properties of water. Thus the primary constituents of the environment, water and carbonic acid, serve with maximum efficiency to make stable, durable, and complex both the living thing itself and the world around it. No other chemical substances could possibly replace them. The actual environment is thus the fittest possible abode of life, as we know it, in all its physical and chemical characteristics. Fitness of

the environment is as constant a component of any particular case of adaptation as is the fitness of the organism itself. The very nature of matter and energy, of space and time, imposes certain general characteristics upon the organism which result in that mutual fitness which we call adaptation. The author maintains that a hitherto unrecognized order exists among the properties of matter, and one which makes things what they are. These peculiarities are not evenly distributed among all the compounds of the chemical elements, nor are they apportioned according to the laws of chance, nor again by any conformity to the periodic system of the elements. The unique properties of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon bring about stability of physical and chemical conditions, diversity of phenomena, and the possibility of complexity, durability, and activity of physico-chemical systems on the planet. Static analysis masks this order, which becomes evident only when time is taken into account. It is the author's effort in the present work to establish the importance of these three chemical elements for the process of cosmic evolution including that of organisms, resting his conclusions on what he calls the secure foundations of abstract physical science with the elimination of all mere biological theories. But Hamlet is gone from the play. Does abstract physical science include within its sure grasp all those properties of the organism with its ceaseless flux of matter and flow of energy and its cyclic persistence through the lapse of time? The author then ventures to "sketch the development of thought upon the problem of teleology, and at length to confront the scientific conclusions with the results of philosophical thought, in order finally to attempt a reconciliation." Appendices to the discussion include James Clerk Maxwell's classic essay on "Determinism and Free-Will" and Fechner's on "The Tendency to Stability."

Camp-Fire Verse. Chosen by Williams Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison, with an introduction by Stewart Edward White. Duffield; $1.25.

This collection is unique and interesting, and is one which any lover of camp life may be glad to have on his shelves. At the same time, it offers great temptation to the usual criticism of a book of selections—that the editors have neither put in nor left out the right things. The preface says: "We have tried to exclude all poems not conceived in the true spirit of the sportsman and to include no poems devoid of literary merit. Accordingly, some beautiful poems, sure of their place in literature, have been omitted as poetry rather of the library lamp by the study fireplace than of the crackling campfire beneath the stars; and some verse, very true in its sporting spirit, has been discarded as doggerel." But, though Whittier and Thoreau were in a sense "literary fellers," some of their verse surely has the genuine breath of out-of-doors; neither is represented, nor is Joaquin Miller, nor Dr. van Dyke, nor Stevenson. Kipling and—more strangely in view of the tone of the book—Robert W. Service have but one poem each. Most of the pieces are by authors who are, to the present reviewer at least, unknown, and many of them are of the undistinguished sort that serve as space-fillers in the better sporting magazines. Some of the doggerel, if it is clever doggerel, which the compilers so conscientiously excluded might have added a pleasing variety. Mr. White's introduction is of the sort that is written by request, and his one original generalization, that "With Kipling's 'Feet of the Young Men' as a sort of dividing line, later [out-of-door] verse takes an entirely new attitude and you don your khaki," might be questioned.

Plays for a Negro Theatre. Granny Maumee; The Rider of Dreams; Simon the Cyrenian. By Ridgely Torrence. Macmillan; $1.50.

Most of the people who interest themselves in the cause of the black man spend their time trying to prove him less black than he is painted. The metaphysics of William Blake's little black boy, "But, Oh! my soul is white," is accepted (though no one really believes in it) as an apology for all negrodom, when the sensible, and one would think the obvious, way of securing justice for the dark-skinned races would be to prove that black souls have a value, intrinsic and discrete, that makes them worth considering on their own merits.

By establishing in New York a theatre in which plays of negro life are presented by negroes, Ridgely Torrence may be earning for himself the laurels of a second emancipator; for it is quite conceivable that such a theatre may do as much toward making America understand the negro soul as the Irish Literary Movement—especially the Abbey Theatre—has done toward acquainting a portion at least of the English-speaking world with the soul of Cathleen ni Houlihan. Indeed, the three plays that Mr. Torrence has just published are strangely reminiscent of the Irish plays. They have all the faults of the latter,—they are perhaps even a shade more loose and amateurish,—but they have about them the gracious honesty of a primitive people, a refreshing contrast to sophistication's steelier, more intellectual truth.

The negro theatre is a folk theatre and its plays are folk plays. They are chronicles of a

simple, childlike people, full of naïve, superstitious religion and rude poetry—and still within sound of the savage tom-tom. The least effective of the three plays in Mr. Torrence's volume is "Simon the Cyrenian," a symbolic play of the time of Christ, built upon the legend that the bearer of the cross was a negro. The most effective is "The Rider of Dreams," the story of a charming, "no 'count nigger." Miscegenation, lynching, the exploitation of the negro by the white—all these appear in the plays, not as propaganda, but rather as facts of life, unalterable and merciless as birth and death. Mr. Torrence does not plead for the black man and he does not apologize for him. He simply presents him, one feels truly, as he is. "All I wants is room to dream my good dreams an' make my own music." So says Mr. Torrence's playboy, the incorrigible rider of dreams. That is, of course, what most of us want and few of us get. The world crowds in, even upon the white—but it tramples the negro, whose dreams it does not even vaguely understand. Is it too soon to hope that the negro theatre may act as an interpreter?

ILLINOIS. By Allan Nevins. Oxford University Press; $2.

The series to which this book belongs shows it to be, not a history of the Prairie State, but a record of the rise and progress of the youngest of the state universities of the old Northwest Territory. It is appropriate that this first history of the University of Illinois should make its appearance in the semi-centennial year of that institution, though the fact that the book thus celebrates the completion of a memorable half-century in Illinois educational progress is, strangely enough, not even referred to in the preface, nor does it appear to receive any emphasis elsewhere in the volume. This omission, however, may be due to the author's modesty, and certainly is not to be included among those "shortcomings" for which he asks indulgence, briefly indicating the difficulties of his task—a task executed nearly a thousand miles from the scene with which it is concerned—and generously acknowledging the assistance received from many sources far less remote, geographically. A rough division of the university's history might have been made, into two equal periods of a quarter-century each, the first marked by slow and painful progress, the latter with a splendid record of increasingly rapid advance. But the book does present very forcibly the contrast between earlier unsuccess and later achievement—at least in a material sense. Perhaps a little more credit might justly have been accorded to those who won the less spectacular victories of the difficult first years, those who fought for ideals more than for legislative appropriations and new buildings. Dr. Peabody, the university's second head (Regent he was then called) thus deserves high praise, and in part receives it; but there seems to be a contradiction in terms in the statement that "he cared little for expansion but much for perfection, little for numbers but much for size and efficiency." In describing Peabody's successor, President Draper, the author says that on assuming office he won the students' regard by expressing the hope "to become personally acquainted with them all—a promise he made good." But the university had more than eight hundred students in Draper's first year, and not even the most zealous seeker of popularity could have accomplished the task indicated, in addition to engrossing administrative duties. Indeed, a faculty member of that time distinctly recalls Dr. Draper's expression of regret at his inability to acquaint himself with all the members of the corps of instruction—about one-tenth the size of the student body. The book, pleasingly written, has also the more substantial merits of careful historical detail and a comprehensive grasp of its subject. It is a needed and useful contribution to our educational history. A more liberal inclusion of portraits among its well-chosen illustrations would have been welcome; such men as Peabody, Burrell, Forbes, Ricker, Shattuck, Snyder, and at least half a dozen more, it would have been pleasant to find looking out at us from the pages of this chronicle.

WOMAN AS DECORATION. By Emily Burbank. Dodd, Mead; $2.50.

The tendency of the feminist movement has been, intentionally or unintentionally, to nullify woman's objective value, which, after all, in a world of dun-colored males, is not to be despised. It is very easy to understand why those with the cause of woman at heart should deprecate the commercialization of her beauty, but not so easy to comprehend why they should fail to see the advantage of utilizing that beauty to emphasize her individuality, should fail to realize that the objective value of a human being is an asset which, understood and rightly used, may become a spiritual force all the more potent for being purely objective. One can well conceive such books as "Woman as Decoration" being used as propaganda. It is frankly nothing more than an outline of the principles underlying the effective costuming of woman, with illustrations drawn from the "modes" of all countries and all times. It expounds no philosophy of clothes—it is technical rather than philosophic—and it has no claim to being regarded as "literature"; and yet one feels that it should be recommended. It teaches the art of using an old weapon in a new cause.

Notes on New Fiction

"The Human Tragedy" (Lane; $3), a translation of one of the less-known works of Anatole France, will probably be welcomed chiefly for the excellent English into which it has been rendered by Alfred Allinson and for the interesting full-color illustrations by the Russian artist Michel Sevier, whose style suggests Bakst and the Moscow Art Theatre. But lovers of Anatole France will find in this comparatively neglected story, taken from "Le Puits de Sainte-Claire," an authentic utterance of the subtle Frenchman. Fra Giovanni, a naïve follower of St. Francis, has embraced poverty and humility and despised his soul. But through the visits of the Prince of Men the curse of thought comes upon him and thereafter life gradually assumes a different aspect. He learns desire and speculation, the splendor and the cruelty of things created; he suffers but he also loves the adversary through whom suffering has come. Thus the undoing of Giovanni becomes a parable of the universal human tragedy of thought. In reading this tale one inevitably recalls the author's saying that Pity and Irony should be given to life for its witnesses and judges.

"The Innocents," by Sinclair Lewis (Harper; $1.25), is nothing to lose one's critical temper over. It will be hailed in hundreds of American homes as a "sweet little story"; and perhaps it should be dismissed as such with a brief and friendly notice. But, somehow, all of it, even Mr. Lewis's disarming preface, which points out that the tale is one "for people who still read Dickens and clip out spring poetry and love old people and children," thus absolving the author of all pretensions to writing for a critical audience, is irritating. One doesn't want Mr. Lewis to write sweet little stories for sentimental ladies to laugh and weep over. One remembers "The Trail of the Hawk" and "The Job"—neither of them a really big book, but both of them warmed by a rich, passionate interest in life and made dignified by a sincere searching after truth. They held out a promise. Some day, one felt, Mr. Lewis would outgrow his crudities and produce for us an American novel to which we might point with pride. Now comes "The Innocents" to break the promise.

"The Innocents" carries with it the fear that Mr. Lewis has "arrived," but by that easiest way which entices so many of our young American writers. A painted style, as our magazines bear witness, is popular with the crowd. Sentimentality is easier than truth and pays better. It takes a chaste soul—the soul of an artist—to recognize and reject what cheapens and degrades; and Mr. Lewis, one fears, does not even realize where the primrose path is leading him. If he did, he might not have had the courage to dedicate "The Innocents" to that "splendid assembly of young British writers" which includes Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole, Oliver Onions, D. H. Lawrence, J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, Patrick MacGill, and, looming above them all, H. G. Wells. Any one of them has intellectual sophistication enough to reject the facile smartness of phrase, the essential flimsiness, of Mr. Lewis's latest book, which presents a spectacle made all the sadder by the traces of a better self revealed in it.

Among the well-remembered dislikes of one's childhood is the story of the little boy whose mother gave him loaf sugar with a few drops of rum on it to cure a cough. The little wretch soon learned to cough for the sugar, and, after that first step downward, descended to the gutter, where he died a drunkard's death amid his mother's vain self-accusations. One was familiar with tales of the same type invented, on emergency, by one's elders to illustrate what happened to children who didn't "mind"; so that one could not be intrigued into accepting the loaf-sugar tragedy just because it was in a book with pictures.

It is no longer considered good pedagogy to feed children on tracts, but tracts for adults, disguised under the more sophisticated title "fact stories," have been popularized long since by the "Saturday Evening Post." They produce the same irritation that the story of the little boy and the rum produced. One believes in neither the story nor the moral.

Zona Gale's latest novel, "A Daughter of the Morning," presents the whole woman question under a thin sugar-coating of plot. The barrenness of the country woman's life; the wrongs inflicted upon woman in industry and the necessity for organization as a means of righting them; the relation of woman's work and marriage—all these problems and more are faced and solved by a heroine with the suggestive name of Cosma, whose story, for fortuitousness, sentimentality, and slimness of characterization would put Horatio Alger to blush. As propaganda, the book is unconvincing; and it is impossible to avoid the issue, as the publisher does on the cover-jacket, by laying the emphasis on what the "right man" means in the life of a girl; for as a story, too, the book is unconvincing. "A Daughter of the Morning" must be set down as a "fact story," good enough for those that like their sociology, as well as their advertising, in tract form, but not to be considered from the viewpoint of fiction.

"The Unknown Isle," by Pierre de Coulevain (Dodd, Mead; $1.60), is a reprint but none the less welcome for that. The isle is England—unknown, temperamentally speaking, to the French. With a loose plot for a skeleton, the author displays the English in all their activities, displays and contrasts them with her countrymen. She is delightfully human and enough of a cosmopolitan to set down the idiosyncrasies of both races with insight and humor. Of course, the need for racial exposition is not so great since the mingling of the armies of both countries on the battle field. What renders the book worthy of perusal, then, is not the perspicacity of its author's views, but the disclosure of her unapproachable *savoir-vivre*.

Algernon Blackwood delights in making the line between man and animal or between man and some mystic spirit so thin that sometimes it vanishes entirely. Thus in "Day and Night Stories" (Dutton; $1.50) the first story shows us a man who is obsessed with the idea of flying, who is hawklike in look and action, who makes various attempts to fly and at last really seems to do so. For the unusual happenings in the stories of many writers there is a natural explanation, but for such events in Mr. Blackwood's tales there is ever only a supernatural, mystical reason. It is a note that few have the courage or the knowledge to strike, but it accounts in some measure for the attractiveness of his writing. Apart from the freshness of his theme, however, Mr. Blackwood is undeniably a master of style—one not only rich and wonderful in itself, but also admirably adapted to his bizarre stories.

"The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard (Appleton; $1.50), is not what one would anticipate after reading "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan." The main theme of both books is Antichrist, who, it is affirmed, will be a slacker in the most vital duties of life. In the first book Dunstan's interest in the subject is aroused and his progress in moral appreciations interestingly told. In the second book the author succeeds only in achieving prolixity. Here Dunstan meets a character who introduces himself as Antichrist. Antichrist has, to use Mr. Sheppard's figure of speech, used up all his "peau de chagrin"—that is, lost his soul. According to the author, the soul is a finite, instead of an infinite quantity, and can really be lost bit by bit. Dunstan makes Antichrist finally recognize that there is an all-powerful God, but his religious theory is curiously garbled, for this recognition does not spell redemption as it does in so many modern creeds. Dunstan himself experiences an emotional conversion and marries the right woman; then, apparently, his soul is saved for good and all.

Casual Comment

The English reviews have been kept in a flutter of late by the approaching publication of an alleged new play by Ibsen. "Realities" was first described as a sort of continuation of "Ghosts," but it now appears that this was a mistake, and that the unknown play was really written earlier. Mr. Austin Fryers, whose identity seems to be rather cloudy, is in possession of the manuscript and has contemplated a stage production; he explains that the play was given by Ibsen to the late Mr. Brokstaed, who was an intimate friend of the Norwegian playwright and often visited him. On the other hand, Mr. Heinemann, Ibsen's "authorized" English publisher, recently gave to the "Times" a postcard from Sigurd Ibsen, denying that his father ever wrote such a play, together with copies of the correspondence in which he invited Mr. Fryers to deliver for inspection the original manuscript. He appears to have been quite willing to publish the play if its authenticity could be established. Such is the present status of a most interesting literary mystery, which should not long remain mysterious if critical pretensions are not simply an empty flourish. In the meantime, the case has other aspects that are enlivening. Some of the reviewers do not conceal their animus against the "bewhiskered little man" of the North, whose influence was "waning"; the impending publication is frankly viewed as a threat rather than a promise. The mischief is the play may actually be genuine! Clearly the breed of emotional gentlemen who upheld the arms of Clement Scott when he was vindicating the claims of virtue and decorum in terms that were, by the very necessity of the case, themselves indecorous, is not yet extinct.

* * *

Foreign mailing privileges have been restored to the London "Nation," and the number now at hand only emphasizes the futility of the official ban. Nothing whatever has been gained by it. The "Nation" has made no concessions. It has neither altered its policy nor softened its speech. It takes the opportunity now offered to resume its advocacy abroad of a negotiated peace which will be genuinely constructive. That was really, in the opinion of the editors, the whole of its offending. There is nothing in the external situation to render such preaching less of an enormity now than it was six months ago; yet the military censor has yielded, apparently without seeking to explain his changed position. From the point of view of policy the restoration of the "Nation" was required. Its disinterested criticism of Junkerism at home, as well as in Germany, can only make friends abroad for the

British Empire. As a champion of fair play and an advocate of a rationally conceived international order, its influence is needed here. Its suppression was an act of superlative folly, especially since it happened to coincide roughly with the appearance of Lord Northcliffe among us. Was it really the official view that he would be a more acceptable representative of British opinion and purpose?

• • •

We hope that in making Christmas selections for their friends book-buyers will not forget the thousands of young men in the trenches abroad and those who fill our cantonments at home. Boredom, we are told, is the relentless foe of the soldier, and it is driving many who as civilians had no fondness for reading to form reading habits. Librarians throughout the country have done their best to meet the new demands upon their resources, but they still need help. Something of what has already been accomplished at Camp Sherman is revealed in a long report prepared by Burton E. Stevenson, head of the library at Chillicothe, O., who issues an urgent appeal for books and magazines, assuring us that no gifts that can be sent to the men are more needed. It is hardly necessary to add that the greatest variety of tastes will have to be satisfied and that it would be a mistake to select fiction alone.

• • •

In his suggestive paper "An Apology for Crudity," published in the last number of The Dial, Sherwood Anderson asks why it is that a man like Mr. Dreiser cannot write in the spirit of the early Americans. Why can't he see the fun in life? "In the work of Mark Twain there was something wholesome and sweet. Why cannot the modern man also be wholesome and sweet?" His answer is, of course, that the work of Mr. Dreiser is wholesome, because it is true to the life about him, and truth is always wholesome. But why the changed temper? What does it signify? Our humorists have been the most characteristic of our interpreters; they love cant no more than Mr. Dreiser; and they have been even more pungent in dealing with hypocrisy and smugness. Yet they are never thought of as unwholesome or "dangerous"; and they are quite the most popular of our writers. Why? Because almost without exception they have been popular-minded; neither more nor less philosophical than the average man. They have not challenged existing ideals or standards but only the amusing discrepancy between theory and practice, and they have to that extent actually bolstered up the ideals. As Mr. Santayana puts it in "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy," our humorists have got their effects precisely by accepting the genteel tradition with the head after its hold on the heart had been relaxed. "So when Mark Twain says, 'I was born of poor but dishonest parents,' the humor depends on the parody of the genteel Anglo-Saxon convention that it is disreputable to be poor; but to hint at the hollowness of it would not be amusing if it did not remain at bottom one's habitual conviction." But with Mr. Dreiser that habitual conviction has been hopelessly undermined, and the whole problem becomes so complicated and disturbing as to call for something more challenging and subversive than humor.

• • •

Altogether pleasing to the eye, though a little unwieldy to handle, is the second number of "Form," the new English quarterly, which has just reached our desk. A journal devoted to art as well as to literature, "Form" has to accommodate itself to the reproduction of woodcuts and lithographs that will not stand reduction; hence its formidable proportions. The verse in the present number is contributed by W. H. Davies, John Freeman, Francis Burrows, J. C. Squire, Gilbert Cannan, and T. Sturge Moore. Imaginative prose is represented by happy selections from L. Pearsall Smith's "Trivia," which can now be had in book form in this country. Among the artists who contribute drawings and woodcuts are Frank Brangwyn, A. O. Spare, and T. Sturge Moore.

• • •

The English universities, one hears, are preparing to join the French in making themselves attractive to American students after the war. In a worthy effort to divert the stream that used to flow to the German universities, Oxford and Cambridge are making changes in the curricula. Oxford, indeed, has even gone so far as to consider bestowing the Ph.D. degree—a concession to American prepossessions of arresting magnitude. In some ways, however, it is regrettable that anything should be done to sanction the superstitious veneration in which those magic letters are currently held. As long as they are thought of as the *sine qua non* of academic advancement, it is hard to see how we can escape from the ineptitude and the extravagant silliness of the average doctor's thesis in, say, English literature. Still, it is encouraging to remember that the English have always been among the keenest critics of such folly, and it is extremely unlikely that they will be inclined to insult their own intelligence by giving the doctorate for studies in the use of the semicolon in Georgian poetry.

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JOHN LANE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Briefer Mention

The economic evolution of the last century produced the law of employer's liability as a development of that of master and servant; but gradually it became apparent that injustice was being done to the laboring classes. Beginning in Germany, and now in most of the civilized nations, attempts have been made to remedy defects by enactments generally known as workmen's compensation acts. The principles are not as yet definitely determined, nor is there general agreement as to form and method. With each advance we find corporations or combinations willing to assume for the employer the liability involved, either as a profitable business or as a means of equalizing the obligations of society. Mr. Ralph H. Blanchard covers the entire field in a very fair way, in "Liability and Compensation Insurance" (Appleton; $2.), though it is evident that he does so in the professor's study rather than from the ground of practical experience. The insurance feature is especially well covered.

"Rambles in Old College Towns," by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Dodd, Mead; $2.50), gives an informal and gossipy account of what may be seen and heard in brief tourist trips to sixteen of the best-known American colleges. The restriction of age excludes from the scope of the book some of the most picturesque campuses in the country, but the choice made by the author can hardly be objected to. Cornell is the most westerly of the institutions visited, as it is the youngest of those that admit men. No women's colleges are as yet quite venerable, but it seems natural enough that Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley should take their places with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The descriptions of buildings and of elms grow a trifle monotonous, if one reads the book in course, and will doubtless be the most enjoyable to the students and alumni of the institutions portrayed. There is more variety in the historical anecdotes of the different colleges, and in the glimpses of local college customs and traditions. Sixteen plates after drawings by John Albert Seaford add much to the value of the volume, which may be described as just the sort of thing one would like to give to some alumnus or appreciative undergraduate of one of the institutions described.

"The Arctic Prairies," by Ernest Thompson Seton (Scribner; $1.75), is a new edition of this excellent work on northern travel. The record of a canoe journey in search of caribou that took him 2000 miles through virgin territory and among the trading-posts adjacent to the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers, it is still as fresh in its viewpoint as when it was written some six or eight years ago. Valuable as an informal contribution to natural history, geography, and ethnology, its readability lies chiefly in the author's tolerant and good-humored attitude toward his fellow-men.

In "The Social Teachings of the Jewish Prophets" (Sherman, French) Mr. William Bennett Bizzell surveys in succession what he calls the "social program" of each of the Hebrew prophets from Amos to Jonah. Each programme

is set in its appropriate political and social background. Prophetic emphasis was laid most largely, he thinks, on religion, but on religion in connection with the establishment of good order and harmony in human relations. The demonstration is made by a collation of source material and its generalization into a "social program," in simple, clear language, but with a too pedagogical dryness of manner.

Mr. Francis B. Reeves was the commissioner of the Philadelphia Relief Committee who supervised the delivery and distribution of the cargo of foodstuffs sent to Russia during the famine of 1891-92, and the main portion of his book, "Russia Then and Now" (Putnam; $1.50), is a naïve account of this mission. Except for purely superficial descriptions of the conditions of the peasants during those hard times, this account is almost wholly concerned with official receptions, attentions from titled Russians, and honorary memberships in clubs and uplift societies. These revelations of the author's personality are supplemented by quotations from the commercial booklets of R. Martens & Co., the National City Bank, and the Guaranty Trust Co., from the "National Geographic Magazine," the "Continent," and the "Sunday School Times," which rather inadequately fulfil the promise of the "Now" in the book's title. Mr. Reeves has made a pleasant and appropriate memorial of an incident in the friendly relations that have long existed between the United States and Russia, but he leaves unsatisfied those readers who expect any analysis or interpretation of Russia, or the Russians, then or now.

A cataclysm like the present cannot but turn the thoughts of serious persons upon those fundamental realities that remain unshaken even by a world-upheaval; and these basic truths are eloquently touched upon in Mr. Paul Revere Frothingham's brief chapters, the first of which gives its title to the book—"A Confusion of Tongues" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25). It was because the nations of the world did not speak the same language, in a spiritual sense, that there came this clash of arms, the subsidence of which will leave a more adequate realization of the need henceforth of world-wide understanding and fellowship. A good essay on "The Conduct of Life," which achieves the unexpected by omitting Matthew Arnold's familiar utterance and by not quoting one word from Emerson, follows the opening article, and then come helpful talks on Alain de Lille's famous motto, on "Making the Best of Things," "How to Choose," "Extra Pennies," "Unshaken Things," and other themes.

The love affairs of poets have a special interest for Mr. Alfred Turner, and he takes pleasure in recalling the amorous adventures of Byron, Burns, and Shelley, the unhappy attachment of Keats to Fanny Brawne, and kindred episodes among men of letters, while he also contributes a number of short and scholarly essays on a wider variety of themes, well calculated to hold the attention of any fairly well-read person who once opens "On Falling in Love, and Other Matters" (Dutton; $1.50). The chapter-heading, "The Greatest Woman Letter Writer," prepares the reader, as

Books Dial Readers Will Enjoy

A Careful Selection from the Fall List of

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Hugh Gibson's Great Book — *"The Rape of Belgium"—A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium*, by Hugh Gibson, First Secretary. This is Mr. Gibson's own personal diary, whose revelations Germany will never be able to explain away. "So informative, so rarely valuable, that when we commend it whole-heartedly to all America it seems like an undue heaping of adjectives to state in detail why." (*N. Y. Times.*) (Net, $2.50.)

"Trivia" Readers of this magazine will remember stray thought studies, dainty essays, little paragraphs of gilded whim—call them what you will—by Logan Pearsall Smith. We hope you will look up this remarkable little book at your bookstore. (Net, $1.25.)

"For France" America pays tribute to her sister Republic in a book which holds between its covers some of the best work of our leading poets, painters, sculptors, musicians and authors. We wish we had space to print the list of contributors; certainly nothing like "For France" has ever been printed in America. (Net, $2.50.)

Parnassus on Wheels No less a critic than Mr. Kerfoot of *Life* commends this tale by Christopher Morley as "the most unforcedly charming whimsy of the season." It tells of one Helen McGill who found romance and adventure in a vagabond book-van. (Net, $1.25.)

"Great Possessions" David Grayson aptly names his new book referring to the smells, sights, sound, touches and tastes of the country and the wealth of love that lies in the hearts of common folk. It recalls Grayson's "Contentment" books, broadened and enriched by new experiences. (Cloth, Net, $1.30. Leather, Net, $1.75.)

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a matter of course, for a dissertation on Madame de Sévigné; but Mr. Turner's supreme mistress of the epistolary art turns out to be Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, nor are any apologies offered to the French woman, though a complimentary reference to her in one of the other's letters is quoted. The assertion in regard to Byron's family affairs that "no such interest has been manifested in the domestic infelicities of any man save Nelson" leaves us wondering where Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle come in with respect to this prying curiosity on the part of the great public. Such chapters as "A Plea for the Minor Poet," "The Poetry of New Lands," and "The Importance of the Right Word" illustrate Mr. Turner's fondness for thought and expression that lie off the main highways of literature.

Something more than family genealogy and family history has found its way into the spacious volume written by Mr. Arthur Robert Ingpen on "An Ancient Family" (Longmans, Green)—his own family of Ingpen. In tracing the Saxon origin of the Ingpens he has been enticed into an inviting domain of history, that dealing with early social and economic conditions in England. He found himself inquiring, concerning his forefathers, "how they were housed, clothed and fed; what their daily occupations; what their amusements; what their vicissitudes in time of pestilence, civil war and disorder; and what became of the younger members of the family at a time when the profits from land were practically the sole sources of wealth," and so on in matters of curious detail not usually found in books of this kind. The work was evidently entered upon as a pastime, and not merely in the spirit of the professional genealogist. Hence its more warmly human appeal than that of the usual book of its class, though the appended wills and deeds and pedigrees have enough of dryness to suit the most severely exacting.

Genealogists have a feast spread for them by Mr. Hamon Le Strange in his substantial quarto devoted to "Le Strange Records" from 1100 to 1310 A. D. (Longmans, Green; $7). It is "a chronicle of the early Le Stranges of Norfolk and the March of Wales," including also "the lines of Knockin and Blackmere continued to their extinction." As sources of information the rolls and charters in the Public Record Office and the British Museum have been searched, and "considerable use has been made of the family muniments preserved at Hunstanton Hall." Nothing has been admitted to the book without rigorous proof of its historic accuracy, and thus the mixture of fact and fable not uncommon in family histories has been, as far as possible, avoided. Facsimile pages from many ancient documents are interspersed, giving plenty of occupation to those who like to decipher the crabbed handwriting of the period. A full index of persons, one of places, and one of subjects close the book.

A fuller apprehension (one cannot call it comprehension) of spirit through the study of its manifestations in a world that includes both matter and spirit, is the purpose of Dr. W. Tudor Jones's

thoughtful book, "The Spiritual Ascent of Man" (Putnam; $1.50). "We must begin at the very bottom," he declares, "dealing with the solid earth and all its manifestations, and, step by step, pass upward, following all the demands of thought as well as the demands of our own nature." For "thus and thus only," he continues, "can we pass beyond the boundaries of sense to a transcendent world of thought and goodness and holiness." This might seem to be a bold attempt to bridge the impassable gap between matter and mind, but the whole argument, carefully followed, leaves no doubt of the author's recognition of the difference in kind between the two, however baffling he may find their close interaction. Leading writers are freely quoted, and thus is fulfilled the purpose of the book, which is, in addition to that already indicated, "to present some of the main problems of science, philosophy, and religion as these are dealt with by a number of the most prominent writers of our day." The Master of Balliol contributes a short commendatory foreword.

"The Human Side of Trees" has been set forth with much literary art and no little imagination by Mr. Royal Dixon and Mr. Franklyn E. Fitch. We are asked to believe that "trees possess certain mental and moral characteristics and the attributes of reason, memory, hope, language, love, and all forms of righteous ambition." Further, "if man has a soul, so have trees," the authors dare to assert. To their sympathetic perception trees "are beings which in a minor degree have all human pleasures and understandings, and . . . in the future life they will very likely be compensated for their struggles and difficulties here in this world." After this it will surprise no one to find the succeeding chapters dealing with "Trees That Build Cities," "Trees with a Personality," "Trees with a College Education," "Trees That Keep a Diary," "Trees That Travel," "Musical Trees," and even "Religious Trees." A final word on "Trees and Civilization" closes the book. It contains much curious information, scientific and historic, and some that is neither, in a strict sense, but is none the less readable. (Stokes; $1.60.)

COMMUNICATIONS

ALAN SEEGER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I was glad to read in THE DIAL of October 25 Mr. Street's objection to Mr. Kinne's recent review of Alan Seeger. I was glad because the disagreement between Mr. Street and Mr. Kinne raises an issue of considerable literary interest and one which fails consistently to receive the attention it should. Literary legends develop with all the rapidity and subtlety of scandal, and to treat them as holy is to invite the risk of becoming the dupe of sentimentalism. It was Mr. Kinne's hardihood in looking a developing legend in the eye, which caused me to recognize in his review an unusual

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MARTYN JOHNSON, Publisher.

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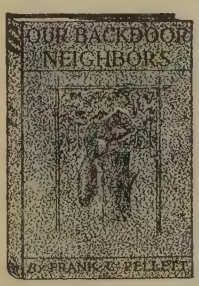

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exhibition of literary integrity. God knows 'tis needed in these trying times.

Mr. Street, however, finds that the reviewer "failed utterly to catch the real value of the publication." He intimates, moreover, that Mr. Kinne misleads the readers of THE DIAL by taking unfair advantage of the reviewer's privilege of quotation. These are not light accusations. As one who takes THE DIAL seriously, I felt impelled to satisfy myself regarding the reliability of the reviewer in question.

Mr. Kinne's review emphasizes three points: (1) that the bulk of Seeger's letters and diary is commonplace; (2) that Alan Seeger was narrow-minded in his attitude toward other points of view than his own; (3) that, in spite of all this, there were "purple patches" of wisdom in the book. Mr. Street's letter is not an examination of these points, but a declaration of his own convictions. With one exception he talks about matters the reviewer does not touch upon, and which in the light of the reviewer's criticism are irrelevant. The one exception is found in the third paragraph of the letter: "I do not agree with the reviewer," says Mr. Street, "that Alan Seeger meant that we are all 'cowards, hypocrites and fools' because we cannot fight and must do our bit in 'second-best things.'" He didn't *mean* it! Oh, yes, he meant it. He not only said it in so many words in a poem which he knew would be published, he reiterated it in his prose. As I read the letters, that *is* Alan Seeger. And I believe he would be proud to defend his position, were he alive. The intimation that Mr. Kinne has quoted unfairly —which is Mr. Street's evidence for his contention —is untrue to fact and can only find support in biased or careless interpretation.

As I see it, the difference between Mr. Street and Mr. Kinne is ultimate. They might argue with one another till the cows come home but they'd go to bed without a change of sides. For the difference is the difference between a sentimental and an intellectual type of mind. I cannot understand why the fact that Alan Seeger was kind to his mother should influence Mr. Kinne in attempting to arrive at a critical estimate of the poet's literary contribution or philosophical outlook. Neither do I understand why, now that the poet "has met the death of his dreams, now that he has disappeared at the pinnacle of his cherished career," the literary critic cannot believe and should not remember the words of Victor Chapman, quoted by Mr. Kinne, that Alan Seeger was "an appalling wreck before the war." Such trying to forget and refusing to believe are the very essence of sentimentalism. Referring to the review I find that Mr. Kinne deliberately refrains from putting a specific construction upon Victor Chapman's words, but this evident endeavor to be fair, as well as the genuine appreciations expressed in the review, Mr. Street overlooked in spite of rereadings.

Madison, November 12, 1917. M. C. OTTO.

Christmas List of Selected Fiction

The Dial offers herewith a list of some of the more notable works of fiction of the present season. The selection is, of course, suggestive rather than final. A selected list of books in the non-fiction class will be published in the next issue.

Limehouse Nights. By Thomas Burke. McBride; $1.50.
Stories of the East End of London, written with cruel directness and great imaginative power. A notable achievement.

Twilight of the Souls, The. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead; $1.50.
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See review in this issue.

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An idyl of London artist life and the aftermath of war. Those who do not know Mrs. Pennell's charm have much pleasure of discovery in store.

Munster Twilight, A. By Daniel Corkery. Stokes; $1.
Irish stories of poignant human quality.

Beauty and Nick. By Philip Gibbs. Devin-Adair Co.; $1.50.
Divorce told from the point of view of the child involved. Mr. Gibbs is an English writer too little known in America.

World and Thomas Kelly, The. By Arthur Train. Scribner; $1.50.
A "society" novel written with sincerity and brilliance.

Notes for Bibliophiles

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

Mrs. Alfred Morrison has instructed Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London to sell the world-renowned Morrison collection of autograph letters and documents. It contains a large number of items of unique historical interest, such as the four-page autograph letter written by Mary, Queen of Scots, to her brother, King Henry III, the night before her execution, the famous correspondence between Admiral Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and the Blessington papers. The sale will be divided into several parts, the first of which will take place on December 10 and the four following days.

The same firm will sell this winter a fine collection of letters written by Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. It comprises the originals of upwards of 200 of the letters published by Madame Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale) in her two volumes of "Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 1788," as well as some not published by her, including the famous letter written by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale after she had announced to him her approaching marriage to Piozzi, and her reply. The collection also includes the manuscript of Dr. Johnson's famous poem to Sir John Lade, "Long expected one and twenty."

The history of the collection is interesting. The letters came into the possession of Piozzi's nephew, John Piozzi, whom Mrs. Thrale adopted, and who took her maiden name of Salusbury. She also gave him her Welsh family property, including the houses at Bachycraig and Brynhella in the vale of Clwy. The letters remained in the possession of the Salusbury family, who continued to occupy the Welsh property, and are now owned by one of the last descendants of the Salusbury name, who is a great-grand-daughter of Mrs. Piozzi's adopted son.

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American City Progress and the Law
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Many rarities were in the Americana sold by the American Art Association, of New York, on November 19 and 20. Among the items was the only known copy of "The Isle of Pines," by Henry Neville, printed by Samuel Green at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1668. This is an unrecorded issue of one of "the lost books" of the colonial press at Cambridge. It came from Bishop White Kennett's library, which was sold in London on July 30, 1917, and has his autograph on the title. "The American Physitian," by W. Hughes, London, 1672, is the rare first edition of this work. A portrait of George Washington, in the original wax, was undoubtedly done from life by Joseph Wright, portrait-painter, and from it he made the plaster cast which he sent to his mother, Patience Wright, as a model for her famous wax relief portrait of Washington.

"The American Querist," by Myles Cooper, New York, printed by James Rivington, 1774, is the rare second issue of which no other copy is recorded as sold at auction in America. "A Declaration of the Demeanor and Cariage of Sir Walter Raleigh," London, 1618, is the rare first edition. "An Historical Account, of the Small Pox Inoculation in New England," by Zabdiel Boylston, Boston, 1730, is exceedingly scarce. No copy is recorded as sold at auction in America. "The White Footed Deer and other Poems," by William Cullen Bryant, New York, 1844, is the first edition of one of the rarest of his works. It is uncut and with the original wrappers. "Case of Great Britain and America," by Gervase P. Bushe, Boston, 1769, is also scarce, only two other copies having been sold at auction in America. William Smith's "Examination of the Connecticut Claim to Lands in Pennsylvania," Philadelphia, 1774, is a rare and important historical item. "Green's Register for Connecticut," New London, 1784, and 1785, are the rare first and second issues.

A scarce autograph letter is that of Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Martha Washington, dated May 5, 1755. "Sabbath Profanity," by Francis Worcester, Boston, 1760, is probably a unique piece of early American poetry. "America," by William Livingston, New Haven, 1770, is very scarce, no copy being recorded as sold at auction in America. "A Philosophical Treatise of the Original and Production of Things Writ in America in a Time of Solitudes," by Richard Franck, London, 1687, is the scarce first edition. "Notes on the State of Virginia," by Thomas Jefferson, Paris, 1782, is the extremely rare original edition. "A Letter to a Friend," by John Kearsley, Philadelphia, printed by B. Franklin and D. Hall, 1751, is of excessive rarity. Only one other copy is recorded, that in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. "Statement of the Kennebeck Claims," Boston, 1786, is scarce. "A Report of the Causes," by James Hughes, Lexington, 1803, is the rarest of the Kentucky reports. "New Hampshire Committee of Safety," Exeter, 1779, is one of the rarest of American broadsides. "The Military Glory of Great Britain," Philadelphia, 1762, is a rare Princeton College pamphlet.

"A Concise View of the Controversy between the Proprietors of East and West Jersey," by Ebenezer Cowell, Philadelphia, 1783, is a scarce and important historical item. The "History of Peru," by Diego Fernandez, Seville, 1571, is the original and only edition of this rare book. An autograph letter of Henry R. Schoolcraft, the noted ethnologist, to Governor Lewis Cass, was accompanied by a manuscript map in Schoolcraft's autograph, being a sketch of the seat of war between the Chippewas and the Sioux. "A Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the Difficulties, which issued in a Separation between the Minister and the People of Bennington," by David Avery, Bennington, 1783, is one of the scarcest Vermont items offered at auction in recent years. William Stith's "History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia," Williamsburg, 1747, is the original edition of the first American-printed history of Virginia. "An Ode Sacred to the Memory of General Wolfe," London, 1759, is the rare first edition. It was the first copy to be offered at public auction either in America or Great Britain.

Autographs, manuscripts, broadsides, and pamphlets left by Dr. John W. Francis, author of "Old New York" and other works, were sold by Scott & O'Shaughnessy, of New York, on November 21. On November 22 they will sell first editions of modern authors. On November 14 and 15 Charles F. Libbie, of Boston, sold the second part of the library of Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts.

On December 3 and 4 the American Art Association will sell the library of the late James Buchanan ("Diamond Jim") Brady. It includes the original agreement signed by Charles Dickens and W. H. Willis relating to the publication of "All the Year Round," and the knife, fork, and spoon carried by Napoleon I throughout all his campaigns. In the second week of December will be sold Americana from the libraries of Edmond B. Sterling, of Trenton, New Jersey, and Miss Gertrude Rogers, of South Manchester, Connecticut, and the historical library of William Bunker, of Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Gabriel Wells, of New York, has come into possession of the historic copy of Thomas Carlyle's "The French Revolution" that Charles Dickens used in the writing of "The Tale of Two Cities." It was presented in 1858 by Dickens to Edmund Yates. It was Yates who caused the estrangement between Dickens and Thackeray. In his preface to "The Tale of Two Cities," Dickens says:

> Whenever reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the revolution, it is truly made on the faith of trustworthy witnesses. It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful work.

The Rosenbach Company, of Philadelphia, has sold Benjamin Franklin's copy of his famous epitaph for $5500. There is another copy in Franklin's autograph in the Library of Congress.

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Notes and News

Edward Sapir is head of the division of anthropology of the Geological Survey of Canada. He was educated at Columbia University.

V. T. Thayer is a member of the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

Claude Bragdon is a Buffalo architect who has lectured and written a great deal on architecture. He is the author of "Projective Ornament," "Episodes of an Unwritten History," and other books.

Garland Greever is professor of English at the University of Indiana.

Frederic Austin Ogg is associate professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin. Among his books are "Social Progress in Modern Europe," "Governments of Europe," and "Social and Industrial History of Europe since the French Revolution."

Frederic Jessup Stimson, author of "My Story" (Scribner's), is ambassador from this country to Argentina.

"The Fishermen," by Dimitry Gregorovitsh, published by R. M. McBride & Co., is a poignant tale of the simple but intense lives of a Russian master fisherman and his sons.

"Kultur in Cartoons," a second series of Louis Raemaekers's work, with explanatory matter by G. K. Chesterton, Eden Phillpotts, and others, is to be published by the Century Co.

Gertrude Capen Whitney, author of the "House of Landell," was born in Canton, Massachusetts. She married a southern cotton merchant and now makes her home in Augusta, Georgia.

Mr. George Young, formerly secretary of the American legation at Lisbon, Portugal, has written a book on "Portugal, Old and Young," which is to be issued through the Oxford University Press.

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey has written another book—"First Call"—which Messrs. Putnam's Sons will bring out in January of the new year. His "Over the Top" has sold to the number of 183,000 copies—last counting.

The Polish masterpiece "Pan Tadeusz," by Adam Mickiewicz, has been newly translated from the original by George Rapall Noyes, professor of Slavic languages in the University of California. It is to be published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Tom Kettle, who was one of the conspicuous Irish leaders, has lost his life in battle for England. "The Ways of War," a clear explanation of the reasons which led him to fight for England, has been published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons.

One hundred war cartoons by W. A. Rogers, of the "New York Herald," have been described as "One Hundred Reasons Why We Are at War." They have been published under the title of "America's Black and White Book" by the Cupples & Leon Co., of New York.

Manuscripts as well as people now have their harrowing tales of encounters with the ubiquitous submarine. The manuscript of "Three's a Crowd" arrived at the offices of the Houghton Mifflin Co.

very much battered and water-soaked. A page of this damaged manuscript is now to be seen at the Annual Exhibition of the National Arts Club in New York.

Dr. Frank E. Lutz's acquaintance with insects began when he was a boy roving about the woods and fields in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He is now on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History. His "Field Book of Insects" is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Sewanee Review" has just commemorated its twenty-fifth anniversary of service as a serious literary and critical journal. Nearly forty-five percent of its contributions in these twenty-five years have been drawn from the South, so that the journal may well claim to reflect the culture and the life of the southern people.

Margaret Hill McCarter, author of "Vanguard of the Plains," a romance of the Santa Fe Trail published by Harper & Brothers, was born on a farm in Indiana. At school she first specialized in Latin, taking up English and history later only by chance. She has taught school, and is now an active citizen of Topeka, Kansas.

"The Little Theatre in the United States," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay, is announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. There is a description of each one of sixty "little theatres" with its history, policy, achievement, repertoire, as well as its scenic, lighting, and decorative effects. The book is illustrated with twenty or more photographs.

The Page Co. have the following publications which are attractive as gifts for friends who anticipate winter travel: "The Spell of China," by Archie Bell; "Arizona, the Wonderland," by George Wharton James; "Florida: The Land of Enchantment," by Nevin O. Winter; and "Oregon the Picturesque," by Thomas D. Murphy.

The Philip Goodman Co., New York, announce the following: "Lager and Old Ale," by Eugene Lombard, a newcomer in the field of casual essayists; a book on women, still unnamed, by H. L. Mencken, of the "Smart Set"; and a book by a "certain famous Englishman" upon whose shoulders the company expects to "ride to fame in an hour."

The author of "Interior Decoration for Modern Needs" (Stokes) has had a long experience as a practical decorator and as editor of departments of home furnishing in magazines. Her book is designed to meet the average woman's needs, including the dweller in the city apartments, and she gives advice from the choosing of wall-paper to the placing of the last easy chair by the fireside.

The Russell Sage Foundation has issued a timely book, "City and County Administration in Springfield, Illinois," by D. O. Decker and Shelby M. Harrison. Springfield is one of the growing number of commission-governed cities; it has the short ballot and a budget system; it furnishes good illustrations of well-managed, municipally owned water and electric-light plants; it has a good accounting system. But withal it is hampered by arbitrary restrictions imposed by state laws upon its financial and administrative activities.

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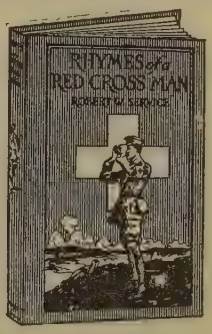

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For when beside his Allies' flags his standard is unfurled,
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Benjamin Franklin Self-Revealed. By William Cabell Bruce. 2 vols., 8vo, 544-550 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Boxed. $6.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. 8vo, 516 pages. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Years of My Youth. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated, 12mo, 239 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

An Admiral's Wife in the Making. By Lady Poore. 12mo, 374 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Portraits and Backgrounds. By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. 12mo, 493 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Francis Joseph and His Court. By Herbert Vivian. Illustrated, 8vo, 232 pages. John Lane Co. $2.50.

Abdul Hamid. By Sir Edwin Pears. With frontispiece, 8vo, 365 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $2.

The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. 8vo, 361 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

World Patriots. By John T. M. Johnston. Illustrated, 8vo, 319 pages. World Patriot Co., Inc. $1.50.

Mrs. Humphry Ward. By Stephen Gwynn. With frontispiece, 16mo, 127 pages. Henry Holt & Co. 60 cts.

Sam Houston. By George S. Bryan. Illustrated, 12mo, 183 pages. The Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

POETRY.

Beggar and King. By Richard Butler Glaenzer. 12mo, 88 pages. Yale University Press. $1.

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The Poetry of Stefan George

Although the doctrine of art for art's sake is commonly supposed to be peculiarly French in its origin and in its practical manifestations, it has received a surprising amount of theoretical support from the German philosophers, at least one of whom, Schelling, was largely instrumental in spreading it abroad. But there has always been until recently a certain hesitation on the part of German writers to show themselves whole-souled votaries of the idea, as if its reputed frivolity were repugnant to the high seriousness of the Teutonic mind with its strong didactic tendencies. It has remained for the present generation in Germany to produce a group of writers who for drastic theory and consistency of practice may be fitly compared with Théophile Gautier or Oscar Wilde. When in the early nineties a coterie of young poets began circulating privately their "Blätter für die Kunst," they were at first ignored as sterile dilettantes, and later, when their very persistency challenged attention, decried as charlatans and decadents. Gradually, however, the work of Stefan George has won its way into critical esteem, since he first consented in 1899 to address a wider public. It is true that his appeal has been limited, for he has deliberately restricted his audience by all manner of devices, even seeking to frighten off the casual or careless reader by the omission of capital letters and the arbitrary misuse of punctuation. This may seem to some like an intolerable pose, adopted *pour épater le bourgeois,* but if consistency is any test of sincerity, then George is indubitably sincere. In his desire to protest against the commercialization and vulgarization of literature, he has never made the slightest concession to the curiosity or taste of a public whose suffrage he does not solicit. Yet fame of an attenuated sort has come to him in Germany. Abroad one seeks almost in vain for any recognition of him, though a recent voice (Ludwig Lewisohn in "The Spirit of Modern German Literature") has indeed proclaimed him to be at present "the first lyrical poet in Europe." The constant coupling of his name with that of Hofmannsthal has perhaps been unfortunate. The Catholic Rhinelander and the Viennese Jew hold many a critical theory in common, but while the latter has become little more than a talented echo, George alone of all his group has shown genuine creative power and capacity for development. His output is not large. The fruit of twenty-five years of single-minded devotion to his art consists of six rather slender volumes, and it is significant that of these the last three contain his best work.

The starting-point of these young innovators, who may be loosely called symbolists, was relentless opposition to naturalism. As a counterblast to the slogan of "truth in art," Hofmannsthal asserted truculently: "Gedichte sind gewichtlose Gewebe aus Worten." George, with somewhat less the air of paradox, has proclaimed his ideal to be "eine Kunst frei von jedem Dienst, eine Kunst aus der Anschauungsfreude, aus Rausch und Klang und Sonne." A poem, in his opinion, should evoke and suggest, should hint a situation or delicately convey a mood, but should shun facts and logic and lessons on pain of foregoing its very nature. Above all he has aimed steadily at the creation of a new poetic style whose keynote is to be distinction. His characteristic mood is Olympian. He wants to be austere and aloof, draping himself in his dignity as if he were a high priest. He refuses to sentimentalize, to coruscate, to write "with a punch," or to make any other sort of meretricious appeal. Unfortunately his inability to unbend or to take himself and his poetic mission lightly betrays a lack of humor which the reader may find grievous to bear.

It is instructive to study George's beginnings in the light of his subsequent

accomplishments. He has collected the early poems which he deems worthy of preservation in a volume called "Die Fibel." These verses are competent but relatively undistinguished. The tone is adolescently melancholy; love and death are the favorite themes, handled somewhat in the traditional romantic fashion. Their most interesting feature is an occasional touch of decadence, which was to appear as sensational anti-moralism in the sequence of poems entitled "Algabal." The hero of the latter is the notorious Roman emperor, Heliogabalus, whose exploits Gibbon has recorded with such unsparing detail. The lines which George puts into the mouth of this imperial æsthete and pervert had a certain application to himself at that time:

Mein Garten bedarf nicht Luft und nicht Wärme,
Der Garten, den ich mir selber gebaut,
Und seiner Vögel leblose Schwärme
Haben noch nie einen Frühling geschaut.

In this connection it is significant of his literary affinities at that time, that he chose to translate Rossetti, Swinburne, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Mallarmé. Fortunately this taint of unwholesomeness did not endure. Since "Algabal" he has published nothing that could incur the reproach of perversity, and little that is even delicately depraved; and when he resumed his work of translating a few years ago, it was put into German portions of the "Divine Comedy."

George's poems are at the opposite pole from the simplicity, directness, and clear-cut situations of the folk song. His love lyrics deal not so much with individual episodes as with typical stages of experience. It has even been surmised that friendship has played a greater part in his life than love; but for this assumption there is no real warrant. What he seeks to do is not to transmit a feeling at white heat or to reproduce a situation still tremulous with life, but to pass his emotions through the alembic of reflection in order that the expression may be artistically purified. "Fühlend über dem Gefühle zu stehen" is the way one of his critics has described his attitude; and George himself has asserted his ideal to be "eine Kunst über dem Leben, nachdem sie das Leben durchdrungen." To many readers his process of artistic clarification seems devitalizing. His poems appear cold, detached, impersonal. This objective mode of procedure has been made familiar by the Parnassian poets in France, but it falls distinctly out of the German tradition. Platen almost alone among German poets has been similarly reserved and restrained. Goethe, for all his aloofness, did at least lay bare his breast, and Heine, with his reiterated "lay of a broken heart," introduced into lyric poetry the note of aggressive self-revelation. But innate *Keuschheit der Seele* prevents George and his fellows from indulging in any such expansiveness:

Wir werden nicht mehr starr und bleich
Den früheren Liebeshelden gleich,
An Trübsal waren wir zu reich,
Wir zucken leis und dulden weich.

Sie hiessen tapfer, hiessen frei,
Trotz ihrer Lippen manchem Schrei;
Wir litten lang und vielerlei,
Doch schweigen müssen wir dabei.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the public has been puzzled and frequently alienated, the more so since George's condensation of style and his studied avoidance of trite phrases tend to considerable obscurity. Still it would be a capital mistake to suppose that behind the chiseled perfection of these verses there is no significant human experience. Occasionally a situation of tragic intensity is conveyed to the reader by subtle suggestion. It becomes almost an exercise in intuition to attempt to divine the circumstances which have given rise to the poem and to gauge the poignancy of the author's feeling. George's conception of love is neither wholly sacred nor wholly profane. It alternates curiously between the heathen Eros and the Christian Caritas in a way which is characteristic of this incomplete pagan with his Catholic predilections. Perhaps the poet is aware that all his earthly amatory experiences are but fleeting symbols of an unrealizable love, a quest for what is forever beyond reach:

Denn meine Liebe schläft im Land der Strahlen.

The case of his nature poems is simpler. There are no wild-woodland notes in his music. He sings by preference of tidy parks with neat paths, trimmed trees and benches beneath them, ponds with swans floating gracefully on their surfaces, glimpses of statuary in the boscage and

of a villa in the background—decorative effects which one finds in certain of Böcklin's pictures. In the volume "Das Jahr der Seele" a group of symmetrically arranged poems on summer, autumn, and winter contains some of his most typical work of this sort. The absence of spring is not accidental: there is little of the vernal impulse, the hope of quickening life, or the joy of youth, in this ripe and worldly wise poet. The following poem, much praised by his friend Hofmannsthal, brings out the unsuspected beauties of a late autumn scene:

Komm in den totgesagten Park und schau:
Der Schimmer ferner, lächelnder Gestade,
Der reinen Wolken unverhofftes Blau
Erhellt die Weiher und die bunten Pfade.

Dort nimm das tiefe Gelb, das weiche Grau,
Von Birken und von Buchs; der Wind ist lau;
Die späten Rosen welkten noch nicht ganz;
Erlese, küsse sie, und flicht den Kranz.

Vergiss auch diese letzten Astern nicht,
Den Purpur um die Ranken wilder Reben,
Und auch was übrig blieb von grünem Leben,
Verwinde leicht im herbstlichen Gesicht.

The unwonted simplicity and clearness of these lines are doubtless due to the fact that they are merely descriptive. In many other poems the sensuous impressions are secondary to the mood which they evoke, or rather it is the unity of man with the landscape which is brought out:

Wir fühlen dankbar wie zu leisem Brausen
Von Wipfeln Strahlenspuren auf uns tropfen,
Und blicken nur und horchen wenn in Pausen
Die reifen Früchte auf den Boden klopfen.

There are occasional indications of an exotic longing, especially for the South, although George does not exhibit to the full that Italomania which has characterized so many German writers since the days of Winckelmann. From a southern shore he writes:

In dieser Luft von Weihrauch und von Rosen,
Wo selbst der strenge Fürst des Endes leicht,
Als sei er nur der Spender von Almosen,
Mit einem Lächeln durch die Lande schleicht.

George's religiosity finds too constant expression in his works to be lightly dismissed as the pantheistic prattle of the average minor poet. It is manifestly a vital part of his inner life, however difficult it may be to find a formula for it. As a Rhinelander he is an heir of the oldest civilization in Germany with a deep background of cultural tradition which would be rare in the more flatulent Prussia. As a Catholic he is mellow and wise with the garnered experience of Mother Church. From certain poems in "Der Teppich des Lebens" one would think of him as sitting in his palace of art "holding no form of creed, but contemplating all." Certain it is that his faith is not of the modern progressive sort; yet it is by no means narrowly dogmatic. It is tolerant enough to include Pan and an occasional hint of Priapus, but it admits of no compromise with the gods of modern materialism. He has a proud consciousness of his spiritual vocation:

Ich bin ein Funke nur vom heiligen Feuer,
Ich bin ein Dröhnen nur der heiligen Stimme.

In one of his noblest poems, "Litanei," he has given a moving expression of his soul's search after God. The evident suggestions of Catholic ceremonial in these verses are echoed elsewhere, as in his description of the elevation of the host:

So sinken wir als Gläubige zu Grunde,
Verschmolzen mit der tausendköpfigen Menge,
Die schön wird wenn das Wunder sie ergreift.

More appealing to the generality of his readers is the expression of religious aspiration divorced from all confessional implications in the only lines from his poems which have become in any sense a familiar quotation:

Nicht vor der eisigen Firnen
Drohendem Rätsel erschrick,
Und zu den ernsten Gestirnen
Hebe den suchenden Blick!

In his so-called Zeitgedichte George shows himself an uncompromising opponent of the spirit of the present age with its materialistic greed, its craze for enjoyment, and its mental and moral distraction. He has apparently no feeling for such virtues as the times may possess—for example, the sharpening of the social conscience or our keener sense of spiritual genuineness. His little poem "Hafenstadt und Mutterstadt" is an apologue to show the futility of what men are pleased to call progress. The Mutterstadt, a spot of quiet beauty nestling in the hills, falls into decay, while the Hafenstadt, filled with the blatant ugliness of modern commercialism, flourishes apace. George's scorn of the multitude, *die Allzuvielen,* is as sweeping as Nietzsche's. The pessimism in regard to contemporary conditions and

the aristocratic aloofness which are almost inevitable concomitants of the doctrine of art for art's sake are all-pervasive. He has succeeded in preserving his detachment even in the present war and has resolutely refused to make his art serve the patriotic muse. But that his silence implies reprobation of Germany's conduct, no man can say. He is merely *au-dessus de la mêlée*.

It has seemed advisable to emphasize the content rather than the form of Stefan George's poetry because of the persistent legend that he is obsessed by technique and is little better than a juggler of words. Formally, indeed, his verse is remarkable enough. It is doubtful whether any other German poet has equaled him in verbal skill or in the achievement of a harmony of sound that is at once so sumptuous and grave. His style is exceedingly compact, with an abundance of compound words and a frequent use of a genitive phrase in lieu of a whole clause. The numerous expletives with which laxer German versifiers so often eke out their lines are rigidly eschewed by him. Metrically he is no great innovator, his favorite measure being a simple four-line stanza with masculine and feminine rhymes alternating. His greatest virtuosity is shown in his use of rhymes, where he has revealed unsuspected resources in the German language. "Hat ein Künstler einmal zwei Worte miteinander gereimt," he has declared, "so ist eigentlich das Spiel für ihn verbraucht, und er soll es nie oder selten wiederholen." That is, of course, a counsel of perfection which not even his disciplined talent has been able to fulfil to the letter. But the combinations dear to the heart of the facile rhymester (for example, Herz-Schmerz, Brust-Lust, Liebe-Triebe) are totally absent from his writings. Alliteration and assonance are freely, almost lavishly, employed, though with more discrimination than Swinburne was accustomed to show. One runs constantly across such lines as these:

Ein Wind umweht uns frühlingsweich;
Sengende Strahlen senken sich wieder;
Und Luft und Land in lautrem Golde schwammen.

But George is never content with mere sensuous appeal, as might be inferred from a superficial reading of his dictum that "den wert der Dichtung entscheidet nicht der Sinn—sondern die Form." Thought and expression are inseparably wedded in his ideal and in his practice. His service of beauty is not incompatible with ideas, convictions, or aspirations. Art for art's sake, then, never degenerates into art for technique's sake in the work of this austere poet whose lyrics are, nevertheless, perhaps the best example of that striving after perfection of form which is one of the most distinguishing marks of German literature during the last quarter of a century.

WILLIAM KILBORNE STEWART.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

III

NATIONALITY AND THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF STATES

The doctrine of sovereignty was a transfer of "the divinity which hedgeth about a king" from the king to the body-politic as such. It helped to protect states against the aggression of piratical dynasts, and peoples against the strengthening of their exploiters' hands from without. Interfering in the internal affairs of a state is down in the books as the international crime: internal affairs, like the Englishman's home, were a government's castle, from mediæval times taboo against entry and search. None the less, instances of international entry and search count up heavily, sometimes with good excuse and benevolent motives, as in the case of the Hay note to Rumania or some aspects of the interference of the Powers in the Balkan embroilments; mostly, however, on the pretence of guarding capital-investing "nationals," or "self-defence," or what not. They occur in states too weak to resist—China, Persia, Turkey, Morocco, Belgium, Serbia. Not even America meddled with Russia's "internal affairs," though there was better cause than even in the case of Rumania, and not even Russia with Austria's, though there was as good cause as in the case of Turkey. In point of fact, sovereignty undefended by force is empty politically, and where an economic relation exists between one state and another, a lie economically.

Even with the maximum of political reality, sovereignty cannot withstand the undermining effect of economic enterprise, particularly the enterprise of the modern industrial and commercial system. This system has automatically generated the economic interdependence of all mankind. Differences in basic natural resources give the inhabitants of some parts of the world natural monopoly of one or another raw material that can best be converted into a finished product in another part of the world. There exists in the economy of mankind a rough division of labor between the peoples of the earth, a division dependent on their resources and their abilities, but kept rudimentary, reduplicative, and wasteful because the community of interest which such a division implies is restricted by governmental policies of particularism, which are partly a survival in the mediævalism of the European dynastic systems, largely a traditional privilege of interest- and rent-receiving classes. The particularism of warfare has served only to exhibit more clearly how contrary it is to its own needs, how doubly dependent modern states are on each other at just those points where their independence is most vigorously flaunted. For example: Indispensable engines of war require rubber, sulphuric acid, nitrates, manganese. Rubber is to be had mostly from Brazil, the East Indies, the Straits Settlements; sulphur, in commercial quantities, only in the United States, in Japan, in Sicily, and pyrites, from which it may be derived, largely in Spain; nitrates only in Chile; manganese only in Russia, India, and Brazil. The blockade which cuts Germany off from these things cuts her off from necessaries of war, and from how many other necessaries, besides food, does it not cut her off! Her denial of international obligation can be made effective only through international obligation. Hence her demand for the "freedom of the seas" in wartime. Try as she will, she cannot, in the nature of things, be a modern state and conduct a modern war, and be "self-sufficient." Nor can any other state.

This means that sea-rule is of paramount importance to all the states, for it is dominion of the trade-arteries, which are the life-arteries of the world, the greatest potentiality of victory in war and of aggrandizement in peace. This rule has been England's and it has been one of magnanimity and justice. But suppose that she had elected it should not be.

Obviously, there is ground for consideration in the claim for "freedom of the seas." The power and authority to police them ought not to rest in the interest or the whim of one state alone. Freedom of the seas is like freedom of the streets: it requires a traffic policeman and a semaphore—but the policeman must not be a law unto himself. Responsibility for the security of the international highways is international responsibility. Police power can assure guaranteed protection only when it is responsible to a democratically constituted international authority, under whose administration must come not only the ways upon the high seas, but territorially contiguous sea roads, like the Dardanelles, Gibraltar, the Suez and the Panama canals, and the harbor outlets to these ways, like Trieste, for landlocked countries, like Austria and the Balkan states (it must not be forgotten that the whole quarrel between Serbia and Bulgaria turned upon Serbia's demand of access to the sea), and for ice-bound countries, like Russia. Restriction of access, discrimination between states in the use of these ways, have defined interstate relationships and motivated policies of aggrandizement ending invariably in war. For access or control have meant exclusive sovereignty or sea power. Peace, of which the economic interdependence of nations is the backbone, can last only through the international control of international highways and terminals which this interdependence implies. Freedom of the seas means this and nothing else. It means the divorce of sovereignty from sea power.

Such a divorce would help little, however, without the coördinate divorce of sovereignty from trade and industry. The liaison of these two maintains the tariff system and requires the flag to follow the dollar. In his "New Freedom" Mr. Wilson has made a very clear statement of the evils worked by "protection" in this country: how it helps to arrest industrial progress, hinders invention, initiative, efficiency; exploits workingmen and restrains

the right division of labor among the peoples of the world; employs the profits won through the man power of this country for the exploitation of the resources and populations of other countries. And what is true of republican America is far truer of dynastic Germany or Austria or Japan. The case for free trade need not be here recapitulated, nor the fallacies of protection. What is pertinent is that protection makes for war. It seeks to create a monopoly of production or distribution which the modern economic system will not tolerate. Without tariffs overproduction at home to undersell abroad, scrambling for exclusive possession of foreign markets so provocative of competitive armament, the immoral division of "backward" countries into "spheres of influence" and "protectorates" —all these, and the other devices of capitalistic exploitation, would have had less chance to wreak the social and political evil they are guilty of. This evil rests, in principle, upon the use of the power and machinery of the commonwealth for the accumulation of private property by antisocial methods. Since the rise of modern industrial society capital has, to my knowledge, failed in one case only of exploitation of this rent-free privilege. This is the case of its attempt to use the blood and treasure of the American Commonwealth for the private benefit of American capitalists in Mexico. President Wilson's wise and firm course with regard to Mexico constitutes an absolute break with international precedent. It warned foot-loose capital that it undertakes foreign adventure at its own risk, not the nation's. It creates precedent for the universal abolition of one constant source of international irritation. For it compels capitalistic competition in undeveloped lands to stay as competition between individuals, whether personal or corporate, instead of becoming war between the states whence the capital flows.

Only a democratic victory can convert this precedent into a principle. States under dynastic rule, like Germany, or Austria, or Japan, or Rumania, confuse economic prosperity with personal possession. They are states in which landowners are masters (the basis of the revolution in Russia and the heart of the revolutionary programme is land-reform) without restraint, and in which the personal rather than the social control of law and property sustains the mediævalism of the society whose leader is an autocrat and whose government is a bureaucracy. The social ideal is feudal. Its influence renders nugatory the social character which private property in modern industrial society actually possesses, because in such states ownership and political rule are vested in the same persons, and government needs no sanction from the governed for its continuity. Because the feudal order in Germany is older and had the right of way, it is able to make a tool of the highly modern industrial order which interpenetrates it, and is in principle its enemy. From 1870 on, the whole of German society was transformed into an engine of war to be used in a programme of conquest and domination. This programme is necessary to the security of the ruling power, for its rule rests from its beginnings upon its agreement to protect its subjects against enemies in return for their subjection. And if there be no enemies, self-defence demands their creation. Thus the whole Prusso-German social system derives from the fiction, carefully nursed and tended, of permanent international rivalries and enmities. The dynasty's control of education has made easy the manufacture and sustenance of a popular mood in harmony with dynastic interest. German political, economic, and social theory, German history and German theology and German metaphysics have all been made, by the use of governmental favor for academic place, to expound the dogma that international warfare is the *sine qua non* of national progress, that the fulfilment of "the mission of Germany" depends upon the sword. "World power or downfall!" Rule or ruin! Not nations, dynasties alone face the necessity of these alternatives, and the cry for "a place in the sun," the conception of "Mittel-Europa," the horrible animus against England are items in the dynastic struggle for self-preservation. The national aid and comfort to the struggler is—sovereignty.

That the whole affair is a fiction, a somnambulism, any observer of the actual structure of the world's economy must recognize. In that structure Germany had a distinguished and beneficent part. Dynastic pretensions had no share in this part. It was the fruit of the scientific assiduity, the conscientious workmanship, the regard for the customer, of the German manufacturer and merchant. These gave Germany an increasingly important "place in the sun," spreading, by their excellence, not only the products of German technological superiority, but German "Kultur," in South America, in the Near East, and the Far East, and in Europe and in the United States. They were welcomed, too, as an enrichment of the lives of the peoples in those parts of the world, as a reënforcement in the coöperative enterprise of civilization. The dynasty demanded, however, instead of conquest by excellence, conquest by war—possession and rule. "That," it declares, "cannot be Germanism, which is not inherent in the German state and does not acknowledge the German ruler. The German state must hold dominion wherever there are men of German stock, and if other states and other stocks intervene, the German state must hold dominion over them." The consequences in German diplomatic and spy systems, military organization, and duplicity are notorious. Sovereignty, concentrated in a dynasty, is at once an international bully, a vicious economic programme in the shape of a tariff system, a perversion of industry from its proper function, and a trampling of weak peoples first through exploitation, then through conquest and repression.

Exploitation consists mainly in the manipulation of the external conditions of the life of a people to their disadvantage. Exploitation is hindering their free use of roads, harbors, any means of communication without which the development of their resources is useless; it is appropriation of these resources or, where that is impolitic, discrimination against their development by means of a "protective" tariff. The second Balkan war turned on such limitations, as between Serbia and Bulgaria, and the Austro-Serb complications which precipitated this civil war turned on restrictions as between Serbia and Austria-Hungary. Without sovereignty, that is, exclusive possession, a state is, under ordinary conditions, shut off from economic growth. The alternative has ever been—rule or ruin. In this respect, democratic states differ from dynastic ones only in degree.

There is a maxim that capital knows no nationality, that it is international, using nations simply for the purpose of exploiting other nations. Whether this be so or not, labor consciously aspires to internationality, and its aspiration is a reflex from the indisputable fact that in the economy of mankind the wealth of nations is international. As soon as this economy is freed from the repressive stress toward exclusive sovereignty, it must of its own weight and momentum, automatically, prolong peace.

For the economic enterprise is an instrument, not an end. It provides the matter of the body-politic, but not its mind. This mind is the social personality, the nationality, of a human aggregate, the product of its generous and spontaneous energies, of its free self-expression—its culture. In this a people's personality lives and moves and has its being, not in the economic order. That is undoubtedly the foundation of our house of life, but we live not in, but on, the foundations. Those exist only for the sake of the superstructure, and the firmer the base, the freer and securer the movement of those who dwell upon it. An internationalized economic order is indispensable to the liberation of nationality. The claim to exclusive sovereignty in the economic world has led to repression in the cultural. Policies of Teutonification or Ottomanization or Magyarization or Russification applied by dynastic states to subject or conquered peoples were policies of murder of social personalities. They were guided by the belief that the repression and replacement of one language and culture by another would lead to acquiescence in foreign dominion, making foreign rule easier by forced abolition of its foreignness. Nothing could have been blinder. A social personality, a nationality, resists murder as does an individual,

and is infinitely harder to kill. Exploitation and even slavery are tolerated, as the non-political and non-resistant Jewish nationality has tolerated them. But it is significant that it has clung to its cultural integrity and spiritually dominated its masters. So with all nationalities. Assault on spiritual values is met with immediate and powerful resistance: it is this assault that makes war between civilized peoples most of all inevitable.

Historically the assault derives from a false equation which the necessities of dynastic survival in the modern world formulate. The political state, declares the equation, is identical with its economic interests and its economic interests with its nationality. Once more we have the dogma of exclusive sovereignty. Its falsity also in this form need not be argued. We may observe the precedent and example of its contradictory in the economic history of the "sovereign states" of the United States of America, a nation of local state governments and diversified nationalities, freely associating as cultural groups, freely cooperating in the free trade of interstate commerce, its members citizens at once of the American Commonwealth and of the respective states. Time was when economic rivalry was as bitter between these states as between the European, and tariff wars and military conflict were not unheard of. But our federal system has allowed the prosperity of each state to act, as in the course of nature it had to, as a direct function of the prosperity of its fellows. There is no silly talk about "the balance of trade" between states, and other incidents of bookkeeping. The ineluctable fact of the interdependence of the "sovereign states" is incorporated into, not opposed by, the laws of the states. International commerce is only interstate commerce writ large and the problems of its control and regulation are of the same kind. The ineluctable fact of the economic interdependence of mankind must be written into the laws of nations as it has been written into those of the states. Law must declare and reënforce the fact that the foundation of national prosperity is international comity. Law must provide for equality of commercial opportunity—for equal access to undeveloped lands, to raw materials, to carriers, to harbors, to markets. Law must provide for the freedom of the highways of the world to the peoples of the world. These are the economic implications of the "principle of nationality," and so the safeguards of lasting peace.

Their attainment has for its first condition that there be banished from the council of nations any power whose existence is identified in fact as well as in assumption with a programme of exclusive sovereignty. Such an identity exists in the case of dynastic governments of rule or ruin, so that President Wilson's refusal to treat with the present German government is well-advised. But it must not be forgotten that there are others.

Let no one regard the enactment and administration of such law as Utopian. Even *realpolitiker,* like Mr. Root, and congenital tories, like Mr. Roosevelt, will admit that in our present alliance against the murderous German dynasty necessity has forced at terrible cost what intelligence could have achieved with ease. We of America and our allies are to-day avowedly what we have long been unconsciously, a coöperative economic community. We do maintain what is practically a free trade, we have pooled our carriers, we have internationalized the world's highways, we are preventing profiteering in restraint of international trade. Our commerce with our allies has become a rudimentary interstate commerce. Our economic interests are socialized, and the socialization is in effect a limitation upon the sovereignty of each state in the alliance. At the same time the acknowledgment and recognition of the social personalities, the nationalities within the alliance, is enhanced, even of Australia and Canada. That is what coöperation does. If it is an advantage for the wastage of war, what may it not mean for the use of peace! Its form and technique need only to be studied, perfected, and extended, to become the form and technique of the life of nations under the provisions of a democratically established peace.

H. M. Kallen.

Reading for Children

We take it for granted that children will read. Reading is so important an instrument in present-day adjustment that we expect it of every person as a matter of course. We depend so much upon reading for our intercourse with others, with those who are separated from us in space or in time, that we are very apt to attribute to reading certain powers and virtues that really belong elsewhere, and we are apt to value reading as something having a virtue of its own. And thus we are in danger of overlooking the very objects that reading is to serve.

For the youngest readers the book may be a source of entertainment, since the story interest is prominent; and reading becomes for many a form of passive indulgence and absorption that calls for little action or thinking. But while it is legitimate to use books, both for younger children and for older ones, as a form of entertainment, the danger suggested lies not in the books themselves, but in other elements of the child's environment—as the lack of stimulus or opportunity for interesting activities. The other purposes of reading can be more easily attained if the child early becomes familiar with the use of books; and this is made possible if the association with reading is from the beginning a pleasant one.

The story interest of the young child is used almost unconsciously the world over as a channel for stimulation and inspiration. The fairy and folk tales of all countries satisfy the interest and at the same time suggest crude interpretations of nature and elemental aspirations, in keeping with the child's mental and emotional development. They reach the child's imagination at a time when he can easily project himself into the personality of the hero, and thus enrich his vicarious experience in a large variety of relations and situations which he can appreciate.

That the "morals" of many fairy and folk tales are at least dubious, is generally recognized. They do indeed often teach the triumph of virtue, but quite as often the advantage of deceit and cunning. Or they teach that might makes right quite as often as the converse. Nevertheless, these primitive stories have their value, although they should not be administered in excessive quantities. Perhaps the best antidotes to the undesirable fairy tales are other fairy tales—that is, tales from varied sources. The different manner and the contrasting mode of thought suggested by Hungarian and Irish tales, by Chinese and Danish tales, help to widen the outlook and the sympathies when a more restricted repertory is likely to fix prejudice and intolerance.

The myths and hero tales stress courage and fidelity and self-confidence, and furnish a natural transition to the romance and chivalry of early adolescence. At every stage so far these stories give body to the common racial aspirations, they help to clarify certain types of ideals, and to interpret the familiar human relations. As they "feed the imagination," they lay the foundation for the later appreciation of poetry.

The personal interest that makes these earlier forms of literature so appealing to young children can be directed into history and biography. The value of the latter is commonly exaggerated on the assumption that they furnish important information. The chief value, at least so far as the development of ideals and standards is concerned, would seem to lie in their concreteness and reality rather than in the specific significance of the facts and events they teach. The drama and the best fiction give the child more valuable pictures of life than he is likely to get from history and biography as they are ordinarily written. History and biography are needed to assure him that the truths of fiction are substantially representative.

Like the "unreal" stories considered suitable for younger children, history and biography should teach about people and plots, about conflict of purposes and of ideals, about achievement and failure. And above all, in selecting books of this class, we must guard the child against books written to cultivate intolerance and chauvinism and bigotry. People and events should carry the reader beyond his

village and his neighbors, and bring him close to men and women of worth in all times and all places.

The many and diverse appeals to the buyer of books for children tend to confusion, with the frequent result that recourse is had to the old and safe standards of our own earlier years. We know that our reading did not hurt us, and assume that therefore it is harmless for the new generation. And it is true that the reprints of older juvenile literature represent the survivors in a rather severe selective process. Yet in many respects the newer books written especially for children have decided advantages over their tried competitors holding over from the past.

In the first place, the purposeful books of the past were written down to the children, for the most part — diluted and simplified versions of adventure and moralities conceived essentially from the adult point of view. With our greatly extended knowledge of the child's mind, the new juvenile literature is better adapted to reach the interest, the understanding, and the emotions of the young reader. It is, so to speak, more "efficient" as a vehicle for transmitting ideas or moral impulses.

In the second place, the external world of human relations has changed so rapidly within the lifetime of the parents of the children that books which were adequate sources of information concerning foreign countries, how people live, industrial conditions, and so on, are no longer adequate—except perhaps as "historical" documents. As sources of information, books of travel, books on man's achievements, even fiction, must be quite recent—if the child is to get from them a reliable picture of the social world in which he lives. The books that relate the struggles and triumphs of the boy or girl who went to work at an early age and eventually married the employer's daughter (or son, as the case might be) no doubt did well enough in their day; one could make a lengthy catalogue of their virtues. But there should be no place for these books in the hands of children to-day: for one thing, there are not enough sons and daughters of employers to go round.

In the third place, much of youth's reading is to meet the normal craving for a rationalized interpretation of nature's mysteries; and the older books necessarily overlooked the great discoveries in every department of science. There are comparatively few children who will care to pursue science and nature studies intensively; but every child should at least have the opportunity to have his questions answered in accordance with the best knowledge of our times. The newer books in this field are not only more valuable because of the more trustworthy information they contain; but they are coming more and more to be characterized by a modern point of view.

There is a peculiarly persistent Victorian affectation that there are some books that "every child should know." This notion has its roots in the renaissance; but it needs to have its branches pruned. Every child should know the world in which he lives as thoroughly as it lies in him to know it. This world includes traditional lore and characters, "classic" tales and long-enduring, if not eternal, verities. It is well to assimilate a great deal of this intellectual background. But it is more urgent to learn the present world and the world in which he is going to live. Some children are inclined to organize their ideas on a basis of historical retrospect—they ask, What came before that, and before that? Others, however, no less intelligent and no less valuable as social assets, seem to be quite indifferent to what went before; they are the pragmatists who ask, What of it?—and look to see what can be done here and now. Moreover, while the classics should be accessible to all, it is worse than useless to cultivate an affectation of appreciation for "the best" —and it is desirable to cultivate the realization that classics are always and everywhere in the process of making.

Guidance in reading is not a thing by itself. Like other efforts to direct children's development, it must take into account individual differences, capacities, and needs. Reading must reach the in-

terests of the child as he is, not as we think he ought to be. And it must be opportune, not only from considerations of local and temporary conditions and events, but from the viewpoint of the child.

Much thought has been given to building up a new literature for younger children. More needs just now to be given by parents and teachers to the introduction of the young reader to literature intended primarily for adults. The transition from the reading of juveniles to the reading of books intended primarily for adults is beset by special difficulties, like all other transitions in the child's adjustment. Parents and teachers should face the situation with more assurance, however, than is common. We do not seem to hesitate about placing in the hands of young people the adult novels of a past generation—those of Dickens, Scott, or Victor Hugo. Neither should we fear to give them access to the good novels of contemporary writers. Mrs. Fisher's "The Bent Twig," Ernest Poole's "The Harbor," or Joseph Conrad's "Under Western Eyes," as beginners, may contain a great deal that is "over the head" of the boy or girl. But there is no harm in that, and in general we must recognize that a high-grade piece of fiction will contain more than most readers can immediately assimilate; the young reader will get what he can, and he is likely to ignore what does not concern him.

It is out of the question for any person to read everything that must be passed upon before being offered to children's use. It is necessary to consult annotated lists of classified reading, made up by librarians or others interested primarily in selection, rather than by dealers or publishers, who are interested primarily in marketing. And since it is possible to obtain competent counsel about particular books, the value and the character of children's reading ought to rise about as fast as we care to give the problem our best thought.

SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG.

Literary Affairs in France

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Louise de La Vallière, the mistress of Louis XIV, ended her days, as everybody knows, in a Carmelite convent, where she died in 1710 at the age of 64. Mlle. Eve Lavallière, who is not yet 64 although she is a grandmother, seems to have been moved by the example of her celebrated namesake, for it has been announced recently that she is about to leave the stage for the Carmelite order. She was interviewed in her apartment in the Champs Elysées, stripped of its furniture, where the reporters found her in the kitchen by the side of her truckle-bed, dressed in rough material and accompanied only by a faithful dog and an equally faithful and weeping maid. Mlle. Lavallière informed the reporters that a country *curé* had led her to a state of grace during her last summer holiday; "if you only knew," she said, "what happiness it is to have faith." This is, unfortunately, an age of skepticism and the project of the popular actress of the Variétés has been somewhat skeptically received in Paris. In the "Temps" M. Paul Souday has pointed out that, although the transition from the stage to the convent is not extraordinary, perhaps even quite natural,—he cites the historic example of Thaïs,—the doors of Carmelite convents are not open to anybody that chooses to walk in, and Mlle. Lavallière does not seem yet to have taken the necessary preliminary steps. He suggests that her decision is not perhaps final and, indeed, it is already rumored that she may shortly be seen again on a Parisian stage. When I last saw her, some little time before the war, she had the part of a boy of sixteen in M. Népoty's play, "Les Petits," at the Théâtre Antoine, and she both looked and played it to perfection.

M. Paul Géraldy's first play, "Les Noces d'Argent," has just been published by Messieurs Crès in a volume at four francs. The reading of it has confirmed the impression that its first performance at the Comédie Française made on me; it is the best play that we have been given for a very long time and altogether a remarkable work which promises well for the dramatic future of its young author. Its theme is the tyranny of the family, especially in France, a tyranny arising from affection but no less disastrous on that account. We see the inevitable misunderstandings and estrangements between parents and children caused by the failure of the

former to understand that their offspring, at a certain age, have the right to direct their own lives. Perhaps the play would not be fully understood in America or England, where parents do not, as many do here, expect their children even when they are married and have set up homes of their own to live in their pockets, so to speak, and to ask their opinion on every occasion. But even in America and England there is often the failure of the older generation to understand that the younger is not necessarily wrong because it does not accept all the opinions and judgments of its elders. It is amusing to observe how often even men that have been counted as "advanced" and really were so up to a certain age, become at that age fixed in their opinions and accessible to no new ideas and are the most determined opponents of any views more advanced than their own. The conservatism of the middle-aged is one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the world. There are certain faults in M. Géraldy's play; he sometimes forces the note. Thus, the parting of the daughter from her parents after her marriage at the end of the first act is not quite natural. Even a French *jeune fille,* who sometimes marries merely in order to get a little liberty, does not leave the home of her childhood without regret. The tyranny of the *bourgeois* French family is beginning to break down—young girls, in particular, are acquiring more liberty and that detestable word "convenable" is losing its power—but "Les Noces d'Argent" is still timely.

A wholesome corrective to the indiscriminating abuse of the Russian Revolution, which has been too common here, will be found in M. Charles Rivet's book, "Le Dernier Romanoff" (Paris; Perris). M. Rivet, who was for a long time the Petrograd correspondent of the "Temps," gives an account of the old régime which should convince the most conservative that any change must have been for the better. When one realizes the appalling heritage of bankruptcy and universal disorganization that Tsarism left to the revolution, one understands the present situation in Russia, which can never be put straight so long as the war lasts. Instead of condemning the Russians for wanting peace, we ought to sympathize with their tragic situation and admire their heroism in standing loyally by their Allies and refusing to accept the separate peace which they could have to-morrow on the most favorable terms.

The Italian defeat has naturally renewed the pessimistic tendencies that American intervention in the war had dissipated. When America came in, a victory for the Central Empires seemed quite impossible, and now they have shown that they are still capable of inflicting a serious blow on the Allies. That does not mean that they will obtain the ultimate victory, but everybody here realizes how serious would be the consequences if the north of Italy were occupied by the enemy. It need not, of course, be assumed that that will happen; we can still hope that the advance of the Germans and Austrians will be checked, but opinion is prepared to face the worst, if it should come.

Many people share the opinion of M. Briand that it was a mistake to refuse consideration of the peace proposals made to him by Germany. If it be true, as M. Briand says, that Germany was prepared to restore the complete independence of Belgium, cede Trieste and the Tridentine to Italy, and even, on conditions, Alsace-Lorraine to France, it might have been wiser to allow M. Briand to go to Switzerland to meet Prince von Bülow, as he was invited to do. He would then have been able to ascertain whether the proposals were really serious and, if so, to obtain a definite and detailed programme to lay before the other Allies. It would be impossible to make peace at the expense of Russia, but the demands of Germany in regard to Russian territory might have been withdrawn in the course of negotiations. Evidently Germany will never make a peace proposal that the Allies can accept as it stands without discussion. The sole question is whether every proposal is to be refused at once without examination. M. Briand considers that M. Ribot put the matter in such a way to the British, Italian, and Russian governments that a negative reply on their part was inevitable. The Chamber, at its secret session on October 16, seems to have taken M. Briand's view, for M. Ribot was obliged to retire from office in consequence of his conduct in the matter. The first proposals were made to M. Briand through the intermediary of a distinguished Belgian, who has remained in his own country since the German occupation and was allowed to come to France through Switzerland to see M. Briand. Both the Belgian and the Rumanian governments agreed with M. Briand that the German proposals, without being acceptable as they stood, were a sufficient basis for negotiations.

Internal politics are still in a disturbed condition, owing to the various politico-judicial "affairs." M. Léon Daudet's letter to the President of the Republic accusing M. Malvy, late minister of the interior, of treason, caused an immense sensation. The government, after having refrained from prosecuting M. Daudet for calumnious denunciation, made the mistake of accusing the royalist league, the Action Française, of which M. Daudet is a leading member, of a plot against the Republic. After numerous police raids no conclusive evidence of a plot was discovered and the charge had to be abandoned.

ROBERT DELL.

Paris, November 8, 1917.

In the Trenches

I.

Not that we are weary,
Not that we fear,
Not that we are lonely
Though never alone—
Not these, not these destroy us;
But that each rush and crash
Of mortar and shell,
Each cruel bitter shriek of bullet
That tears the wind like a blade,
Each wound on the breast of earth,
Of Demeter, our Mother,
Wounds us also,
Severs and rends the fine fabric
Of the wings of our frail souls,
Scatters into dust the bright wings
Of Psyche!

II.

Impotent,
How impotent is all this clamour,
This destruction and contest. . .

Night after night comes the moon
Haughty and perfect;
Night after night the Pleiades sing
And Orion swings his belt across the sky.
Night after night the frost
Crumbles the hard earth.

Soon the spring will drop flowers
And patient, creeping stalk and leaf
Along these barren lines
Where the huge rats scuttle
And the hawk shrieks to the carrion crow.

Can you stay them with your noise?
Then kill winter with your cannon,
Hold back Orion with your bayonets
And crush the spring leaf with your armies!

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Henry James and the Untold Story

THE IVORY TOWER and THE SENSE OF THE PAST. By Henry James. (Charles Scribner's Sons; each, $1.50.)

In these two posthumous fragments of Henry James we find consummation without completion—consummation of the author as spectacle, as object of the appreciative regard, without completion of either of his cherished pieces of material. It is not too much to say that the stroke which cuts these off, at the end of the first third or thereabout, has the undesigned yet singularly valuable effect of turning Henry James himself into the hero, the very centre and fulcrum of interest, of either tale; Henry James being here the name for a particular kind of appreciation of life fused with a particular kind of fictional method. These two, the appreciation and the method become one, make up the whole of our later Henry James—not, one hastens to add, because he narrowed his appreciation to the confines of a narrow and special method, but because he deepened and intensified his method until it included the sum of his appreciation of life. He became our one example of the perfected identity of the man with the artist through the evolution of the artist, not through the devolution of the man. It is of this evolution and this identity that we get, in "The Ivory Tower" and "The Sense of the Past," the uniquely clinching evidence.

Each of the tales breaks off but to leave us in possession of three- or four-score pages of dictated "notes," wherein we see the author thinking himself toward and into his subject, feeling his way about in it, studying it in every bearing and implication, recording and strengthening his possession of it, watching its possibilities more and more radiantly dawn for him. In these notes, never meant for print, we have our discovery and our compensating thrill. We must indeed do without the accustomed thrill: that of the Henry James subject wrought through to the catching of every thread into its place in the pattern, until the whole becomes instantly accessible at one pounce of the reader's attention. But to have had *that* would have been to miss the excitement of this other triumph, the capture, not of Henry James's subject, but of Henry James himself in the act of capturing it. Elsewhere we behold his spectacle—taking, in the measure of our responsiveness, his point of view

and his place, becoming in truth himself. Here we behold rather the beholder. We see his mind perform upon his material the very operations our minds would have to perform upon the finished story if it existed; we trace his whole coherent series of guesses, anticipations, speculations, doubts, solutions; we see him in short as an absorbed reader of the stories that were not yet written, precisely as we have ourselves been readers of the other stories, the ones that are written. Elsewhere, the Henry James story gives itself up to the reader. Here, it is only to the author that it gives itself up; and what the reader gets is the author himself. The prefaces to the New York edition give us a retrospective account of how Henry James told the story that cannot be told; they are jotted notes of how a done thing was done. But these newer and more astounding notes are prefaces in a much more elemental sense: prefaces, not to an edition, but to the very doing of a thing forever to remain undone.

That, and the publication of both documents at once, constitutes their equality and their unity. There is no other equality; and the circumstances in common between the two projects emphasize, as hardly anything else could, their differences in pretension, in design, in scope. "The Ivory Tower," if a great thing, is great in the smallest ways associable with its author. A study essentially of money, of those who have it not and of those who have it thrust upon them, of the lengths to which some will go, and others will not, to get it or keep it, the story probes shrewdly into some aspects of our American social scene. But it belongs among such late and relatively little things as "The Outcry" and "The Sacred Fount," without the beguiling farce of the one or the uniquely confessional purpose of the other. It confirms and ratifies, it annotates, it reexhibits an artificer supremely concerned with the alternation and distribution of his points of view, passionately and gaily resolved "to achieve the lucidity *with* the complexity"; but it changes or enlarges nothing. "The Sense of the Past," on the other hand, changes everything. It alters the shape, pushes out the bounds, of the whole Henry James world, adds a substantial figure to the sum of imaginings, achievements, beauties, perfections. Fitly, James could turn back to it from his appreciation of Rupert Brooke, at a time when "The Ivory Tower" had ceased to hold him. "The Sense of the Past" promised all the rich, full orchestral resonance of novels such as "The Ambassadors" and "The Wings of the Dove"; yet, in its entire dissimilarity from anything else that even James could have written, it is as isolated and self-sufficing as "The Great Good Place" or "The Madonna of the Future" or "The Turn of the Screw." Not even its author had ever undertaken to add such warmth and spaciousness of treatment to such amazing virtuosity of design.

It is easier on the whole to describe the design than the treatment, and by that law which makes it easier to describe a product of fancy than one of imagination. It is a trick of the fancy that James practised upon Ralph Pendrel, the "first young man" of "The Sense of the Past." An oddly untraveled, unworldly young American man, author of "An Essay in Aid of the Reading of History," in love with a notion of his own that the spirit of time past can be recovered as no one has yet had the fine sensibility to recover it, he tumbles through such an open trapdoor of the bygone as not his most extravagant moment could have dreamed the existence of. On the death of a distant English cousin he "comes in for" a house in London, "something strange and storied, ancient and alien." Hardly sooner has he taken his first preliminary peep at it than he exchanges identities with a young man of 1820—a young man in one of the portraits within the house. His "sense of the past" projects him, we are given to understand, into the period, the personal situation, the very love story, of that remote ancestral relative, his other self of 1820; which other self, a person with an exactly corresponding "sense of the future," is left in turn to explore the strange delights of his future—that is, the present out of which Pendrel has just dropped.

These paired situations, that of the modern young man fallen into the wrong century to take up *in medias res* the love story of his prototype, carrying it forward with a vaguely sensed disquietude and "malaise," and that of his shadowy alter ego projected forward by a century into a modern and alien world—what do they not mean, in possibilities, values, "force and felicity," to Henry James? They mean, of course, everything; or at least they *promise* everything, and would as surely have meant it had he been given the time to make them do so. But, centrally and especially, they mean the general superiority and rightness of the present as compared with

the past. This was Henry James's *faith,* one deciphers, as well as his paradox. Loving old perfections as he did, he yet had the grace to see that only the lapse of time had made them old; precisely in time lapsed is our modern advantage, our thing to value. It is only on the present that everything else comes to focus, only for it that everything was made. This, surely, is the meaning of Pendrel's "malaise" as he falls in love with the wrong sister and tries to make himself believe that she is the right one; this is the meaning of his instinctive cry at first sight of the right sister: "'Why she's modern, *modern!*'" The same meaning is wrought into Pendrel's dim, groping sense of the chivalrous amenities and gentilities of modern intercourse, the like of which he looks for in vain in the hard and rather too grossly hearty Georgian social life; it is wrought as well into the others' blank failure to make him out, their conclusion that what is really the stifled modern in him can only be a queer kind of transatlantic cleverness. And, most touchingly, it is suggested in the pained and protesting reappearances of Ralph's alter ego, who, poor troubled ghost, is no more quite content with his fulfilled dream of the future than is Ralph with his of the past, and who must return to show a hurt face on the occasions of Ralph's doing and feeling such things as no youth of 1820 *could* have done and felt.

The chief of these "deflections" is Ralph's appreciation of the right, the "modern," sister, who makes him feel "the beautiful pity of her divination" of his malaise. To her, in what was evidently to have been a movingly climactic *scène à faire,* Ralph pours out everything that he means, everything that the author too means, about past and present. Even the denatured prose of the notes opens here immense perspectives of emotion, of effect, of truth: "For it would seem to me kind of sublime that he now, at last now, opening up, opening out, everything that he has had before to keep back, tells her such things about those fruitions of the Future which have constituted his state, tells her of how poor a world she is stuck fast in compared with all the wonders and splendours that he is straining back to, and of which he now sees only the ripeness, richness, attraction and civilisation, the virtual perfection without a flaw, that she stands dazzled before it and can only be shut up in the heartbreak of remaining so far back behind it, so dismally and excludedly out of it, while he, with her assistance, shaking her off after he has, as it were, used her, wins his way back to it and out of her sight and sense for ever."

There are more meanings here than can be convoyed into so narrow a harbor as this review. There is, for example, abundant suggestion of the way Henry James valued the past—that is, as something best worth knowing because to know it lends sense and direction to one's love of the present, which must, out of dead things, faded beauties, livingly re-create itself. Here too is the disproof—not indeed that we could not find it everywhere else—of Miss Rebecca West's theory of Henry James's "odd lack of the historic sense." "He had," she writes, "a tremendous sense of the thing that is and none at all of the thing that has been, and thus he was always being misled by such lovely shells of the past as Hampton Court into the belief that the past which inhabited them was as lovely." Other judgments, of the same critic and of others, are put out of countenance by this most challenging of the books that can never be written.

But I brush aside a dozen such matters to end on a suggestion that in "The Sense of the Past" we have the rounding out and ultimate logic of the international novel as Henry James created it. His one constant material formula was to study different, not necessarily opposed, types of breeding at their best—that is, crystallized each in its best possible human products. That he does even in "The Ivory Tower," where, although the characters are of American extraction, the hero's attitude toward most things, and especially toward money, is more of the Old World than of the New. He had done the same in such early novels as "Roderick Hudson" and "The American." Most often, his types of bestness cross oceans to produce their effects on each other; sometimes they touch across gaps of time, as in "The Aspern Papers," a drama of generations, epochs; rarely, they overleap the very barriers of our common materiality, to live for a few breaths, as in "The Great Good Place," for beauty or for terror that knows nothing of local habitations and names. In "The Sense of the Past" all three of these appeals are superposed and fused into one. Continents and capitals touch; then interpenetrates with now; and both space and time exist only as symbols, in the timeless and spaceless world of the story that cannot be told.

WILSON FOLLETT.

A Defence of Idealism

A Defence of Idealism. By May Sinclair. (The Macmillan Co.; $2.)

Philosophical literature is notoriously dry reading. We are accustomed to hold the subject responsible for the repellent style in which it appears, and are therefore always surprised to come upon a philosophical study which is understandable without great effort. If, in addition, it sparkles with wit and good humor, as does May Sinclair's defence of philosophical idealism, we are as likely to condemn it as "popular" as to find it a rare achievement.

It was like a woman to come to the defence of the under dog. Every dog has his day even in philosophy, and philosophical idealism had a long day. Indeed, it is difficult to tell, according to the author, whether the evident twilight of idealism follows a sunset or precedes a sunrise. "There is a certain embarrassment," she writes, "in coming forward with an Apology for Idealistic Monism at the present moment. You cannot be quite sure whether you are putting in an appearance too late or much too early." Of one thing, however, we may be sure, she thinks, that idealistic monism, if dead, will be born again. It will rise again because it lives on in the heart of the very system that for the time being may have superseded it. It has been so over and over again since philosophic speculation began in the ancient East, and the future will be like the past. "Pragmatic Humanism and Vitalism are going from us in the flower, you may say, of their youth." The contest even now is between realism and idealism. And the author believes "that some day (which may be as distant as you please) the New Realism will grow old and die, and the New Idealism will be born again."

The argument of the book is the old one that all paths lead to the Absolute. Start out in experience anywhere and there is but one resting-place for the spirit that seeks an explanation. At first sight pluralistic philosophies seem to have all the advantage in appealing to facts, but this is the superficial aspect of things; even a little thought always discloses the unity behind and within the multiplicity. In a chapter on "The Pan-psychism of Samuel Butler" we are shown that one indestructible primal energy persists through all the fluctuations of the psyche. A chapter on "Some Ultimate Questions of Psychology" contends that our conscious life has a unity which it could not have if there were no self unaffected by the changes characteristic of mental life. So, too, we read again, there is unity behind the phenomena of nature. "The law of conservation of energy is nothing if not a confession that, as far as the physical world goes, incorrigible multiplicity and difference do not obtain." Mysticism, realism, pragmatism, vitalism—all are compelled to contribute to the force of the argument. One cannot say that the logic is always sound. One cannot agree, for example, that since science recognizes the ultimate constitution of matter to be energy, and since it is agreed that the so-called material qualities are not found in it, we may conclude that this energy is spiritual, and that following the path of physics we arrive inevitably at an absolute experience as the final reality. No; not always sound, but always keen, vigorous, lively, readable.

It is doubtful, however, whether the book will please the idealists unless the idealistic temperament has recently become much less dogmatic as the result of successful attacks upon the idealistic position. Dogmatism is, at all events, quite foreign to May Sinclair's book. She aims at a tentative solution.

> It is not, and it cannot be, a question of certainty. No reasonable person demands certainty at this time of day. The utmost he is entitled to demand is a certain balance of probabilities. Perhaps not even that. Perhaps only here a balance and there a chance, and there, again, an off-chance, a bare possibility.

The book is obviously an attempt to ascertain what exactly the various philosophical systems are driving at when reduced to the simplest terms and stated in clear English. It would be rash to say that she succeeds or that anyone could succeed in doing this. "A Defence of Idealism" does, however, present in clear, readable fashion what one clever writer after a careful examination believes to be the strong and the weak points of the competing philosophies of our day, and as such is a suggestive book for the thoughtful layman and the student of philosophy who has not offered his soul as a sacrifice to his system. That she finds all philosophies compelled at last to admit a unity in things, and that this proves to her satisfaction that some form of idealism—the philosophy of unity—is on the whole the most acceptable, serves only to give her presentation an artistic completeness and to put before the reader a well-rounded argument for a philosophical creed with which an educated person may be supposed to be at least acquainted.

M. C. Otto.

The Future of Poland

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF POLAND. By Edward H. Lewinski-Corwin. (The Polish Book Importing Co.)
THE RECONSTRUCTION OF POLAND AND THE NEAR EAST. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. (The Century Co.; $1.)

In view of what has happened, there is deep irony in the fact that a considerable section of the Polish people should only a few years ago have looked forward to a world war with a feeling of grim satisfaction. The sense of ruin was so keen, and the plight of the people under Russian and German rule was so pitiable, that patriots were ready to welcome a general international conflagration as the last hope of a revived nationality. Save in the event of a wiping of the slate by war for a remaking of the map and a redistribution of political power, the Polish question seemed buried forever.

In 1912 representatives of all the independence parties of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland actually met and formed a committee charged with the task of drawing up a plan of procedure when the crash should come, and making military preparations for the expected contingency. The decision was, in the event of a war which should find Russia on one side and Austria and Germany on the other, to throw support to Austria. Bitter hatred of Prussia was a strong argument in the other direction. But of the three powers, Austria had dealt with the Poles most leniently; Russian oppression extended over eighty per cent of the ancient Polish republic; it was expected that Russia would be hopelessly beaten; and a federal union of a reconstituted Polish state with Austria and Hungary seemed the most desirable arrangement short of complete independence.

The storm broke before even the Poles expected it; and never was there greater disillusionment. Instead of finding themselves in a position to act with deliberation and turn the situation to their own advantage, the unhappy people saw their portion of Europe become immediately one of the principal theatres of the war, where whole nations met in a terrible death grapple. From Galicia to the Dwina the country now lies one vast scroll of horror. Furthermore, two million Poles of military age were drafted into the armies of the three contending powers and lined up on opposite sides of the battle field, brother against brother; so that to the devastation wrought by pillage, hunger, exposure, and disease has been added that of fratricidal war. Through the fearful cloud of disaster that has settled upon the unhappy people only one ray of sunshine has broken. In November, 1916, the Central Powers announced their readiness to recognize an independent kingdom of Poland, and subsequently the Russian revolutionary provisional government took a similar step. But as yet these declarations are hardly worth the paper on which they are written, and the fate of what remains of the Polish people is still in the lap of the gods.

The story of Poland has been told for English readers many times, but in view of the startling chapter which is being added to it before our very eyes much interest attaches to Mr. Lewinski-Corwin's recent and up-to-date volume. In some 600 pages Polish political development is sketched from prehistoric times to the events of the present year. The earlier portions of the volume possess no special distinction. They suffer by the exclusion of economic, social, and cultural matters, and will be found drier reading, and no more authoritative, than two or three single-volume histories which have been available for a decade or more. The last two chapters, however,—dealing with "constitutional Russia and the Poles" and "the Polish question and the Great War,"—have decided value, not alone because they bring the story up to date, but because they show an unusually keen insight into the perplexities of the contemporary Polish problem. It is the author's opinion that this problem has never before "been so near its full and satisfactory solution"; the necessary and sufficient guarantee of such a solution he finds in President Wilson's affirmation before the Senate, January 22, 1917, that he took it for granted that "statesmen everywhere are agreed that there should be a united, independent, and autonomous Poland."

In his interesting essay on the future of Poland Mr. Gibbons attributes the promises of both the Central Powers and Russia to sheer expediency, and argues that the decisive success of either group of belligerents in a short war would have meant for the Poles "merely the passing from Scylla to Charybdis." He shows how incomplete and provisional are the arrangements that have been made for the reconstituted Polish Kingdom, and advises the Poles to hold fast for the time being to their several allegiances, in the expectation that the self-respect of the Entente

Allies will never tolerate putting back "under Russian slavery" those who are loyal to Russia during this trial, and that, after what has happened in Ireland, the English people cannot hold against the Poles of Galicia and Posnania the fact that they remained loyal, for the duration of the war, to Austria and Germany.

Mr. Gibbons shares Mr. Lewinski-Corwin's opinion that the only rational and enduring solution of the Polish question is an independent Poland, a nation which shall be in no way subject to either Russia or Germany. But he wisely warns against the temptation to press territorial demands too far. Polish enthusiasts loudly proclaim their purpose to bring together again all the lands that are "historically" Polish, without regard to whether these lands are now predominantly Polish or capable of developing real economic and political solidarity. Even if the Poles were in a position to determine the matter singlehanded, they would be making a great mistake in saddling themselves at the outset with a group of irredentist controversies. "No cataclysm of defeat," the writer properly says, "whichever way the war turns, is going the compel Germany and Russia to give up Silesia, the Prussian Baltic coast line, Lithuania, and Podolia, and it is doubtful if the Poles can make good their claims to the eastern portions of Galicia."

On ethnographic and economic grounds, Mr. Gibbons would include in a future kingdom of Poland about two-thirds of German Posnania, the Russian kingdom of Poland (including Khelm), and Galicia, excluding the eastern region known as Red Ruthenia. That a Poland thus constituted would rapidly "become the seventh 'great power' of Europe" we may readily believe; although Mr. Gibbons's estimate of the service to be rendered by such a nation as a buffer state will not instantly carry conviction.

Of the three or four miscellaneous essays which complete Mr. Gibbons's volume, one pleads for the internationalization of Constantinople and its appurtenant European lands, another urges the formation of Syrian and Armenian states as a partial solution of the problem of Asiatic Turkey, and a third advises a policy of "hands-off" in the Balkans. The author writes from long and intimate knowledge of eastern European politics, and his suggestions are worthy of the earnest attention of statesmen and diplomats.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

A Frigid Introduction to Strauss

RICHARD STRAUSS, THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Henry T. Finck. With an Appreciation of Strauss by Percy Grainger. (Little, Brown & Co.; $2.50.)

This is a useful survey of the external facts touching the life and musical compositions of Richard Strauss. It is also, as the writer seemed to be very eager it should be, a reasonably entertaining volume, liberally besprinkled, as it is, with anecdotal matter and journalistic chit-chat. But it does not, on the whole, suggest that it has been a labor of love. Mr. Finck makes it abundantly clear in the course of his remarks that his reason for writing the book was rather the fact that Strauss is considered one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living composers than that he himself considers him to be such. And the general tone of Mr. Finck's book is blasé, sometimes yawningly so. His own spontaneous reactions to Strauss are so consistently unsympathetic that he evidently fears at times to create in the reader an impression of unreasoning prejudice; he therefore protects himself by calling on copious testimony from other writers. "You Straussianer just fight it out among yourselves," he seems to say, and steps back with a shrug of the shoulders.

Mr. Finck's lack of sympathy is only partly due to Strauss's obvious shortcomings—his crass realism of conception, his lack of a distinguished melodic vein, his needlessly complicated orchestrations, his frequent want of restraint and tendency to lapse into sheer vulgarity. We could hardly expect Mr. Finck to forgive Strauss these sins. In one of the most charming essays on Chopin that I have seen he has implied how much he understands and values the jeweled and the chastened in art, how ardently he loves the limpid flow of perfect melody and the delicious echo of subtle and softly pedaled harmonies. But melody and the glow of harmonic sequence, precious as these are, are not the whole of music. The more massive qualities exhibited by Strauss at his best—the power to fill a large canvas with color and movement, the titanic artistic unity and inner coherence attained through polyphonic mastery, and, above all, the will and power to give concrete musical expression to large thoughts and unbridled passions, to the Rabelais and to the madman both that are latent in all of us—these are not to be lightly ignored. Here precisely it is that Mr. Finck seems not quite adequate to his task. He has evidently

little genuine love for polyphony as such, for the interweaving of independently moving melodic lines. That the polyphonic technique has frequently degenerated into mechanical virtuosity need not be denied. It is doubtful, for all that, whether the history of music records any means of expression more virile and resourceful than the free polyphony of modern music. Mr. Finck is also doubtful, it would seem, of the legitimateness of such wealth of expression in pure tone as Strauss gives us. He may be right, but only one prepared to meet Strauss at least half way in his artistic presuppositions is genuinely qualified to interpret him to us. That is why Mr. Ernest Newman's far shorter study of Strauss seems so much more vital; the few pages that Romain Rolland devotes to Strauss in his "Musiciens d'Aujourdhui" also reveal a deeper understanding of the musical personality of this composer.

Underneath all Mr. Finck's hesitations and shrinkings in the presence of Strauss's tone poems and operas, may we not discern a more fundamental clash of temperaments, the refined irritation of the cultivated Sybarite who looks on at the capers of a healthy barbarian, a spirit attuned to Tennysonian felicities subjected to the uncouth liberties of a Walt Whitman? Something of the kind is conveyed by Percy Grainger in the following words, taken from his interesting introductory essay:

> Strauss is not a musician's musician like Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Grieg, or Debussy, capable of turning out flawless gems of artistic subtlety and perfection, but rather is he a great cosmic soul of the Goethe, Milton, Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Edgar Lee Masters caliber: full of dross, but equally full of godhead; lacking refinement, but not the supremer attributes; and uniquely able to roll forth some great uplifting message after gigantic preliminaries of boredom and inconsequentialness.

(Do Schubert and Grieg quite belong to the first list? Do Goethe and Milton feel quite at ease with their neighbors in the second?) It is the "dross," the "lack of refinement," and the "gigantic preliminaries of boredom" that too fatally affect Mr. Finck; the "godhead" and "supremer attributes" seem altogether lost in the scramble.

In the section devoted to "Program Music" Mr. Finck has a splendid opportunity to analyze the psychology and æsthetics and trace the development of one of the most interesting musical phenomena of the last hundred years. I cannot find that he has made very serious use of the opportunity. The externality that characterizes his account of Strauss's career and his description of the musical compositions themselves is in evidence in this section as well. The inevitable anecdotes, random remarks on various specimens of programme music (MacDowell's pianoforte sketches come in for warm appreciation), a determined and gallant attempt to convince us that the symphonic poem has reached its artistic culmination in Liszt, and divers evidences of Strauss's inferiority to his Hungarian precursor fill up space that one would have liked to see devoted to the rationale of the programme movement and to the varying ideals that have animated its representatives. We are not given even a serviceable notion of the nature of Strauss's æsthetic procedure, of the manner in which he aims to reconcile the conflicting demands of literary conception and musical treatment, of the symbolic significance of leading motive, instrumental individualization, and polyphony. And what of the evolution of musical form in the compositions of Strauss, the acknowledged master of form? In brief, we nowhere feel that we are being brought to a realization of the nuclear conceptions of Strauss the artist. How then can the reader justly estimate the place to be assigned Richard Strauss in the history of programme music, whether his tone poems represent a logical and healthy development of ideas that owe their most authoritative formulation to Berlioz and Liszt or, as Mr. Finck would have it, mark the degeneration of the programme tendency?

Be that as it may, there is little doubt that for the present programme music has reached its apogee. Signs of revolt have been in evidence for some time; the cumbrous literary constructions that were meant to give form to elaborate tonal creations seem to crumble of their own weight. It is probable that the programmists have attempted too much, that they have tried to get as much service out of Pegasus as out of a willing dray-horse. The future alone can tell whether they have indeed attempted the impossible or have merely sought the arduous conquest with means too coarse and untried, have mistaken a Rosinante for the real Pegasus. Meanwhile, a clear swing back to the absolutists, Brahms notwithstanding, is a sheer impossibility. However music may tend to be chastened of its luxuriance of symbol, the spell of fancy and mood that the romanticists and programmists have cast over it will not disappear. Self-determina-

tion of form and emotional expression—if these alone remain, their attainment by way of the perhaps circuitous route of the programmists will have justified the Liszts and Strausses.

Yet all the while I find myself seriously distrusting the psychological validity of the current classification of composers into absolutists and programmists or impressionists. To an altogether unwarrantable extent we have been taking musical artists at their own valuation, at the surface value of their titles and programmatic analyses. Is it not possible, nay likely, that an appalling proportion of the musical "programmes" authorized by composers are afterthoughts designed, consciously or unconsciously, to lure the public, always an essentially unmusical body? Or to give an external conceptual frame, of subjective associative value, to a lyric impulse that has already untranslatably expressed itself in tone? We know that Schumann gave titles to his pieces after he had composed them; the conceptual label, in other words, was probably more a flourish of the pen, a Finis, than a genuine æsthetic stimulus. The wayward whimsy or burning passion was there from the beginning, but it needed no other than purely musical expression. May not even some of our impressionists, Debussy among them, entertain a fundamentally identical attitude toward their material? Is there not the least shade of hypocrisy in these pagodas and goldfish and engulfed cathedrals and moons descending on temples that were? Strange, otherwise, that we seem to breathe a larger air and to feel the tow of a mightier current in the music itself than in the bric-a-brac world its titles introduce us to. Conversely, there is little reason to doubt that a great deal of absolute music, so-called, has been wrought out of conceptions and emotions that were all but ready to burst into impassioned speech. What are some of those curious *recitativo* passages in the Beethoven sonatas, glades in the wood, but tortured questionings and strivings bound in musical constraint? Before we can profoundly approach the psychology of programme music, there is much underbrush to be cleared away. We must know better than we do how the artist conceives and works and care less how he labels. Perhaps it is well that artists tell us little, but we can often guess back of their paraphernalia of labels if we will but hearken to the music.

EDWARD SAPIR.

First Fruits of the Little Theatre Movement

THE UNSEEN HOST AND OTHER WAR PLAYS. By Percival Wilde. (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.)
TRIFLES. By Susan Glaspell. (Frank Shay; 35 cts.)
ANOTHER WAY OUT. By Lawrence Langner. (Frank Shay; 35 cts.)
THE LAST STRAW. By Bosworth Crocker. (Frank Shay; 35 cts.)
DOLORES OF THE SIERRA AND OTHER ONE ACT PLAYS. By Harriet Holmes Haslett. (Paul Elder & Co.; $1.25.)

The little theatre is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. Its influence upon both stagecraft and playwriting must be sought not directly, but indirectly; and yet its influence is greater than any of its accomplishments. What the little theatre does counts for less than what it prompts others to do. It is as a school for future American dramatists that the little-theatre movement has literary significance.

And there is great need for such a practical training-school. It is a truism that the theatrical business puts a premium on experience in play-making. The American public is notoriously conservative in its dramatic tastes, and play-production in America is very costly. Every instinct of the commercial manager shrinks from the new dramatist or the play with new dramatic ideas. Both have been welcomed by the little theatres. This gives a special interest to the new American one-act plays. Some of them we find are plays of real value; all of them we must search scrupulously for promises of bigger work to come.

Mr. Wilde is one of our most experienced makers of short plays. He began to write them before there were any little theatres, and he has profited more than any other American playwright by little-theatre production of his work. Mr. Wilde has had his training, but, as yet, he shows no desire to be more than a clever writer of timely, well-constructed "one acters," a sort of Clyde Fitch of the little theatre. His very success is the measure of our disappointment. No American dramatist handles clever dialogue and tense action more effectively than he does, and his insight into character is incomparably keener than that of the writers of our Broadway successes. His new volume shows growth in Mr. Wilde, especially in his understanding of the springs of human emotion. Of the new series the title play, a fine and effective use of the legend of the angels at the battle of the Marne, is the

best, but he almost duplicates the success of this difficult piece of work in his German version of a similar theme, "Valkyrie." Taken together these are the finest dramas the war has inspired in America. The three remaining plays are in his familiar realistic style, but none are so good as "Dawn" or "According to Darwin." "Mothers of Men" is a fine theme marred by careless characterization; the thesis of "those who do not understand the war" is overdone in the Russian peasants in "Pawns"; "In the Ravine" is a capital bit of dramatic journalism, but no more. This last is sure to be popular with little-theatre producers, but in each of these three realistic sketches there is that same ultra-timeliness, that Sunday-supplement appeal to to-day's interest, that has inspired our seasonal succession of crook plays, children's home comedies, and trench melodramas.

Next to their obsession of timeliness our popular playwrights have suffered most from mistaking clap-trap for constructive action. The strict limitations of the short play force a dramatist to learn technique, and the value of such a training is emphasized by the good construction of the three one-act plays that were first produced by the Washington Square Players. There are, however, other promising qualities in these plays. "Another Way Out" reveals Lawrence Langner as a young man of wit and good sense, an adroit writer, a shrewd observer. In this play he has achieved the almost-impossible, a shockingly moral burlesque in English, a play with a violently *risqué* situation without any nastiness. Mr. Langner has qualifications to make him a keen dramatic satirist. "Trifles" is a well-considered and finely executed study of the dreary life of a farm wife, quite the best thing on this distinctively American theme done by an American dramatist. It shows Susan Glaspell to be a careful analyst of feminine character with the ability quickly and surely to interpret her studies in dramatic form. One cannot doubt that she can do a lifelike portrait on a larger canvas. When I saw the Washington Square Players in Bosworth Crocker's "The Last Straw," I was not convinced that the heckling of the neighbors over his accidental killing of a stray cat would drive Friedrich Bauer to commit suiside, and a careful reading of the play does not remove this impression. Mr. Crocker deliberately tried to make good his thesis of the force of public opinion by means of extremely trivial incidents compressed into one short act. He only just failed in this ambitious task, but the fine courage to come to grips with difficult dramatic problems is not a fault. As in the work of the two other Washington Square playwrights, there is a promise for the future in his work.

The promise in the plays of Harriet Holmes Haslett is not so clearly spoken. Her people are types rather than individuals; her plots are more commonplace; her action is too often switched by mere chance; her thought is less mature. She has, however, dexterity in dialogue and has learned to manipulate stage business. A couple of her plays—notably "Modern Menage" and "When Love is Blind"—should attract the attention of little-theatre producers.

These authors, whose one-act plays we have been considering, are doing work typical of a number of young American playwrights who are at school in the little theatres. Ben Hecht, Alice Brown, Eugene O'Neil, Philip Moeller, Mary MacMillan, Alice Gerstenberg, Edward Massey, and Stuart Walker, to name but a few that come readily to mind, are all promising scholars. Already two have been graduated from one-act pieces to long plays that have been produced by commercial managers; others are sure to follow them. Already—and this is significant, though till now the plays have come from abroad—there is an increasing tendency on the part of the little theatres themselves to stage long plays. These are steps forward, for however important the influence of the little theatre, the stage is for all the populace, not the *intelligentsia* alone; however perfect the one-act play, great drama furnishes a full evening's entertainment.

WILLIAMS HAYNES.

King Coal

KING COAL. By Upton Sinclair. (The Macmillan Co.; $1.50.)

The novel-reader who chances to appreciate a really novel design in a work of fiction will like "King Coal" both for its originality and its independence. A story of the oppressive lawlessness of American democracy, the book will have, for everyone interested in that great subject, the suspense of "a march in the ranks, hard-prest, and the road unknown."

To have made this theme, which is, in the reviewer's opinion, the most important internal

question before our country, the subject of a novel, is in itself a first-rate stroke of originality. It may be objected that the legitimate field of the novel is not the presentation of a great social theme, but individual human characterization. But if "King Coal" must be said to be almost destitute of the faculty of individual human characterization, it has nevertheless a species of "human interest" impossible for any other prose form to convey. This interest is the fascination of learning from page to page what will happen next about the law-breaking oppressions characterizing the unorganized American coal-mining camps which are the scene of the hero's adventures. What happens to him as an individual is comparatively unimportant to you except as it affects his achievement for the progress of the "sober-suited freedom," the clear ideal of human order and liberty, whose presence is the distinction of the book.

The son of a coal magnate, a young college graduate, engaged to a standardized magazine-fiction débutante, Hal Warner goes to work as a miner, "for the experience," on a coal property in the Rockies. He wishes to learn for himself the truth of what has been said about the western coal camps. In his revolt at learning authentically of their tyrannies, he proceeds from a considerable conservatism, along the trail of an unavailing attempt to secure enforcement of the law against the anarchies of the coal company, until he comes out on the road of union-organization.

On this trail and this road he forms the acquaintance of the daughter of a miner, Mary Burke, "a Celtic Madonna," less markedly unlife-like than the débutante, but not for me exactly real. The author tries to persuade us that the fact that the hero loves both Mary and Jessie (the débutante) is a matter of some importance in his career. But I cannot care whether it is Mary or Jessie that he prefers, or bring myself to believe that this preference is of the least significance either to Hal Warner or to his author, scarcely to Jessie or Mary. It is a mere minority report brought in to comply with the Rules of Order for the conduct of novels. Interesting and stirring as an active committee man, as one bewildered in a dual love, Hal Warner is of a dreadful dreariness. You long to hurry him on his way through his mechanical and argumentative love scenes, and off to the more subtly understood and impassioned concerns of his excellent committee meetings.

But in spite of the strange unlifelikeness of Mary and Jessie, and of all the wealthy surrounding her, there is in the description of the hero's adventures of sentiment with women an individual tone of frankness and decency, an adult and responsible tone, which is both socially superior and independent. In his sympathetic and sincere pictures of workmen's families, rendered with no "intimist" talent, but with an excellent solid grasp of economic and industrial fortunes, Mr. Sinclair excels. The Italian Minettis, the Raffertys, the Burkes, the Welsh Davids, the rank and file of the hero's mining-town acquaintance, are all admirably identified, without dialectic exaggerations, all real and interesting.

The mine disaster is a wonderful and moving panorama; and the whole tale of Hal's attempts to strike some spark of justice from the constituted authorities is capital. When some of the more conservative of our envoys returned from Russia the other day, and told us that there had been less violence in the whole course of the Russian Revolution than we experience in this country in a single week, they brought home to us a much-needed truth concerning our barbarity. The most signal achievement of "King Coal" is the impression it leaves of our wretched social irresponsibility, our American cowardice in facing gross disorders and human cruelties inside our own nation.

What is to be done about our gross disorders and human cruelties then? The mortal fortunes of the book end in a vista, with the hero's advance down a discouraging and apparently endless road, which still leads ahead. This open ending appears to me significantly true to nature and history.

The philosophy of the book, however, seems to end in the postscript, with a predetermined sign-post in the form of a statement that "citizens and workers . . . will find that they have neither peace nor freedom, until they have abolished the system of production for profit." Maybe this abolition will bring peace and freedom. But its interpolation here appears sudden, illogical, and unrelated. As though we had been told that all these difficulties we have read about would be removed if we would encourage the acquisition of land for public playgrounds, or would work for single tax, or were advised to find general directions for the advance of all civilization on any other good, sound plank removed from any other excellent social platform.

To a mere middle-class believer in our almost untried and varied experiment in democracy this socialistic statement closes over the book's horizon with the effect of a limitation, remote but darkening. It may serve to indicate what is indeed for me the limitation of the book—its tendency to predetermination, its lack of curiosity and interest in keen ascertainments and differentiations, its apparent belief in formulas. Thus one early perceives that the poor of the volume are predestined to possess extraordinary mental and moral superiorities; and those of better financial fortunes, a striking mental and moral flaccidity. As in the theory of Ernest Pontifex in "The Way of All Flesh," "the poor are all, lovely." Scarcely any of the low-minded are to be discerned among them; and among those below a certain grade of income violence is virtually unknown or always restrained. On the other hand, with the exception of Hal, all the citizens above a certain grade of income are presented with anatomies and human natural histories no more convincing than those of the millionaires in clothes covered with dollar signs in the cartoons. The employers present a solid front of low-mindedness and bullying brainlessness. Just as to the narrow Edward all miners are agitators, and as in Zola's consoling and agreeable "L'Œuvre," such artists as are not realists or impressionists are boldly represented as physically ill-favored or degenerate, so the entire army of employers appearing in "King Coal" is composed of the frivolous, the dishonest, and the murderous. While the scope of the book is specifically limited to the unorganized field, yet, by inference, the coal-operators who have kept organization pacts at heavy financial sacrifices for a generation, and all employers, indeed, are lumped together in one indistinguishable mass with those who have stuffed ballot-boxes and entrained machine-guns against their compatriots. The author's socialism would have been more persuasive if his characters had been conceived somewhat more in the spirit of granting them equal opportunities.

If, as George Meredith tells us, "the soul's one road is forwards," it must appear that all exaggeration of class prejudices against the light of truth is but a darkening and a delaying on the way. Yet when this is said, the novel remains an interesting and valuable record of the adventure of a soul on that forward road of justice which leads around the world and into a future unknown.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

AT THE FRONT IN A FLIVVER. By William Yorke Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.

WITH CAVALRY IN THE GREAT WAR. By Frederick Coleman. Jacobs; $1.50.

HOW TO LIVE AT THE FRONT. By Hector MacQuarrie. Lippincott; $1.25.

The war books that are flooding in upon us should, in one respect, give hope to the peace-lovers who are almost ready to despair of the world's regeneration; for they shatter the great illusion that to live in the midst of hardship and horror, with death constantly at one's shoulder, necessarily does things to one's soul. "Men come out of it changed," the idealists say. But, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the men who go into battle, as nine-tenths of the war books bear witness, are men of normal, not over-refined sensibilities, who, on the surface at least, accept war and its horrors as all in the day's work, and will come home, if they are fortunate, to take up their tasks where they left off, apparently in the same manner as before. Only those born with the capacity for profound spiritual reactions get profound spiritual reactions out of war. Many grow and many are stunted; but only a few reach the heights and depths. And that, perhaps, is lucky.

All of which is by way of saying that the reader need look for nothing more or less than journalistic reports of occurrences in "At the Front in a Flivver" and "With Cavalry in the Great War." The former book, a diary kept for the writer's family, is the more freshly written of the two. The most interesting features of the latter are its explanations of the causes of events that are now history. Though neither book can be classed with the best popular writings on the war—Guy Empey's famous volume and the writings of Captain Beith and James Norman Hall—they have, of course, as almost all war books have, a documental value for the reader who is interested in life "over there."

The purpose of "How to Live at the Front," as its title indicates, is different from that of most war books. The volume is intended for the information, not of those who are to stay at home, but for those who are going into the trenches. It should prove to be of genuine value to nine out of ten of the men who are serving with our Expeditionary Forces in France. Written without pretension, it is reminiscent of the matter-of-fact advice of an elder brother who has seen the world to a younger brother who has not. With not the least suggestion of cant, it presents some aids to an understanding of English and French idiosyncrasies, the need for discipline, ways and means of adjustment to the

inconveniences of trench life, the signs by which the growing curse of Europe, the prostitute, may be recognized and avoided, a man's own war-troubled soul. It is not a book that goes to the roots of things, or tries to. It is just a healthy-minded, simple, religious man's wholesome reaction to the by-products of war. As such, it is likely to prove a prop to many a boy ready to go to pieces under the burden of the unforeseen and the unexpected.

THE DWELLING HOUSES OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA. By Alice R. Hugher Smith and D. E. Hugher Smith. Lippincott; $6.

Any work is important which essays to preserve a record—historical, descriptive, graphic, photographic—of our fast vanishing Colonial architecture, for that architecture constitutes the only unified and dignified manifestation of the building impulse which our young civilization has to show.

In this sense, at least, the "Dwelling Houses of Charleston" is important, for it presents, in sufficient fulness of detail, a phase of the Georgian mode translated to our shores with interesting variations developed from the social and climatic conditions of the little old proud southern capital by the sea. The book has evidently been compiled with care, it contains drawings and documents of great interest, yet somehow it conveys a sense of opportunities unfulfilled, of curiosities unrewarded. This is because it is not so intelligent and authoritative architecturally as it is historically.

However valuable it may be to the student of Colonial history, however treasured it may become to the First Families of Charleston, it offers scant fare to one interested in our architectural beginnings. No critical estimate, no discriminating valuation, no tracing of development, has been attempted: one is left to glean what one can from a few measured drawings, a somewhat larger number of photographic half-tones, and a superabundance of rather messy pencil sketches which are quite worthless from any other standpoint than the vaguely picturesque.

Here, one feels, is a great deal of good architectural material indifferently presented. Aside from the seven pages of drawings of ironwork, which are indeed precious, and a few mantels and stairways, the book contains little to entitle it to a place on the shelves of a purely architectural library.

The southern Colonial work follows its English prototypes more slavishly in the matter of detail than does that of New England. There is little of the freedom, lightness, grace, which makes the entrances of old Salem so attractive, conveying the sense that these builders bettered their instruction—as was indeed the case. On the other hand, the southern mansions exhibit, in general, a finer sense of composition and mass. Their amplitude and solidity, their cool, high porticoes, their many and massive chimneys, contribute to an effect of large means, abundant leisure, and rich, ripe social life, compared with which the Puritanism of New England, as expressed in even her best houses, seems somewhat hard and cold and thin.

The particular features of the Charleston houses which differentiate them most, and call for special comment, are their two-storied porticoes—a difficult thing to treat, as every architect knows, and here superbly handled; their garden walls and fences pierced by truly noble gates, of a highly localized type; and their iron balconies, which savor more of Latin than of Anglo-Saxon origin, yet have a certain note of primness quite different from the loose luxuriance of Mexico and Spain.

The vicissitudes of civil war and the ebbing tide of commerce have contributed to isolate and preserve in these old houses a record of that moment in our past which expresses itself in beauty. Since then the idea of power has obsessed us, and it has written itself in ugliness over all the land. Is it too much to hope that after the world has been made safe for democracy, we may set ourselves the task of translating power into beauty? Every record, like this one, of the old urbanity, will then possess an interest and a value far greater than any interest or value we can assign to it to-day.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN MODERN ENGLISH FICTION. By Dorothy Scarborough. Putnam; $2.

If industry is a virtue, the author of "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction" should find a ready welcome to the "best families" in the society of heaven. Dr. Scarborough, if a cursory counting of her index is any estimate of her reading in preparing this book, has no less than 1200 titles to her credit. Everything from Hamlet to O. Henry, from Walpole's "The Castle of Otranto" to Patience Worth's literature via the ouija board, from the sublimity of Macbeth's tragic situation to the ridiculousness of Frank Stockton's "The Transferred Ghost" has been read, summarized, card-indexed, and then strung together. Page after page of condensed ghost-plot is spread before the awed and stupefied reader. There is no comment to speak of, no relieving humor, only plots, plots, plots of ghost stories. The volume might act as a guide to a class of light (or heavy?) literature: look up the plot of any ghost story written in the last

150 years (and a few before), decide whether or not you'd like the tale, and so choose your story.

Dr. Scarborough seems to be the victim of an *idée fixe;* she must have devoted years and years to taking notes on every phase of the supernatural in fiction. Ghosts are classified under every conceivable category. There are ghosts that wear clothes, and, though few, there are ghosts that have been known to appear nude; there are dismembered ghosts, crippled ghosts, and mutilated ghosts; there are ghosts that carry their heads in their hands, and ghosts which, like certain people, lose their heads. Ghosts are as a rule well behaved and, until recently, serious and grave. They are however in contemporary literature beginning to be frivolous and inclined to superficiality. Dr. Scarborough has attempted to deal at least by way of mention with every ghost manifestation in literature, and her volume is testimony to her sense of thoroughness. If any proof of the supernatural in literature is needed, it is found in the amount of reading and cataloguing she herself has done. It must be a relief to have the thing off her mind, but the reviewer cannot quash a feeling of pity for the hypothetical reader who will not have the relief of writing a review of the book.

The Future of Constantinople. By Leonard S. Woolf. Macmillan; $1.

"Constantinople and the narrow straits upon which it stands," says Mr. Woolf, "have occasioned the world more trouble, have cost humanity more in blood and suffering during the last five hundred years, than any other single spot upon the earth. . . It is not improbable that when Europe in her last ditch has fought the last battle of the Great War, we shall find that what we have again been fighting about is really Constantinople." In his little book Mr. Woolf makes analysis of the reasons why the Turkish capital has been so productive of international unrest, and brings forward interesting proposals looking to the removal of these causes. His main contention is that, having vainly sought for three or four hundred years to solve the eastern question through arrangements which leave Constantinople under the domination of a single state, to be used by that state exclusively in its own interests, the world should take advantage of the forthcoming reorganization of Europe to follow out the suggestion of Sir Edward Pears and others that the city, the straits, and a narrow strip of territory on either side of them be internationalized.

This would mean the removal of the Turkish capital to Asiatic soil and the setting up in the vacated city of an international organ of government charged with the maintenance of law and order and the administration of such rules for times of both peace and war as the nations might prescribe. A good precedent is found in the internationalization of the Danube under the treaty of 1856, and it is urged that by the proposed arrangement no nation would lose any vital and legitimate interest. The governing commission should be wholly disinterested, and might very well consist of three members—one from Denmark, one from Switzerland, and one from the United States—chosen by the signatory powers from lists of five nominated by these several nations. Mr. Woolf feels that the finality of the present war will depend in no small degree on the decision concerning Constantinople. If this strategic spot is neutralized, every nation will be protected from aggression; if left in the hands of any single state, half of the world must always be in fear of aggression. There is much to bear out this contention; although one cannot repress the feeling that the author undervalues the difficulty of carrying out his plan.

Japan Day by Day. By Edward S. Morse. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin; $8.

The country life of the Japanese people as it was, and still is to-day in many localities unspoiled by town and factory, is recorded in Japanesque sketches and running text in Professor Morse's latest and most extensive work on the Land of the Rising Sun. The author was professor of zoology in the New Imperial University of Tokyo during a very interesting period in the early years of the transformation of Japan and witnessed some of the throes of the struggle of occidental and oriental ideals from the vantage-point of a government official, with an outlook from the capital city. It was, however, the daily life of the people, their quaint and curious and clever ways and devices, so different from our own, and their social customs and industrial methods which most interested him. Above all, the life of the country, the town, the fisherman's village, and the contacts with the rural population along footpath and mountain trail attract him more than the court or the places of trade. In the course of his scientific explorations at the seaside and among the ancient shell mounds, the author had exceptional opportunities to learn at first hand the thousand-and-one little customs of these ever-interesting and courteous people. The book is a narrative abstracted from a daily journal. It is full of digressions into matters of arts and crafts, industry, agriculture, home and social customs, the sights and sounds of the road and of the crowded street, everything in fact from an earthquake and a picturesque Japanese fire to street

signs and festivals, the rearing of crickets, and the training of birds. The numerous sketches which are distributed throughout the book are crude but reveal with great fidelity familiar and characteristic Japanese scenes and many a quaint or pleasing glimpse of Japanese life and artistry.

A Country Child. By Grant Showerman. Century; $1.75.

Never have the sights and sounds, the tastes and smells and tactile sensations of the farm been more realistically presented than in this book. Like "A Country Chronicle," which preceded it, this story is told in the first person and reproduces in the vividest of colors certain scenes and incidents of the author's boyhood. Professor Showerman is the son of a Wisconsin farmer who was one of the pioneer settlers in the Badger State; but he has chosen literature rather than agriculture as a calling, probably enjoying the rude farm life better in the imaginative retrospect than he would in the present reality. At any rate, he makes it enjoyable to his readers. Here is a bit of homely realism (the men have just come in to dinner from the field): "My father goes to the sink and washes. The others stand near the geraniums until he gets through, and then they wash, too. They take water out of the rain-water pail with the dipper, and when they are through they go to the woodshed door with the wash dish and throw the water out. Christian makes a great noise blowing and snuffing when he is at the sink." Everything is told in the "historical present," and in the short sentences and breathless style of a small boy eager to pour out his information to the first listener. Whether in real life he would always have related these momentous happenings in the present tense is doubtful; but then, in real life he never could have written them out with such an artful imitation of artlessness; so we yield at the start the whole question of strict verisimilitude. A score or more of line drawings by Mr. George Wright catch in a happy manner the spirit of the narrative.

Old Seaport Towns of the South. By Mildred Cram. With drawings by Allan C. Cram. Dodd, Mead; $2.50.

For three years the American traveller has been shut out of the play places of Europe, unless he wishes to drive an ambulance or engage in some form of relief work. Those who still wish to travel must find new lands, and in consequence America is being discovered by its own people. The experiences and discoveries of one pair of explorers—brother and sister—are here related in sprightly detail, and the account is dressed by the publishers in the best product of the printing press. It was a case of seeing the South in six weeks or less time, but our travellers managed to "take in" fourteen towns of the South Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf Coast, beginning with Baltimore and stopping at Galveston. What they found and saw we knew about before, but it is always interesting to observe the reactions of others when they are introduced to a new and strange environment. In the Florida towns and in New Orleans Miss Cram really saw something that most travellers miss—that the foreign element is largely Greek in Florida, and Italian and Spanish, not predominantly French, in New Orleans. Of all the towns visited she is completely satisfied only with Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, and with the unprogressive characteristics of these. She makes it plain that the winter is not the best time to see the South, for then it is at its grayest. But who wants to go there when the thermometer is above ninety? The historical facts woven into the narrative are at times somewhat mixed; but the book, as a whole, though unsubstantial and inconsequential, is an interesting and honest account of a new experience, and that is all that can be expected of such publications.

A History of the Great War. Vol. II. The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1915. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Doran; $2.

This is an important book. It bears evidence of much research and has an authoritative tone. So far as is possible at this stage, it is real history. The author has been at pains to study out the records of the British units in the sanguinary fighting of that terrible period which has been well named the "year of equilibrium." The book includes the first detailed description of the second battle of Ypres and the great battle of Loos. Sir Arthur is a true Briton. He distributes his praise generously among English, Canadians, and Anzacs. He sets the crown on regiment after regiment and makes many a reference to the heroic acts of individual officers and men. At the same time the power of the enemy is not minimized. Throughout the volume one can feel the force and skill of the German units, to which the author gives full credit.

The effect of the book, in spite of its judicial tone, is depressing. The task of the British army in this year seems insuperable as the author unfolds history, and the huge losses, though not described in a gruesome manner, leave the reader with visions of carnage that he cannot forget. Even the superhuman bravery of British civilian troops as they charge in the face of a fire measuring six shells to their one, cannot down that terrible image of slaughter. Such a work will be

read with more interest in England than in America. The evolutions of the Durham Light Infantry and the First Royal Irish will naturally appeal more to those who know them than to us who do not. But the book as a whole leaves a powerful impression hardly to be obtained from any other work thus far published. The style is easy and clear, the movement well sustained, and there are many stirring descriptions of desperate deeds and unfaltering courage.

INTERIORA RERUM, or The Inside of Things. By Quivis. Lane; $1.25.

These meditations, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," as one might almost characterize them, have to do with certain less familiar aspects of earth and sky, heaven and hell, man and woman, religion and philosophy, literature and art, and almost everything else imaginable. They are, in short, delightfully discursive and also thoughtful and penetrating, with a pith and brevity that never fail to save from weariness and often leave a desire for more. Here, as a sample, is a pertinent and seasonable reflection: "It is a standing marvel to men what women will endure, and apparently can endure with impunity, at the dictates of fashion. They will wear clothes in cold weather which would cause the death of a man similarly clad." Woman, with her demonstrated constitution of iron, represents no weaker sex to this author. His little book, of whose authorship we know only that it is written by "whomsoever you will," and dealing as it does with "the inside of things," or "subjects which, as a rule, we refrain from discussing," has piquancy and suggestiveness.

EARLY PHILADELPHIA. By H. M. Lippincott. Lippincott; $6.

This is a beautiful piece of book-making. The edition is limited and the type already distributed; hence, if one desires a copy, no time must be lost in making application to the publishers. From the quality of the paper, the character of the printing, and the superb illustrations, it may be guessed that the price will be high. Now, what of the book itself?

There have been other histories of Philadelphia, notably Scharf's valuable work published in 1884, and the leading men of the city have figured in our national biography from the beginning. But this book endeavors to name and describe all the leading characters and the various social, financial, and patriotic organizations, giving portraits and reproductions of people and places, buildings and bridges and parks, in such a way as to offend none and please all, at least all whose names and interests are included. It is a sort of book of heraldry for all the substantial and socially fit of the present day. If you are a Philadelphian and have ancestors who counted in the city of Franklin, this book will give you name, business, and standing.

Of course, such a work cannot be critical. The founders of the Bank of North America, of the first insurance company, of the university, were all engaged in work that produced good results and perhaps some bad results as well. But there is no word of explanation why, for example, the legislature of Pennsylvania cancelled the charter of the great bank or why all the directors then set themselves the task of getting a new federal government and a charter from that government under which they could continue their business. Nor is it stated that nearly all the influential bankers got into the federal convention and there favored, and secured the adoption of, constitutional clauses which would protect charters and contracts against mere state intervention. But, as has been said, this sort of explanation was not a part of the author's purpose and consequently some excellent opportunities have been overlooked.

FOUR ESSAYS. By Murray Anthony Potter. Harvard University Press; $1.25.

There are two distinctly different, and perhaps opposed, reactions possible to these essays of Mr. Potter's: that of the scholar, and that of the layman. The scholar will, no doubt, be interested in Mr. Potter's knowledge of the theories concerning Petrarch's life—the existence or non-existence of a flesh and blood Laura, the interpretation of the sonnets and other works as autobiographical or not; and he will be still more interested in Mr. Potter's attitude toward these problems and his conclusions. The layman will wish to get from the essays a living knowledge of Petrarch the author, Petrarch the man, and Petrarch the critic and reader.

To the layman it would seem that both may be comfortably satisfied; the essays are sufficiently bristly with scholars' names, their hypotheses, and their controversies, to suggest that no one but a Dryasdust will be disappointed. And the layman finds Petrarch living and appealing in spite of the foreign matter. Petrarch turns out to have been a human being and not an excuse for a Ph. D. thesis. He was egotistical, but he was so much like the average man as to be ludicrously conceited; he had no more idea of the relative merit and value of his various works, as expressions of the human soul, than have a great many of his well-meaning students. He loved and hated madly, and the fact that he never considered the sonnets to Laura as a passport to immortality is the strongest proof of their autobiographical importance. He wrote

intensely personal, self-satisfied letters to intimate friends; he often thought he knew it all; and he disliked having to acknowledge that he was wrong. But, and here his greatness glows through, he would do so if the evidence was convincing. It appears that he was jealous of Dante, and that he thought the latter pandered to public taste, contrived for fame, writing poetry in the vernacular! Altogether Mr. Potter's essays, the outcome of a life's study, breathe a contemporaneousness satisfying to the uninitiated.

BALFOUR, VIVIANI AND JOFFRE. Edited by Francis W. Halsey. Funk & Wagnalls; $1.50.

"You have kept your ancient traditions; your past glory is ever present in your hearts, you have love, and affection, and admiration for civilization and humanity. You have an idealism which floats above your flag, and that idealism you place above your material interests"—these words, spoken by M. Viviani in New York, might serve as an epitome of the book, "Balfour, Viviani and Joffre." Mr. Halsey's collection of the speeches of the commissioners is a useful work of reference rather than a readable book, for one must grant that the average of eloquence, despite the frequent "lift" in M. Viviani's addresses, is low, while the passages that are insignificant and that duplicate one another are very numerous indeed. Possibly the main reason for the relative mediocrity of these speeches is the nature of the task confronting the commissioners. So much at least is certain: they were not here to make memorable orations. The editor has linked the speeches with narrative and descriptive comment drawn chiefly from the newspapers of the day and reproducing the hectic exuberance of the daily press—comment not without its value when one considers how fast the contemporary newspapers decay physically.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND: HIS LIFE AND DRAMATIC WORKS. By Stanley Thomas Williams. Yale University Press; $3.

The activities of Richard Cumberland were many. He was at one time private secretary to Lord Halifax; at another time he was entrusted, with disastrous results to himself, with an ambassadorship to Spain; and sooner or later he tried his hand at nearly all kinds of writing. He wrote essays, an epic poem, novels imitative of Fielding, numerous plays, and a volume of memoirs which, though intended only as a potboiler, has become his best-known work. The plays gave him his chief contemporary fame. They are of varied types. He early struck his right vein, the sentimental comedy; virtue in distress transformed by a theatrical coup into virtue triumphant was exactly to his liking. Moreover, as a grandson of Richard Bentley, a Cambridge graduate, and a man of social standing, he brought to the composition of this kind of drama certain qualities which Hugh Kelly and other rivals lacked. Of these qualities the power to write well-bred and graceful dialogue was foremost. But the feverish ambition of Cumberland drove him to undertake operas, adaptations, tragedies, and what not, and sometimes to filch from other writers. And just as he frittered away his strength in hopeless undertakings, so did he by his exacting temperament alienate people who had been useful to him. He was in some ways really noble, yet querulous, sensitive, irritable, vain. He quarreled openly or was seriously at outs with Garrick, Sheridan, Fanny Burney, Walpole, and nearly everybody else. Sheridan pilloried him in "The Critic," as Sir Fretful Plagiary. With Boswell, Burke, Johnson, and Romney, however, he remained on good terms. Though reduced to poverty and disappointment, he lived well into the nineteenth century and became a friend of Samuel Rogers. Just before the dawn of the century, his powers in sentimental comedy revived, and "The Jew" and "The Wheel of Fortune" of this period fairly matched "The West Indian" at the beginning of the seventies. Dr. Williams has done his work thoroughly and given us a useful volume.

BRITAIN IN ARMS (L'Effort Britannique). By Jules Destrée. With a preface by Georges Clemençeau. Translated by J. Lewis May. Lane; $1.50.

In 1915, when Italy was wavering between war and continued neutrality, the Belgian journalist Jules Destrée visited the kingdom, explained with new force the position which his own country occupied in the struggle, and wielded strong influence in behalf of the eventual declaration of hostilities. Finding later that the great effort which England was making was imperfectly understood south of the Alps, he wrote a book in Italian, telling something of that effort. The work was shortly brought out in French, and now it appears in English, under the less colorful title, "Britain in Arms." The book, by the author's confession, was hurriedly written; it is propagandist; but its laudable object is to fortify international confidence as "a preparation for the better days to come"; and it makes inspiring reading.

In his opening chapter M. Destrée tells, from the documents, the now familiar story of Great Britain's labors for peace during the "Twelve Days," and shows that the country, despite its utter lack of preparation, was compelled to take

up arms not only by deep considerations of honor, but in defence of vital interests. The nation's effort is then described under three main heads: naval, military, and financial. Naval effort is discussed in such a manner as to show mainly two things—the tremendous effect of the bottling up of the German fleet and the reasons why the British fleet does not force the latter to fight by invading the harbors and waters in which it lies hiding.

The evolution of the "contemptible little army," through the anxious days of the volunteer system and of the installation of conscription, into the splendid fighting forces of Sir Douglas Haig, is forcefully related. And the country's financial expedients and sacrifices are adequately sketched. A final chapter emphasizes, with copious citations of incident and quotations from statesmen of the day, Britain's benevolent purposes in the war and her determination to prosecute the struggle to a successful end. The country is not likely to move quickly enough to suit Gallic impatience. She seems painfully slow to understand a situation and to make up her mind. But for these very reasons, when her mind is once made up, her steadfastness can be relied upon as can that of few other nations. "We may make mistakes," says Lloyd George, "but we do not give in." In the knowledge of this fact, concludes M. Destrée, France and Italy and their co-belligerents may, and do, find deep consolation in their darkest hours.

THE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited by Killis Campbell. Ginn; $1.50.

One need not accept all Professor Campbell's judgments in detail to pronounce this new edition of the "Poems" the most important contribution to Poe scholarship that has appeared for some years. Perhaps the greatest merit of the book is its sobriety and sanity—a trait that will be best appreciated by those who have had most to do with other discussions of Poe. The editor has made wise use of his predecessors, to whom he punctiliously acknowledges his indebtedness, but he has adopted none of their prejudices and pet theories, and more strangely he seems to have few pet theories of his own. The brief sketch of Poe's life is as nearly free from *a priori* assumptions and as nearly judicial as a biography of Poe well can be. In the section of "The Canon of Poe's Poems" Professor Campbell treats a subject on which he has made valuable researches; and his brief comments on the poems doubtfully attributed to Poe are admirable. Other sections of the introduction that are of especial value are those on "Poe's Passion for Revising His Text" and "Poe's Indebtedness to Other Poets." The former contains acute comments on the merits and demerits of many of the changes, and the reasons that induced Poe to make them. The résumé of opinion in "The Clash of the Critics with Respect to Poe's Poems," though brief, is excellently presented. In the body of the book the variorum forms of the text are placed at the bottom of each page, and are more conveniently arranged than in Harrison's Virginia edition. They also include a few readings unknown to Harrison, among them those of the "Richmond Examiner" proof sheets. The notes, like the introduction, are sensible, terse, and inclusive. The appendix contains collations of the editions of the poems published in the author's lifetime, and his prefaces and prefatory notices. The frontispiece, a reproduction of a cut from "Graham's Magazine" based on a painting by A. C. Smith, is interesting, but is hardly the portrait to choose if but one is to be given.

THE OLD WORLD THROUGH OLD EYES. Three Years in Oriental Lands. By Mary S. Ware. Putnam; $2.

It is for the entertainment of her grandchildren, Mrs. Ware tells us, that she has collected and published her travel letters covering the three years from August, 1912 to July, 1915, and every cent of profit from the sale of the book is to go to French hospitals during the war and to blinded French soldiers afterward, should there be any profits accruing when the war closes. A courageous and independent tourist, despite her years, Mrs. Ware went around the world unaccompanied, visiting Honolulu, Japan, China, Siam, Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, India, and other eastern lands. She returned by way of Italy and France, and of course has much to say about the war in her later letters. A chance remark from a German fellow-traveller eighteen months before the fatal August, 1914, is significant in the light of subsequent events. "The gentleman said the Kaiser believed himself Emperor by divine right, was a romanticist in politics, and he, the speaker, was afraid the country would go to ruin under this intolerable régime." Not confining herself to the usual themes of travel narratives, the writer shows an interest in colonization problems and the government of primitive peoples by the more advanced nations. Four native courts of India received her as a guest, and she had interviews with various rulers and chieftains. She is evidently a woman of strong character and trained intellect as well as large heart, and her book has more of character and individuality than would be found in most collections of family letters from abroad.

THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE. Its Past Record, Present Condition, and Potential Relation to the New World Era. By Daniel C. Roper. Funk & Wagnalls; $1.50.

Mr. Roper, who writes with the authority of four years' experience as first assistant postmaster general (1913-16), opens his introduction with the assertion that "the mightiest implement of human democracy is postal service"—just as a writer on universal suffrage might, naturally enough, begin with declaring the mightiest implement of human democracy to be the ballot, or a writer on education might plausibly maintain this mightiest implement to be the public-school system. What the mightiest implement of animal democracy or of vegetable democracy is, we are not told by Mr. Roper. His enthusiasm for his subject promises a good book, and the promise is fulfilled. Especially interesting are the chapters on the workings of the various departments of our postal service, as also the account of certain significant differences between our own system and those of Europe. A chapter entitled "Postal Perspective" presents a suggestive vista of possible future developments in our post-office department. Mr. Roper believes that "the parcel post undoubtedly has already had some effect on the cost of living," by bringing farm produce more directly to the table, "and is destined to exercise more." But the hoped-for results in this particular have by no means been realized, and are not yet in sight.

INTRODUCTION TO SOCIOLOGY. By Emory S. Bogardus. University of Southern California Press; $1.50.

To understand society is to know the factors which bring people together in human association. Such is the underlying idea of this latest contribution to social analysis. Professor Bogardus, however, is not content merely with a static view of the social world. Desiring to know under what conditions we can promote social progress, he presents the fundamentals of sociology from the standpoint of the various influences—in particular the geographic, biological, hygienic, recreational, economic, political, æsthetic, intellectual, ethical, and associational factors—operating upon man in his collective life. In many respects this viewpoint reflects the teachings of Professor Small. The advantage of Professor Bogardus's method is that it brings to bear in a simple, elementary way a great mass of pertinent facts regarding the community aspects of health, recreation, industry, the home, the state, and man's various other social-contact interests, which must be understood if one is to live intelligently in his world.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

This second novel of "Henry Handel Richardson," "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney" (Holt; $1.50), has been so warmly admired that one is surprised to find it so much a mere workmanlike, conventional effort, with an aggressively mid-Victorian hero. What are we to think of this young Irish medical student, turned adventurer and shopkeeper in the Australian gold fields, to whom crises bring "the difficulty of reconciling the divine benevolence with a cruel deed, the falling back once more on the trite admission of man's impotence"? Or who asks questions like these,—"Was it straining a point to see in the whole affair the workings of a Power outside himself?" How are we to enjoy a hero who, in contemplating a beautiful young mother and child, thinks, "No place this for the scoffer! Were they not in the presence of one of life's sublimest mysteries—that of motherhood!" and on thrilling at the idea of "little Polly as the mother of his children" decides that after all "there was a design in creation"? So Tennysonian a young man is a little difficult to assimilate to-day, particularly when we are given such gestures as his admiration for "the splendid vitality of the most popular cleric in the diocese of Victoria. No sickbed was too remote for him to reach, no sinner sunk too low to be helped to his feet."

Yes, "Henry Handel Richardson," who is said to have written a remarkable novel about the German music-student world, actually says such things about Richard Mahoney. Moreover, bored with his storekeeping in crude Ballarat, the hero marries as pure and virtuous and innocent and docile a maiden as ever charmed a mid-Victorian reader. To her "his lightest wish was a command," and their lives are arranged by him according to the divine plan of masculine supremacy. He says to her things like this,—"I trust my little woman will never put such a ridiculous object on her head,"—with reference to a flouncy hat with which a neighboring vulgar female had falsely adorned herself. When a light-headed protégé makes love to Polly, Richard has all the correct and outraged reactions of the man of property. When he begins to find life stagnant in Australia and thinks of setting out uncharted to begin life again at home, it is the Deity and not at all Polly whom he consults.

As a picture of the commonplace colonialism of the fatuously masterful young Englishman, who veils his egoism in noble emotions and religious cant, the book would be fairly significant. As a satire, in historical perspective, on the pedestrian soul of the mid-Victorian young gentleman, it would be fairly amusing. But its author is not satirical. She endows Richard Mahoney

with no qualities above middle-class mediocrity, and then treats him rather lovingly and seriously. There are in the book admirable descriptions of the rough pioneer life. But the naïve middle-class saturation of her own attitude, without irony or lift, keeps the book as a whole distinctly below the level of literary art.

There seems to be a kind of tempo or rhythm-of-the-whole in books, just as there is, more distinctly, in plays and music. Sometimes the tempo synchronizes very nicely with the mental pulse of the reader—sometimes it syncopates. This reader, at least, and Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "No. 13 Rue du Bon Diable" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.35) form an admirable example of synchronization. The reader felt no desire to race ahead of the book, nor did the book incline to pass the reader on the track. Which is saying much for a detective story.

Mr. Hardy's detective story is unusual in many ways. There are actually human characters in it, and a swiftly woven texture of motives, and charming bits of color, local and otherwise; a love story that is not sentimental; and most unusual of all, a murder committed before our very eyes so that we know from the beginning who the murderer is, and are able to follow with appreciation, and no less intensity of interest, the work of a French detective whose success is based on neither luck nor cocaine nor marvelous scientific machinery.

A display of knowledge on matters typographic is a vanity peculiar, let us hope, to a strictly past generation of reviewers, but it is not out of place to state that in the make-up of the present volume there is displayed a feeling for the quality of the text that is seldom found in any but the more expensive books. The type, binding, preliminary pages, even the margins and running heads, are characteristic of the better class of French novels, and American novels of twenty years ago.

There is perhaps no one in spirit land who would find so cordial a hearing as Mark Twain, if he were to send a message back to us. But the Mark Twain of "Jap Herron," the novel written from the ouija board (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.50), is not the real Mark Twain. He is a pitiful shade, yearning ineffectually toward a lost earth. If one accepts the book as his, it discredits both his memory and the future life. If one doesn't, the presumably sincere ladies who operated the ouija board are cast under a shadow. There is, indeed, just enough circumstantial evidence to arouse the horrible suspicion that perhaps Mark Twain did come back to write the book. There are Mark Twain mannerisms in "Jap Herron"; there is an occasional glint of what might be called Mark Twain humor; there is a hero who is an emasculate echo of Tom Sawyer and "Huck" Finn. But one need not take the revelations of the ouija board at their face value. By seeking an explanation of the way in which the book came into being in the subconscious rather than the superconscious, one avoids making any charges of duplicity, the memory of "our" Mark Twain is left unspotted, and "Jap Herron" is transformed from a maudlin imitation into a study in psychology.

In "Conquest" (Dodd, Mead; $1.40) Olive Wadsley utilizes much of a previously employed plot. She substitutes a Paris street gamin for the London waif-heroine, moving him from Paris to London instead of vice versa, and otherwise reverses scenes, situations, and characters of her "Possession" in a rather obvious fashion. The corresponding figures in the two books progress along parallel routes to equidistant termini; and the journeys make very pleasant reading. There are good bits of characterization in "Conquest," and an authentic air of sophistication and interest regarding prize-fights and sporting-events surprising in the work of a woman author—even a British one.

What we call "good taste" is the most unjustly belittled of the virtues. We speak of it usually as of a superficial attribute, when, as a matter of fact, it is probably as potent at the roots of things as any other moral force. It is not exaggeration to say that the French conception of what constitutes good taste might have saved the Germans from committing many atrocities in war and in peace, just as it might save many of our lesser novelists from utter banality. On the basis of this one book, "The Man Who Killed" (Brentano; $1.50), Claude Farrère must be classed among the lesser novelists, but he must be classed, none the less, as a writer of some ditinction. The tale he tells is a rather fantastic and melodramatic story of modern Constantinople that might easily have become garish in less skilful hands. But M. Farrère has what so many of our contemporary writers lack—intellectual sophistication and good taste. Dramatic reserve, intelligent characterization, and an exotic background, painted with beauty and understanding, make a strange tale plausible and worth the reading.

"The Optimist," by Susan Taber (Duffield; $1.30), is the title of the first of a group of genuine short stories. The author has remarkable ability in setting forth the meaningful episodes in her characters' lives. In her economical use of material, too, she is skilful, giving in considerably less than the usual space illuminating glimpses into the past and clever characterizations besides. For instance, the Optimist explains to her vagabond husband that she is an optimist

because, after the suffering she has endured through him, anything is tolerable—a new way of arriving at a philosophical attitude. Many of the stories are brightened by humor and all are fresh.

Mary Roberts Rinehart has adopted the pseudo-historical form in writing her latest novel, "Long Live the King" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50). It is staged in two European countries and deals lightly with the problems of monarchy versus revolutionary democracy, while telling the story of a young crown prince to whom an American scenic railway and the companionship of the proprietor's small son appealed more than his own proper business of being taught how to govern. The author has never failed to construct a plausible, well-built tale, but she has put no more significance into this than into her previous work. It is amusing enough in contents and more than American in style.

In "A Castle to Let," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (Doran; $1.35), the ingredients are Transylvania, which Mrs. Thurlow thinks is one of the United States; an old castle with numberless secret passages and one locked door as enticing as the one in Blue Beard; susceptible princes; one lost heir, in the guise of a servant; one smoking dragon; and an English heiress who rents the castle and thus acquires mysteries without end. It is a book, that is to say, entirely of incident—a thriller for the movie-minded.

The good detective story is never out of style, but "The Dream Doctor," by Arthur B. Reeve (Harper; $1.35), and "The London Nights of Belsize," by Vernon Rendall (Lane; $1.40), are even better than good, for they are different. The detective-story enthusiast probably knows that Craig Kennedy, Arthur B. Reeve's hero, invariably finds the solution of every mystery by means of his scientific apparatus: telephones with power to reproduce more than the voice, cameras with certain new powers, and machines to detect the criminal. The mechanical devices would be useless, however, without Kennedy's shrewd detective instincts. Very different are the methods of Belsize, rich and eccentric, finding adventure in London. His only aids to unraveling mysteries are various Chinese axioms, such as "Patience and a mulberry leaf will make a silk gown." A good part of the tales is persiflage, indicated amply by titles like "Feeding the Makers of Statistics" or "The Lost Scholar." In one entitled "Belsize as a Commentator: Sherlock Holmes," the amateur detective casts aspersions on Holmes's knowledge of Thucydides and of Greek. In short he intimates that the whole was a puzzle devised by Watson to keep the famous detective amused.

Casual Comment

Noon, October 31, 1917 marked 400 years since Martin Luther nailed on the door of the *Schlosskirche* at Wittenberg his twenty-five Latin theses, from which the Protestant Reformation is conveniently dated. For the sectaries who think this act liberated them from intolerable shackles the man who did it cannot help acquiring the heroic, semi-divine attributes which the mythus-making mechanism generates everywhere, upon Napoleon and Washington and Lincoln, no less than upon Paul and Augustine and Luther. In sharp contrast with the inflation worked automatically among the sectaries is the bearishness of Catholic writers on the Reformation. The latter cannot help regarding him as a stubborn, rebellious priest, ignorant, bumptious, dogmatic, and in sharp need of discipline. A disinterested estimate, such as a person might make who had no stake in the quarrel between Protestantism and Catholicism, does not exist. Protestant estimates, moreover, exhibit a sharper partisanship than Catholic, because they are infected by the superlatives of German *Wissenschaft,* which has been moved by national vanity to start its modern national Pantheon with Luther. To the Germans Luther is a German first and a Christian and a thinker afterward, and being German is *de facto* supreme. And for the rest of the Protestant world the forty-year-old habit of taking Germans at their own scholarly valuation is hard to break. Yet an educated Chinaman or Hindu, looking upon Luther and his work with a sympathetic but disinterested eye, would find him on the whole a man of rather cheap mind and no great dignity of character. He would find the Reformation, so far as Luther was involved in it, determined far more by dynastic and military considerations than religious ones. He would find Luther uttering in his own life and policy all that the modern mind finds most intolerable in Catholicism. Between that and Lutheranism he would find no intellectual, only a political, difference—a decision of the issue between Guelph and Ghibelline in favor of the secular authority. He would see the really religious reformation of Catholicism among the followers of Calvin and Zwingli, and surveying the two centuries which followed Luther's act, he might readily wonder whether that dance to death was worth the fiddler's price. For what Catholics are apt to regard as Luther's pigheadedness galvanized into new life a moribund system whose dogmas and symbols were fast becoming merely a hieroglyph and language for any ideas a man might choose to entertain. Men within the church, even the successor of Peter himself, were free-thinking, secularizing powers,

little concerned about salvation in a next world, and much about the art of life in this. Authority was giving way to tolerance, theology to humanism. If the church was corrupt, it was also urbane, and the corruption showed itself moreover as the soil of a healthy secular freedom. Luther's rather trivial theses were the starting-points of a series of events which made dogma once more momentous. They generated a counter-reformation against reformation, Jesuitism against Puritanism. And for this, which our Chinese or Hindu historian would recognize as the outcome of an avoidable initial accident, mankind has paid a terrible price in treasure, life, happiness, and freedom. It may be that the Providence that shapes our ends so shapes them that nothing worth winning can be otherwise won.

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ONLY TO THOSE UPON WHOM HE EXERTED a personal influence can the death of Rodin have meant much. For to most of them the vigorous and kindly personality was as great a need as their own adulation. To many of them his guidance and inspiration must have been of genuine positive value. But though he was changing to the last, he will be remembered and reckoned by works long since completed, in their way already classic. In fact, his death has eliminated all extra-artistic bias from the appraisal of his work. His eloquence, his unction, his oracular pronouncements about art will for a long time prejudice the judges of his work, but to the rest of the cultivated world he will be an artist of amazing originality, fluid and abundant, thoughtful without profundity, romantic without passion. He is most profound and passionate when under the spell of Michelangelo. The mention of this influence needs no apology, for though it is a historical commonplace, it is far more fundamental than is commonly supposed. Ever since the turbulent public appearance of the Bronze Age, in 1877, Rodin manifested that whether his plastic conceptions ultimately derived from specific works of Michelangelo or not, he was haunted by his movement. What he learned from the Louvre Slaves, the St. Matthew, the Medici Chapel in Florence, the Jeremiah in Rome, carried him beyond these in the same direction. It was a type of movement which began with the great master and which had in his hands become a mode of expressing the will and the instincts in blind, weltering labor and strife, while the physiognomy was to remain—at least in highly respectable art — the agent of more mechanical, knowable, superficial psychology. Rodin's exploitation of symbolic movement led him to relax the laws of twisting and bending until the figure became infinitely flexible. But this was an enervation of the artistic effect, because a violation of an inherently inflexible material. It was taking the backbone out of sculpture. Yet Rodin was steadily pushing beyond the boundaries of marble into the realm of color-suggestion, from the plastic to the pictorial, with a growing impatience of the resistance of his medium. Pencil and water-color were his escape from it. It is in his drawings that Rodin more completely reveals his intimate approach to form in movement. For the fluidity of line and wash permitted of his instantaneous tracing of the inner reflection of the parade of moving structure as it passed before him. They possess consequently all the magic of the spontaneous, and that perfect justification of the means in the end which his over-refined statuary lacks.

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CERTAIN EDITORS OF POPULAR MAGAZINES have decided—tentatively at least—that a short story to be commercially acceptable need not be 8000 words, or even 6000 words, in length. It may be 2000, presumably, or even 1500, and still escape being negligible. Emphatically, this is a step in the right direction. It disposes of at least one sort of standardization, and that by no means the least annoying to the serious workman who thinks of his subject as bearing some definite relation to its development. Will the mere shortening of fiction automatically improve its quality? Only indirectly, probably, though the omission of banal chatter put in to extend the areas "next to reading matter," will be at least a negative gain. Stevenson, to be sure, used to argue with great eloquence that he could produce masterpieces with a pruning-knife; but he was only thoughtlessly reflecting the traditional French superstition, and confessing that he was never embarrassed by any exuberance of the creative imagination. Masterpieces, alas, are not to be had so cheaply. They are produced not by leaving things out, but by putting the right things in. The short stories of Mr. Conrad are long, but they are never too long; they are just long enough to contain all that he has found it worth while to say about his theme. Neither are the short stories of O. Henry too short. His emotions exhausted themselves rapidly because they were obvious emotions and easily shared. He understood his talent perfectly, and it was not simple laziness that led him to do his trick with the swiftness of a juggler and ring down the curtain on a smile or a sigh. Such a gift as his cannot adjust itself readily to the requirements of 8000 words, and to maintain such a standard places a serious handicap on men whose work is done in the spirit of the artist.

Christmas List of Selected Juvenile Literature

Many of the sensations and conceptions of childhood reach far into the future to motivate the reactions and attitudes of middle age. The memory of the first book echoes sensitively in the mind after a lifetime of hardier experience. It is an earnest of the pervasive influence of the original images, now generating ceaselessly, though invisibly, in the deep subconscious; and some psychologist may hereafter point to a disquisition on the ramifications of the first "Mother Goose."

Whether it is better that children should imbibe fairy-tale conceptions of life or better that they should imbibe the truth about things as they are, however unlovely some things as they are may be, depends, of course, on whether that early innocent faith in the beauty and goodness of the world engendered by pretty fairy tales and other candied fiction, hinders or helps adjustment to the world as it is, hinders or helps the movement to make the world what it ought to be. For ourself, we should place Anatole France's "Girls and Boys" in the hands of every child; for he tells his stories with a heart for the truth of life and a pity that some things should be true—forces both for life as it ought to be. Disillusionment at twenty has loosed more misanthropy on the world than can ever be laid at the door of bitter fact from the cradle up.

With a view to helping in the choice of books for children, The Dial presents herewith a selective list, compiled by Miss May Massee, editor of the "Booklist," which is published by the American Library Association.

Fairy Tales

Broom Fairies, The, and Other Stories. By Ethel M. Gate. Yale University Press; $1.
Eight new fairy tales which combine imagination, beauty, and humor so well that they could hold their own in any collection of the best old tales.

Red Indian Fairy Book for the Children's Own Reading and for Story-tellers, The. By Frances J. Olcott. Houghton Mifflin; $2.
Beautifully told from authentic sources. They are largely nature stories and are arranged for the months of the year. The illustrations are by Frederick Richardson.

Tales of the Persian Genii. By Frances J. Olcott. Houghton Mifflin; $2.
Tales which abound in the color, the mystery, and the wisdom of the East. Four beautiful color plates by Willy Pogany. For the older fairy-tale children.

Stokes' Wonder Book of Fairy Tales. Edited by Elizabeth V. Quinn. Stokes; $2.
A delightful collection with twenty-four bright colored plates and many illustrations in black and white by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. It includes the old, old favorites with "Little Black Sambo" and "Peter Rabbit" for the new.

Fairy Tales From Brazil. By Elsie S. Eells. Dodd, Mead; $1.25.
Largely animal stories which remind one of the Uncle Remus tales in "How the Tiger Got His Stripes," "Why the Lamb Is Meek," "How the Hen Got Speckles," and so on. Well told.

Boy Who Went to the East, The. By Ethel C. Brill. Dutton; $1.50.
Twelve folk tales from the Iroquois and Algonquin Indians retold for eight-year-old white Americans.

Old Peter's Russian Tales. By Arthur Ransome. Stokes; $2.
Old Peter tells the stories to his grandchildren. He gives humorous touches, and even the familiar plots have the charm of novelty in their different setting. Illustrated in color and black and white by Dmitri Mitrokhin.

Enchanted Lochan, The. By F. Carmichael Brunton. Crowell; $1.65.
Angus Óg the Ever-young takes Hugh into the enchanted land of Celtic lore and tells him familiarly the stories of Midir the proud, Mannanan of the sea, Bridget of the fires and others.

Book of Seven Wishes, The. By Gertrude A. Kay. Moffat, Yard; $1.50.
Strange stories of what happened when the wishes came true, what might happen to any little boy or girl if the fairies were to be as busy now as they were long ago in once-upon-a-time. Good pictures, several in color.

Treasury of Folk Tales, A. By Lilian Gask. Crowell; 50 cts.
Eight well-told stories from various countries. This makes a good cheap gift book for the fairy-tale age.

Boys' Stories

(Girls will like the stories in this division just as well as boys.)

Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill. By Charles P. Burton. Holt; $1.30.
The Bob's Hill boys camp on the ocean and have an exciting Fourth of July in Boston. Entertaining and full of fun.

Island of Appledore, The. By Adair Aldon. Macmillan; $1.25.
Seventeen-year-old Billy's adventures on an island off the coast of New England which is wanted by Germans for a wireless station.

Sheridan's Twins. By Sidford F. Hamp. Putnam; $1.25.
The adventures of two boys in the early days of Colorado. Common sense, pluck, and industry combine with thrilling dangers to make their lives and their story interesting.

Camp Jolly; or The Secret-finders in the Grand Cañon. By Frances Little. Century; $1.25.
A good adventure story. Amusement is furnished by the colored boy, Rags, who accompanies the boys and Billy's father in their "secret-hunt" in the canyon.

Gold Cache, The. By James W. Schultz. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.
Adventures of a youth and some Blackfoot Indians, who travel far in search of buried gold. The dangers of the way and hostile Indians add excitement.

Straight Ahead. By Hawley Williams. Appleton; $1.35.
An idle, careless boy is expelled from school as a failure, turns over a new leaf, and ends by being taken as a "silent" but working partner in his father's grocery store.

Book of the Happy Warrior, The. By Sir Henry J. Newbolt. Longmans, Green; $1.75.
For boys and girls who like the tales of chivalry, this book gives stories of Roland, Richard Cœur de Lion, St. Louis, Robin Hood and other well-known knights, with a comparison of chivalry then and now.

Golden Eagle, The. By Allen French. Century; $1.25.
Pelham and his sister spend a summer on the New England coast and learn to sail a boat well.

Rulers of the Lakes, The. By Joseph A. Altsheler. Appleton; $1.35.
The scene is laid around Lakes George and Champlain at the time of the French and Indian War just after Braddock's defeat. The boy heroes act as scouts for William Johnson in the expedition against Crown Point. A sequel to "The Shadow of the North."

Blue Heron's Feather, The. By Rupert S. Holland. Lippincott; $1.25.
"The story of a Dutch boy in the American colony of New Netherland." Along with Peter's fortunes, his experiences with settlers and Indians, the history of the colony is outlined, to the time of the English occupation.

Boy Scout, The, and Other Stories for Boys. By Richard Harding Davis. Scribner; $1.25.
Contents: "The Boy Scout"; "The Boy Who Cried Wolf"; "Gallegher"; "Blood Will Tell"; "The Bar Sinister."

Plattsburgers, The. By Arthur S. Pier. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.
A story of training at the first Plattsburg military camp for boys.

Sons of Eli. By Ralph D. Paine. Scribner; $1.35.
Nine readable short stories about undergraduate life at Yale, especially athletics and the spirit of the various teams.

STORIES FOR GIRLS FROM ELEVEN TO THIRTEEN

Surprise House. By Abbie F. Brown. Houghton Mifflin; $1.
How Mary found her inheritance through clues that were revealed as she carefully read the books recommended by her aunt who had given Mary her library.

Lost Little Lady, The. By Emilie B. Knipe and Arthur A. Knipe. Century; $1.35.
An entertaining story of an Irish girl in New York in Civil War times and of a little southern girl lost there with her mammy.

Spanish Chest, The. By Edna A. Brown. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard; $1.35.
The treasure chest adds adventure to the delightful account of the winter spent by the children on the Isle of Jersey.

Girl Next Door, The. By Augusta H. Seaman. Century; $1.25.
A mystery story which concerns a strange girl living with two mysterious old women in a closely shuttered house next door.

Winona of Camp Karonya. By Margaret Widdemer. Lippincott; $1.25.
A bright, entertaining story of Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts, a lost English scout from the Belgian front, an adopted baby, and many unusual happenings. Sequel to "Winona of the Camp Fire."

Chokecherry Island. By Louise S. Hasbrouck. Appleton; $1.35.
Two sisters and their brother have to spend the summer on an island in the St. Lawrence River. They find a mysterious stranger, a sensible boy and girl their own age and some surprising ideas of their own deficiencies.

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The Journals of Leo Tolstoy. Vol. 1. Dutton; $2.
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Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Gilbert A. Tracy and Ida M. Tarbell. Houghton Mifflin; $2.50.
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Essays and General Literature

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Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By Amy Lowell. Macmillan; $2.50.
The Cambridge History of American Literature. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart Pratt Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. Putnam; $3.50 per vol.
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A Book of Prefaces. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf; $1.50.
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Faith, War and Policy. By Gilbert Murray. Houghton Mifflin; $1.25.
The Soul of the Russian Revolution. By Moissaye J. Olgin. Holt; $2.50.
Japan in World Politics. By K. K. Kawakami. Macmillan; 1.50.
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The Chinese Nightingale. By Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan; $1.25.

Others, An Anthology of the New Verse. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Knopf; $1.50.

The Jig of Forslin. By Conrad Aiken. Four Seas Co.

Tricks of the Trade. By J. C. Squire. Putnam; $1.

The Closed Door. By Jean de Bosschere. Translated by J. S. Flint. Lane; $1.25.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The first important New York book sale of the season was held by the American Art Association on November 19 and 20. There were three sessions and 761 lots. The grand total was $10,760.50. Of all the items the most interesting perhaps was "The Isle of Pines," by Henry Neville, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, by Samuel Green the elder, in 1668. It was an unrecorded issue of one of the "lost books" of the colonial press in the college buildings at Cambridge. It was the White Kennett copy, with his autograph signature on the title, and was in Bishop Kennett's library, disposed of in London on July 30, 1917. After the death of Mathew Day in 1649, Green was appointed to take charge of the printing-office of the college press. He became prominent both in civil and military affairs of the colony. His name is the most famous of all the early printers in New England, his service as manager of the college press extending over forty years. "The Isle of Pines" is a romance after the manner of Swift and Defoe. It was quite popular in its day and passed through several editions. It was knocked down to Mr. Blanchfield for $410.

The rare first edition of "The American Physitian," by W. Hughes, London, 1672, went to Mr. Furman for $40. The wax portrait of George Washington done from life by Joseph Wright, and from which he made the plaster cast which he sent to his mother, Patience Wright, as a model for her famous wax-relief portrait of Washington, was bought on order for $520. A stipple portrait of Washington, drawn by R. Peale, engraved by D. Edwin, and published by J. Savage in 1800, was bought by Frederick W. Morris for $95. A stipple portrait of John Adams, published by E. Savage in 1800, sold for $75, and a stipple portrait of Thomas Jefferson, drawn by R. Peale, engraved by D. Edwin, and published by J. Savage in 1800, went for $65. "The American Querist," by Myles Cooper, New York, printed by James Rivington, 1774, the extremely rare second issue, was obtained by Mr. Morris for $60.

"Military Collection and Romance," by Major Robert Donkin, New York, printed by H. Gaine, 1777, with the rare frontispiece engraved by J. Smither, dedicated by the author to Earl Percy, was bought by Charles F. Heartman for $60. A rare Revolutionary broadside poem, "Description of the Sufferings of those who were on board the Jersey and other prison Ships in the Harbor of New York," went to Mr. Heartman for $52.50. He paid the same amount for "Lettre du Roi," Paris, 1780. Mr. Morris gave $80 for the rare Boston 1780 edition of the "History of the War in America," and $56 for the rare Philadelphia 1783 first-printed broadside regarding the cessation of arms. Mr. Heartman paid $56 for the first peace proclamation by Governor William Pace of Maryland, dated Annapolis, 1783.

The rare "Declaration of the Demeanor and Cariage of Sir Walter Raleigh," by Sir Francis Bacon, London, 1618, was bought on order for $45. Lathrop C. Harper paid $50 for Richard Blome's "Description of the Island of Jamaica," London, 1768, and $39 for Zabdiel Boylston's "Historical Account of the Small-Pox Inoculated in New England," Boston, 1730. Mr. Furman gave $30 for Thomas Bray's "Memorial," London, 1700. Curtis Walters obtained for $70 the rare first edition of "The White-Footed Deer and other Poems," by William Cullen Bryant, original wrappers uncut, New York, 1844. Mr. Heartman paid $170 for the original edition of Eliot's "New Testament in the Indian Language," Cambridge, 1661, and $42.50 for the rare Edinburgh 1699 edition of the "Isthmus of Darien."

An autograph letter of Daniel Parke Custis, first husband of Martha Washington, dated May 5, 1755, was bought on order for $42.50. Mr. Harper paid $34 for "America," a poem by William Livingston, governor of New Jersey, printed at New Haven in 1770. Mr. Morris gave $97.50 for Sir Martin Frobisher's voyages in German, printed at Noremberg in 1580, and Mr. Harper obtained for $60 a Latin edition of the same work printed the same year in the same town. An exceedingly scarce edition of "An Abridgement of Samuel Hopkins's Historical Memoirs relating to the Honsatunnuk or Stockbridge Indians," with introduction by Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia, 1757, went to Robert H. Dodd for $400. Mr. Heartman paid $100 for Daniel Horsmanden's "Negro Plot," 1747. Mr. Harper gave $320 for the Paris 1782 original edition of Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on the State of Virginia." Mr. Dodd paid $60 for the rare "Letter to a Friend," by John Kearsley, Philadelphia, printed by B. Franklin and D. Hall, 1751. George D. Smith obtained for $50 the scarce Kennebeck Claims, Boston, 1786. "The National Songster," Hagerstown, 1814, with Francis Scott Key's "The Star Spangled Banner," bearing the caption "Defense of Fort McHenry," went to Mr. Harper for $60.

St. Louis University paid $50 for the rare homographic chart of the settlements on the Mississippi, printed at Cincinnati in 1842. W. Hooks gave $52 for a broadside by the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, printed at Exeter in 1779. "The Mili-

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tary Glory of Great Britain," a rare Princeton College pamphlet, printed in Philadelphia in 1762, went to E. R. Scott for $80. Mr. Heartman gave $145 for "A Concise View of the Controversy between the Proprietors of East and West Jersey," by Ebenezer Cowell, Philadelphia, 1785. Pierce & Scopes paid $70 for the rare first edition of William Smith's "History of the Province of New York," London, 1757. The original and only edition of the "History of Peru," by Diego Fernandez, Seville, 1571, went to Mr. Harper for $95. Mr. Smith obtained for $65 "The Constitution of the United States of America and of the State of Tennessee," Knoxville, 1799. Mr. Harper paid $95 for Thomas Thorowood's "Jews in America," London, 1600, and $99 for the same author's "Jews in America," London, 1660.

The collection of Dr. John W. Francis, author of "Old New York," sold by Scott & O'Shaughnessy at 116 Nassau Street, New York, on November 21, brought some good prices. A letter of John Adams, dated London, February 21, 1787, on the Constitution of the United States and other subjects, went to Mr. Wall for $56. The same bidder obtained for $35 a letter by John Quincy Adams to his brother, dated London, January 25, 1796. A letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, dated December 31, 1850, about Peabody's "Life of Cotton Mather," and the very cold weather at Lenox, Massachusetts, went to Charles Scribner's Sons for $23. A letter of James Madison, Montpelier, November 7, 1831, on the transfer of Louisiana from France to the United States, was bought by James F. Drake for $16. Mr. Drake also gave $25 for a letter by Franklin Pierce, Washington, February 9, 1842, on conditions in that city, and $26 for a letter from Theodore Roosevelt to State Senator Thomas F. Grady, July 1, 1911, highly eulogistic of former Governor David B. Hill. P. F. Madigan paid $78 for a war letter, signed but not written by General Washington, to Major General John Sullivan, dated March 12, 1778.

The Walpole Galleries of New York held a sale of rare books from the library of the late Alexander W. Drake, art director of the Century Company, and other sources, on November 26 and 27. William R. Hearst paid $55 for a Confederate flag, seized in Memphis by General S. A. Hurlbut in 1863. At the time it was on its way to a Louisiana Regiment. The first editions of both series of Charles Dickens's "Sketches of Boz" were bought on order for $75. The first issue of the first edition of "The Posthumorous Papers of the Pickwick Club" was also bought on order for $65. The "Memoirs of Joseph Gremaldi, Edited by Boz," first issue of the first edition, went to Charles Scribner's Sons for $25. "Letters to Several Persons of Honor," London, 1651, the scarce first edition, was bought by R. C. Sands for $27.50. Ina Claire of the Belasco Company paid $52 for "The Drama. Its History, Literature and Influence on Civilization," edited by Alfred Bates.

Stan. V. Henkels sold at 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, on November 28 the autograph collection of Frederick M. Steele of Chicago and owned by Mrs. Ella P. Steele of Los Angeles.

Included in it were signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Constitutional Congress, generals and officers in the Revolution, presidents of the United States and their cabinets, and justices of the United States Supreme Court. Among the letters were fine examples of John Adams and Samuel Adams.

Mr. Henkels sold on November 13, portraits from the library of Charles F. Gunther. Among them was one of Abraham Lincoln, executed in 1865 by Thomas Buchanan Read. Five years ago Patrick F. Madigan noticed this portrait at Henkels's auction place. "You can have that for $30, Madigan," said Henkels. Mr. Madigan bought it, and hung it in his home, where it remained for several years. He then sold it to Mr. Gunther for $150.

An interesting sale of autograph letters and historical documents, belonging to John R. Craigie and Charles F. Gunther of Chicago, took place recently under the auspices of Stan. V. Henkels at 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. A humorous letter from John Adams to his nephew, William S. Shaw, dated Monticello, June 16, 1821, brought $39. A war letter of U. S. Grant, February 26, 1863, went for $11.50. P. F. Madigan paid $19 for a letter by William Henry Harrison, Vincennes, January 15, 1808, to Albert Gallatin.

The Ellesmere Chaucer

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

As a subscriber to The Dial, I write to ask you if you can tell me in whose possession the Ellesmere "Chaucer" now is, and the address of the owner. Perhaps you may also happen to know whether the illuminations of the pilgrims in that MS. have been recently reproduced in any sales catalogue or descriptive article. I should greatly appreciate the information.

R. S. Loomis.

Urbana, Illinois, November 18, 1917.

The Ellesmere Chaucer was in the Bridgewater library owned by Lord Ellesmere, which was purchased in London by George D. Smith. This famous manuscript is now owned by Henry E. Huntington, whose residence is at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, New York. In the Bridgewater Catalogue, we are informed, there was printed an illumination from this manuscript. The catalogue is now in Mr. Huntington's possession. The features of the library are dealt with in John Payne Collier's "Early English Literature in the Bridgewater Library."—Ed.

The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

I am preparing for publication in the near future the letters of James Whitcomb Riley. I shall be grateful if anyone who has letters from Riley or knows of their existence will communicate with me or send the letters to me. All letters will be carefully returned as soon as they have been copied.

Edmund H. Eitel,
Care Riley Estate,
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NOTES AND NEWS

Contributors to the present issue:

William Kilborne Stewart has contributed frequently to THE DIAL. He is a member of the faculty of Dartmouth College.

Wilson Follett, in collaboration with Mrs. Follett, has published numerous studies of contemporary writers. A book of these studies, "Some Modern Novelists," is announced for early publication.

Williams Haynes was until recently associated with one of the most vigorous of the Little Theatres. He sends on the present article from New York.

Edith Franklin Wyatt is well known as novelist, poet, and critic. Her latest book of verse, "The Wind in the Corn," has just been issued by the Appletons.

Kipling adherents, and especially Kipling collectors, will be interested in a little book from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co., entitled "The Less Familiar Kipling, and Kiplingana," by G. F. Monkshood.

Remember "The Sky Pilot"—Ralph Connor's? He has written a war story, "The Major," about soldiers of the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Connor is himself a major in the 43rd Cameron Highlanders.

Miss Phyllis Bottome, author of a recently published novel, "The Second Fiddle," has ordered, among other books, the "Century Cook Book," she being about to marry a soldier "fighting in the British Army."

"Violent tragedy," "startling disclosures" are promised in a book about "Francis Joseph and His Court," compiled by Herbert Vivian from the memoirs of Count Roger de Resseguier, a son of Francis Joseph's court chamberlain. The John Lane Co. announce it.

A book on immortality is announced by the Macmillan Co. The authors of "Immortality: An Essay on Discovery, Coördinating Scientific, Psychical, and Biblical Research," are B. H. Streeter, Arthur Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emmet, J. A. Hadfield, and the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia."

An Englishman's American mother-in-law is the source of trouble and comedy in Mr. William Caine's "Three's a Crowd" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Caine is himself an Englishman and he has an American mother-in-law, but the book is dedicated to the "Dearest and Wisest of Little Mothers-in-law, gratefully."

For your friend whose only recreation is reading, it will be worth while to look over the well-selected, attractively bound, and inexpensive "Modern Library" which Messrs. Boni and Liveright are steadily enlarging with the best works of the writers of whom we all have heard but not had the opportunity in every case to read.

The Mosher Press has issued some beautifully bound gift books: Olive Schreiner's "Dreams"; "By Bendemeer's Stream," thirty-two lyrics selected from the work of Thomas Moore; William Aspenwall Bradley's "Garlands and Wayfarings";

Clinton Scollard's "Lyrics from a Library"; and Thomas S. Jones, Jr.'s "The Voice in the Silence."

From the George H. Doran Co. comes "The Green Mirror," by Hugh Walpole. It is a story of the revolt of young lives against the social tyranny imposed by an older order. Mr. Walpole is thirty-four years of age, a son of the present Bishop of Edinburgh. He has taught school, served the newspapers, and now is engaged in war work in Russia.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are bringing out "Grimm's Fairy Tales" in a new edition illustrated by Louis Rhead. These old favorites were first collected from many sources and published by the two Grimm brothers in 1812 under the title "Children's and Household Tales." George Cruikshank illustrated the first English edition, published in 1823.

According to a little French paper, published in a cellar in Montmartre, Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of "Our Square and the People in It," has become a firm. The French paper speaks of a series of articles "publies dans la Tribune par MM. Samuel, Hopkins et Adams," and an American friend recently asked Mr. Adams how the three gentlemen therein contained were.

"The Road of Ambition" (Britton) is the latest achievement of a girl whose own road of ambition has been exceptionally straight. Miss Elaine Sterne had her first story published when she was fifteen—in "St. Nicholas." Before she was twenty, she had won a number of prizes for short stories, one of a thousand dollars from "Collier's Weekly." She has written thirty or more plays for the moving-picture world, and now a novel, which is soon to be dramatized.

Have you a friend who is proud of his ancestral home in Philadelphia, or Charleston, or some old town of Virginia? He will be pleased with one of those books on the social history of colonial America, an attractive series, which Lippincotts are putting out: "Early Philadelphia: Its People and Customs," by Horace Mather Lippincott; "The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina," by Alice R. and D. E. Huger Smith; and Mary Newton Stanard's "Colonial Virginia."

A few sentences from William Maxwell's "If I Were Twenty-One" (Lippincott) are an earnest of the value of the whole for a boy who is—say half way through high school, before it is too late to plan a career: "The biggest truth I have ever discovered in connection with job-hunting and job-finding is that the possession of more than average knowledge or more than average skill constitutes the only force, outside the degrading thing called 'influence' that will lift one above the sordid and commonplace struggle for jobs by the 'help wanted' route." "I have observed that the man with ten per cent 'right' and one hundred per cent 'go ahead' usually gets farther along than the man with one hundred per cent 'right' and ten per cent 'go ahead.'" This last was the principle, we are told, that made William Maxwell the vice-president of one of the largest corporations in the world.

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List of New Books

[*The following list, containing 129 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Recollections. By John, Viscount Morley. Two volumes. 8vo, 388-382 pages. The Macmillan Co. Per set $7.50.

Life and Letters of Robert Collyer. By John Haynes Holmes. Two volumes. Illustrated, 12mo, 312-401 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. Boxed. $5.

The Life and Art of William Merritt Chase. By Katharine Metcalf Roof. Illustrated, 8vo, 352 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Edited by Charles Belmont Davis. Illustrated, 8vo, 417 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

John Keats. By Sidney Colvin. Illustrated, 8vo, 598 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

The Middle Years. By Henry James. 12mo, 119 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Life and Work of John Richardson Illingworth. Edited by his wife. Illustrated, 8vo, 346 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

Madame Adam. By Winifred Stephens. Illustrated, 8vo, 255 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

POETRY.

Lustra. By Ezra Pound. 12mo, 202 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Others. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg. 12mo, 120 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

Anthology of Swedish Lyrics, 1750-1915. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. 12mo, 281 pages. The American-Scandinavian Foundation. $1.50.

Pan Tadeusz. By Adam Mickiewicz. Translated by Prof. G. R. Noyes. 8vo, 354 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25

The Standard Book of Jewish Verse. Compiled and edited by Joseph Friedlander. 12mo, 320 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

The Red Flower. By Henry van Dyke. 12mo, 52 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts.

A Lap Full of Seed. By Max Plowman. 12mo, 78 pages. B. H. Blackwell, London. 3s. 6d.

Black and White Magic. By E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair. 12mo, 88 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

The Glory of Toil. By Edna Dean Proctor. 12mo, 68 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Terse Verse. By Walt Mason. 12mo, 176 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.30.

Poems and Translations. By J. M. Synge. 12mo, 50 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1.

Nort' Shor' Verses. By Richard D. Ware. 12mo, 64 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1.

Verses of Idle Hours. By O. Chester Brodhay. 12mo, 141 pages. Frederick C. Browne. Chicago. $1.

With the Colors. By Everard Jack Appleton. 12mo, 104 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

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Three Short Plays. By Granville Barker. 12mo, 86 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Twentieth Century France. By M. Betham Edwards. Illustrated, 8vo, 221 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingana. By G. F. Monkshood. 12mo, 168 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Days Out and Other Papers. By Elizabeth Woodbridge. 12mo, 212 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

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FICTION.

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THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Rodin

To the Frenchman of to-day Rodin has already become a legend. He was one of the artists of the last century the greater part of whose life was a protest against the stubborn conventionalism of his time. Culture had become manifold and confused and every artist of originality had to interpret himself through commentaries written round his work, or to approve himself through friends, to a public whose concern was with the conservation of tradition in the midst of swift-dissolving changes. The artist's success depended upon his eloquence as an apologist, and Rodin was the type of artist-rhetorician whose words were set down by his disciples with the glowing ardor of a Gospel. The patient and somewhat pathetic protest of his genuine gifts against the Institute and the Academies threw the glamour of victorious martyrdom over him, and the amiable and rude distinctions of his personality afforded much swinging of censers to unemployed and adventurous enthusiasms. Titian had his Dolce, Michelangelo his Condivi and Vasari, but Rodin had his Mirbeaux, his Mauclairs, his Brownells, his Kahns, his Cladels, and a galaxy of other devotees whose books are monuments to indiscriminate and sometimes heroic championship. They are, with few exceptions, of no critical value whatever, and concern themselves largely with biographical details and conversational expansions (which occurred with odd frequency) of the master on artistic matters. But the knowledge of an artist's life or his views, as of his wardrobe, is utterly impertinent to the rendering of fair judgment about his work. The only thing that can really matter about him is not what he thinks, still less what he says about his art,—but only what he achieves within the possibilities and the despotic limitations of his material.

But Rodin's thought was irrepressibly fluid and abundant, and overflowed the bronze and the marble. That is why it drifted into studio-talk, and through his acolytes into books. The appeal of his sculpture is largely in this "overflow," in the immaterial extensions of the visible object, in its inextricably poetic content, and in those evasive characters which the medium evades but which lurk in the shadow, in the line, and in the delicately modulated surfaces.

For Rodin, as for all serious art, sculpture began with the human form, and with the nude as its essential and most significant manifestation. But the nude held for him also certain adventitious and conventional "over-meanings" which tended towards an ecstatic eroticism. He brought it within poignant range of our æsthetic sensibilities by a kind of refined naturalism. In fact, he got to know the model so intimately that he came at last to regard his work as a continuation of outer appearance as it passed through his mind and out of it.

But it was necessary to be naturalistic in order to make the nude as ductile and variable in its expression as feeling itself. He threw himself upon it and tormented it into cowering servility. It became a medium for the expression of the soul in ecstatic stillness in the dreaming Caryatid of the Luxembourg, and of the soul in ecstatic passion in the female figure of "L'Invocation," whose outcry almost rends the spotless marble. The rest of his work groups itself about one or the other of these two works. He passed in the course of his development from what is organic and fundamental in form towards increased suggestion. Had he continued on the path he struck in the marvelous cadence and firm structure of "L'Homme qui marche," and in the movement of the strained waking body of "L'Age d'airain,"

he would have been the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo.

But he abandoned the organic male structure for the artistically less significant female figure, because of its richness of sensuous and sensual suggestion. The controlling passion seems to be greater fluidity at all costs. He came to luxuriate in intricate groups of interfluent figures. We see them extravagantly tumbled together, rolling, writhing doubled upon each other, or in the free boundless movement of flight.

To secure emotional expression Rodin availed himself of every kind of movement both of muscle and structure, of body and feature. Yet movement was with him predominantly symbolic; not concerted or controlled, but pushed out from within without rational intervention. Symbolism was a habit of mind with Rodin, and he is full of yet another kind—profounder and more deliberate—the symbolism of form growing out of the stubborn stone, and regarded perhaps in its ultimate suggestion as the type and culmination of cosmic evolution, part of that dumb process that pushes all living things up towards the earth's surface.

As his ideas develop his groups become richer in arrangement. But the effect of bodily action is relieved by abstract movement. The planes flow over modulated surfaces from light to shadow attended by the flight of line, and our imagination gathering impetus at every moment flows and flies with them. And while plane and line sweep our vision into the depth of a group, they tempt us to walk round it. Rodin by inducing the spectator to do this definitely extended the effect of sculpture; for though sculpture had been plurifacial ever since the Greeks, never before had it been approachable from so many different points. Each one reveals a fresh view and each view flows into another, like the progressive stages of a symphony. The effect is orchestral, and like music, Rodin's art is essentially evocative, not topical, and works upon us through its moods rather than through its subject. The form was thus far become an infinitely subtle medium, capable of response to all nuances of feeling and of emotion. But to the form as instrument of expression, he added the superficial qualities of texture and temperature. The figure ceases to be a plastic abstraction and becomes vital. The material, now turned to flesh, is quick, fiery, and vibrant, and so exquisitely sensitive are the surfaces that they would seem smoothed and modulated for perceptions much finer than our own. These sensuous refinements, proper rather to painting than to sculpture, while communicating a direct element of life to the stone, bring with them an elaborate system of color and chiaroscuro. In places the material has been left unwrought to extend (especially in marble) the range of textural contrasts immeasurably and to carry the effect of color values as far as possible. Here the purely sensuous effects of touch—of which I spoke—fuse with the immaterial play of caressing light and shade and the sense of the medium sinks definitely in a manifold of adventitious and delightful refinements.

The peculiar æsthetic of Rodin's overrefined and overestimated work derives from secondary qualities of art, not from monumentality but from daintiness, not from organic movement but from mobility, not from sense-filling mass but from sensibility. Its ideal is not, as in the great arts of the past, perfect coherence; it embodies rather the cult of the exquisite. Nor is the substance of his work, however winning it may be, profound and exalted. At its centre lies the overpowering mystery of sex, and his frail, ecstatic figures of youth are a sort of efflorescence of the sexual principle. The motif is traceable, whatever the professed subject, to a capricious and poetic eroticism which gently agonizes the instincts with fruitless yearnings. Yet Rodin's deficiencies are French and traditional. Though we find in his work none of the architectural qualities of the greatest sculpture—the upward thrust of life within the downward thrust of matter; though he attenuated his superficial effects to a point of immaterial refinement; though his theme is not conventionally noble, now and again his creations carry us out of the fever into a world of pure beauty.

RICHARD OFFNER.

Idealism in the New French Theatre

Several years ago the present writer, in revolt against our commercial theatre, its degradation of the drama and the art of the actor, printed, by way of protest, a little analogy. Suppose, the question was put, that a symphony orchestra were subjected to the same disintegrating forces as the theatrical company of to-day, that the first violin were a "star," with all the other members of the orchestra (including the conductor) subordinated, not even to his instrument, but to the exploitation of his—or her—fascinating personality. Or suppose that the orchestra, in the interests of commerce, were obliged to play, all over the country, a single composition (and that an inferior one) throughout an entire season. What, then, would become of the orchestra, the individual players, and—music? Reversing the analogy, suppose that a company of actors were unified, like an orchestra, with each dramatic instrument subordinate to the whole, and under the leadership of a powerful, sincere directing intelligence, playing the masterworks of drama precisely as the symphony orchestra performs the music of the world. What, then, would be the result? It is this question which Jacques Copeau and the company of players from the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, of Paris, have established themselves in New York to answer; for above all other radical dramatic reformers, they have taken such an organization as their ideal. Their special mission to this country is to present French drama, classic, romantic, and modern; but their original intention, before the war, had no nationalistic limitations. It was to present drama, native and foreign, ancient and modern, in the service of art.

The Théâtre du Vieux Colombier takes its interesting name from the old street in the Latin Quarter on which it was located —"the street of the old pigeon-house." The little theatre was not an isolated undertaking, but an outgrowth from the most remarkable literary movement in France during the decade before the war, a movement which culminated in "La Nouvelle Revue Française." Jacques Copeau was its editor-in-chief. Among the contributors were such widely different and intensely modern writers as Emil Verhaeren, Paul Claudel, André Gide, and the Comtesse de Noailles. The presiding genius of the editorial sanctum was Dostoevsky. A passion for beauty and justice in expression, sincerity and courage in ideas animated the young writers of the staff. They exalted the work of Charles-Louis Philippe. As editors and publishers, they were radical and constructive. And finally, in 1913, they founded the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier.

The inspiration for the little theatre, however, was not of such recent date. It was the outcome of many years of critical study and discussion. Jacques Copeau was a fighting dramatic critic long before he became an actor and manager. The Vieux-Colombier was founded, as one of its supporters has said, with something better than a new-born enthusiasm, "with the firm conviction of its artistic necessity and the knowledge, or prevision, of every difficulty to be encountered." It did not undertake to revolutionize either society or the drama, and it did not profess to know anything about the "drama of the future." Its passionate concern was with the present. The theatre, said M. Copeau, must be "renovated" from the foundation up. The Vieux-Colombier was announced, then, simply as an experiment in "dramatic renovation."

The little group of artists encountered all the usual discouragements of innovators, skepticism, remonstrances, and general lack of confidence. But they were strong in their indignant revolt against the commercial desecration of the great social art of the theatre and in their compelling purpose not merely to arraign and condemn, but to start a theatre in opposition.

M. Copeau has accused the commercial theatre of alienating, in its dishonesty and viciousness, not only the intelligent and cultivated public, but the highest dramatic talent of author and actor, which has found refuge in other professions to the

incalculable loss of the drama. And the talent which remains, he contends, has been hurt and deformed. He found it necessary to "renormalize" the actors who came to him from the ranks of "professionals." During one summer—the summer of 1913—they all worked together in the country, professionals and non-professionals, their only theatre a barn, far from the artificialities of the Paris stage, studying without haste and without weariness, in the revealing light of day, the inner realities of the drama. Slowly, the professional actors freed themselves from their "deformities" and the "stiff joints" of specialization, and became supple and responsive again—true dramatic instruments, like the talented young people and children whom M. Copeau likes to study and to teach.

In a single season of three hundred performances the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier passed far beyond the stage of experimentation and became a vitally important part of the cultural life of Paris. The public, to whom the commercial theatre was distasteful, rallied to its support. For the Vieux-Colombier had arrived just in time, as André Gide pointed out, to reconcile that public with the stage.

Then came the war, and for a time the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier appeared to be completely destroyed. The men of the company were either mobilized or volunteered for the army. The doors of the little theatre were closed. But the dramatic genius of its founder could not be crushed, and a year later M. Copeau began his work of reorganization. Following a preliminary visit to this country last spring, he has succeeded in transporting the entire company to New York, where the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier now stands, near by, but a little aside from, the theatrical market-place, a rebuke and an inspiration.

The theatre opened its doors with a performance of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The comedy was preceded by a prologue, "L'Impromptu du Vieux-Colombier" (in the manner of l'Impromptu de Versailles), and followed by the ceremony of crowning a bust of Molière, the Spirit of Comedy of all ages rendering homage to the French comic genius. But what most excited and held the attention was the intense, highly pitched, and original performance of "Les Fourberies de Scapin."

In the production of the classics, the Vieux-Colombier aims to be neither "traditional" (which is another name for laziness, according to M. Copeau) nor presumptuously original. It desires only the originality which comes from a profound knowledge and interpretation of the text. "Nous nous efforcerons de nous remettre en état de sensibilité." Little importance is given to stage decoration and accessories. M. Copeau does not quite agree with Paul Claudel that the theatre should be only a few boards thrown across two trestles, but he denies the importance of all "machinerie." Molière, particularly, is played without decoration or atmosphere and in a reduced space. The action of the comedies is lost, M. Copeau maintains, on the large modern stage. Molière designed the action with elaborate care, to fit the requirements of a very small platform. To produce him in any other way, to enlarge or modernize the scene, is to divorce text and action, and spoil Molière.

M. Copeau has modeled his stage for the production and not for the destruction of Molière. The principal action takes place on a small cubic platform in the centre of the main stage, with steps on four sides. There is an apron, or forestage, which is frequently used; and diagonal side-walls, next the proscenium, to the right and the left, contain doors with steps. A great variety of entrances, exits, and groupings is thus made possible, and extraordinarily close, rapid action.

Jacques Copeau and his company are a true orchestra of dramatic instruments, playing with astonishing spontaneity and rhythm. They do not make Molière "realistic." Yet they are very natural. By a joyous kind of dramatic exaggeration, they attain what a French critic has termed "lyrisme du naturel." They reveal Molière not only as a great comic writer but as an "artiste de la scène."

AMY WELLINGTON.

The Structure of Lasting Peace

IV

NATIONALITY, CITIZENSHIP, AND THE EUROPEAN STATE SYSTEM

When, a year or two ago, President Wilson uttered his historic reproach of the "hyphenated American," he brought for an instant into the foreground of public opinion a little-considered quality of the existence of men which is basic to the solution of all problems of their relationships. Hyphenation is not political merely, it pervades the whole of life, increasing proportionately as civilization advances. Fundamentally it designates union and correlation, not separation, nor division. Every man is a hyphenate. Every man is the centre of an aggregate of relationships, which are normally coöperative and frequently conflicting. Every man's life is a constant compromise and choosing between alternatives so incompatible that all may not be completely satisfied at the same time. No man is, or can be, exclusively one thing and no other: son and husband, industrial baron and Christian, trust magnate and patriot, German and American, pacifist and munitions-maker, breadwinner and conscript, church member and citizen—a man may normally be all these at the same time and suddenly find himself confronted with the ineluctable necessity of choosing between one and another. Each implies reciprocal rights and duties, each makes insistent and clamorous claims. Which shall be granted, which denied, instinct, tradition, habit, fear, imitation, standards of class and rank determine far more than intelligence. Yet at no point than in such choices is intelligence more needful or significant.

What is important about the hyphenation of mankind is the classes into which it divides. Men are hyphenated by nature and by art. The relationships involved in the former are congenital and inalienable, internal to a man's character and coincident with his existence. The relationships involved in the latter are acquired or assured; external to a man's character and existence, alienable, and not indispensable. Nationality is a hyphenation belonging to the nature of things; vocation, religion, citizenship are hyphenations created in the process of history. Men are born Irish or Jew or Chinese, and their association with men similarly born is involuntary and spontaneous. Men become farmers or carpenters or physicians, Christians or Mohammedans or Judaists or Buddhists, citizens of Russia or France or America, and their association with men similarly preoccupied is voluntary and directive, governed by considerations of advantage and the forces of circumstance. These associations men pass into and out of at need, or pleasure, or both. The others they cannot but remain in until they die. It is for the sake of those others, indeed, that vocation and religion and the state arose; to liberate their powers and to elaborate the idiom of their existence. Much of the trouble of civilized society derives from the fact that these artificial associations have overturned what they should have sustained, that they have changed from tools of living into purposes of life, that they have become idols.

This is to-day even truer of economic and political associations than it was in the Middle Ages of the religious association they have replaced. Capital and the State are the idols of modernity, and the two are, as we have seen, so interpenetrated that the worship of the one implies the worship of the other, even in democratically constituted states. I do not mean by this to deny that the economic order is at the foundation of civilized society. I mean merely to assert again the always obvious and always ignored truism that the economic order presupposes a community not economic which it serves, and that modernity's elaboration of it inconceivably beyond the effective gratification of human needs is unnecessary, and indeed inimical, to the free life of mankind. In so far as this civil war which German dynastic interest has thrust upon the world seeks justification from the equating of economic advantage and political sovereignty with nationality, it seeks justification from a lie. In fact, the whole modern system of economic rivalries, supposedly inevitable under the "law of diminishing returns," is due to the misappropriation of economic endeavor to

dynastic and capitalistic uses, to the militarist requirement of a "self-sufficient" state. Just and free conditions of economic endeavor break this law. As Simon Patten has shown, variation of uses and extension of consumability not only keep returns at par or increase them; they also multiply the "division of labor" and so generate coöperative interdependence. The competitive politico-economic system, with its tariffs and other dishonesties, rests upon sameness of economic enterprise; the greater the differentiation, the less the rivalry.

The unnecessary existence of rivalry is a perversion of function in state and industry. These, it must be remembered, are tools, not ends. To use them democratically is to use them in behalf of the freeing and enhancement of inward and spontaneous differences, not their repression. The most we can mean by law and justice and equality of opportunity is such an arrangement of the material upon which human life nourishes itself as will permit and extend the freest development, expression, and interplay of human individualities. Upon those and upon those alone are the essences of civilization and culture grounded and grown. And in those, nationalities interpenetrate and support each other. National genius requires an international soil and sustenance: the music, literature, painting, sculpture, and philosophies of peoples, their religions, and even their preëminent sciences are the most precious, the most excellent, the best known, and most honored, and yet the most intimate and national of their achievements, and their substance and source are the most wide-ranging and diversified. For these, things of the spirit, protection is destruction; free-trade, strength. English Shakespeare is nourished upon the Italian Renaissance; German Goethe (he avows it vehemently, again and again), upon English Shakespeare. Each is the declared national superlative of nationality and each is superlatively hyphenated. The supremacies of the other institutions of national culture are similarly international. Indeed, culture, of both the nation and the individual, is hyphenation. That is why the highest excellences are achieved by the more democratic peoples or the more democratic times, or both—fifth century Athens, Augustan Rome, the city-states of Italy and Flanders, England from the eighteenth century on, France in the nineteenth century, Germany from the birth to the death of Goethe. For democracy, more basically than anything else, is hyphenation. Since the one and only thing democracy can mean is the sympathetic understanding of the other fellow, with his different origin, nature, background, and outlook, and the free and coöperative recognition of his right to be and to thrive. Democracy, like humanism, is the mind's reverence of, and the heart's sympathy for, individuality, and individuality never occurs except in nationalate form. Men are always Englishmen, or Chinamen, or Frenchmen, or Germans, and so on; they are never merely men. Nationalities are the roots, and national cultures the fruits, of trees of human life whose soils are the economic and political systems that feed or starve them. These systems are not inherent parts of the nature of nationalities; they can be and are artificially altered without hurt to men. Nationalities can not be.

What I am trying to say is this: the politico-economic establishments are needful guarantees and conditions of nationality, but not its constituents. Democratic progress in such establishments would provide for nationality the same fortune as is religion's. In the record of civilization religion is the first free manifestation of nationality. The cities and states of antiquity are distinguished primarily by their cults and their patron divinities, and the divinities have a direct or indirect ancestral connection with their worshippers—Athene for Athens, Phœbus for Sparta, Jehovah for Jerusalem. In the Middle Ages, cities and states are distinguished by their patron-saints—St. George for England, St. Denis for France: Catholicism did not mean universality of cult; it meant a local and national and vocational particularism, with a general mythology and theology for background. Religious imperialism, for which Catholicism is a euphemistic synonym, is the attempt to compel universal conformity in religious

matters. The history of that attempt is the darkest in the whole dark record of mankind—from the torture and slaughter of heretics within the church, the extermination of Lollards and Hussites and other dissidents, the persecution of Jews, the assault upon Mohammedans, to the terrible religious wars of the Reformation. Its modern parallel is Germany's treatment of her victims. The establishment of tolerance was the establishment of democracy in the sphere of religion, the application of the principle of "live and let live" to associations whose differentiæ were varying declarations about the unseen and its bearing upon the destiny of man. How deep the roots of such associations lie may be gathered from the fact that so vehement an Americanist as Mr. Roosevelt is still a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. In this respect, as in many others, this ex-president, quite like other men, is still a hyphenate, and it is, on the whole, the irrelevance of this form of hyphenation to the actualities of his life that keeps it from creating a momentous option for him. And for all men, in our Christian civilization, save, perhaps, those who are Catholics, and owe allegiance to the pope. For with Protestantism there began a secularization of the world which more and more drove the religious concern from the centre to the periphery of human interest. Under the new and growing conditions of tolerance and freedom sects multiplied, yet no one was the worse. The secular mood simply changed the rôle of religion back from an idol of life into a tool of living. Its connection with the state was severed and the power by means of which it was compelled to struggle for existence altered from physical force to moral excellence.

The place left vacant by religion was filled by nationality. Nationality is the secular aspect of the same self-conscious pride of social personality of which religion is the first utterance. In backward and mediæval states the two still interpenetrate and imply each other; their criteria are doctrines of especial consideration from divinity and a special predestinate service to execute on its behalf: Germany, we are instructed, is a chosen people with a mission, boasting a state-religion beside which dissident sects are at a disadvantage. Free states, on the contrary, have no room for either doctrine. They have permitted the sinister connection of state and church to fall into desuetude, or have violently severed it, or have taken measures to prevent its arising. Now underneath nationality, as underneath the religions of antiquity, there lies an actual or hypothetical consanguinity of the individuals nationally associated, a hereditary inward similarity whose outward manifestation is the community and culture of the associates. Clearly, the connection between political establishment and nationality is as unnecessary and monitory as that between state and church. The present civil war is the price mankind is paying for the modern error even as it paid for the mediæval error. How little necessary the connection is between nationality and the state the history of nationalism itself shows, no less than the actual organization of various states—Switzerland with her French and Italians and Germans, Great Britain with her English and Welsh and Scotch and Irish, Belgium with her Walloons and Flemings, the United States with all the nationalities of the world associated in the common American citizenship.

Nationality, in a word, is as independent of citizenship as religion. A citizen is associated with his fellows in a state, for political purposes. These purposes are to guarantee to individuals and to groups, as our Declaration of Independence asserts, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Disentanglement of the state from religion has made it the guarantor of religious freedom. The next step in the liberation of mankind must be to detach it completely and everywhere from nationality that it may become the guarantor of national freedom, enfranchising the inner life of nationalities for creation and self-expression in the world of culture as it does sects in the realm of religion. That this is more and more the case in countries with free and responsible institutions need not be argued. But if peace is to become lasting, it must be made everywhere and equally the case.

And there's the rub. Even in the United States, in the very face of the facts of the daily life, men labor under the superstition of the identity of nationality with citizenship, and the fanatical devotion to nationality among the Jugo-Slavs, the Irish, the Poles, the Lithuanians, to say nothing of the Germans, is certain, if peace be not made on the basis of an absolute divorce between citizenship and nationality, to maintain the war-creating system of international disorganization. Democracy, on which peace ultimately depends, demands this divorce. Without it, the German conception of the state, particularly effective for wartimes, is bound to prevail. According to this conception the state is the be-all and end-all of existence, greater than society and inclusive of it. Neither individuals nor groups have being or significance outside the state. They exist by its sufferance and live for its service. It is the Sole Individual, the great Whole, the synthesis and fulfilment of all human associations, antedating and superseding them, prior in existence and in right. Precisely opposite is the democratic view. Democratic states are pluralistic. For democracy, political association is not primary, but secondary; not the synthesis of other associations, but one type added to the others, and maintained only so long as it effects the special purpose for which it was created. Its authority rests upon the "consent of the governed," is never absolute, never infallible. There is appeal from it, even, as John Locke says, "to heaven." He means that the right to rebel against bad government is inalienable, that the people are the sovereign, and *all* the people.

When, therefore, states have failed, they have done so invariably because the power of government has been used by and for a part, against the whole of a people: in autocracies and oligarchies, by minorities against majorities; in democracies, by majorities against minorities. In this way the function of government, which is like that of the traffic police, so to keep the ways of life open that each traveller may have equal opportunity with his fellows to journey unhampered to his goal, becomes perverted and the law substitutes favoritism for equity. Of the "law of nations" this has been particularly true. The system of state sovereignties is answerable for all the forms of imperialism that derive from nationalistic aggression—Germanification, Magyarization, Ottomanization, and so on, with all such programmes imply in the economic and political orders. Unless an international is substituted for this national system, the world will never be safe for democracy. To speak of a few cases in Europe alone, there are Magyar and German minorities in Bohemia and in the Austrian territory claimed by Rumania, just as there is a great Slavic majority in the Hungarian dominion; two-thirds of the Macedonia claimed by Serbia is inhabited by men of Bulgarian nationality; Alsace is largely German; a third of Poland is Jewish. A settlement according to "the principle of nationality" which would effect only a change in hegemony would have Europe at war again in less than a generation. Minorities must be safeguarded even as majorities must be freed if peace is to last, and minorities cannot be safeguarded without international guarantees that will once and for all divorce citizenship from nationality. Of course, such guarantees would constitute a comprehensive easement on the European system of state sovereignties and would require an elaborate machinery to make them effective.

H. M. Kallen.

To One in the Trenches

I have dreamed vaguely of a flaming light
Growing somehow within the clash of things;
I have hoped wanly that the sodden night
Presaged a sunrise and the rush of wings.
Is there such spirit born of raining lead,
Such bloom of beauty from the shattered dead?

You who have known war's maiming, iron clutch,
Have breathed the wind of battle-breasting fire,
Is there a chastening vigor in the touch—
The writhing flesh, the stench of bloody mire?
Does there some rapture which pale peace withstood
Cry through the tumult that the earth is good?

Rose Henderson.

Literary Affairs in London

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

When I said in my last letter that I would return to Edward Thomas on the publication of his poems, I did not know that the book was almost ready. It is now out and lies before me as I write. It is a very remarkable collection.

We have chastised ourselves enough recently with the reflection that we do not recognize our poets until they are dead; and this thought is especially painful when they have given their lives for us in the war. It is some comfort, therefore, to be able to say in the case of Thomas that the fault was his, not ours, though there is no doubt that we should have committed the fault if he had given us an opportunity. His poetry is a phenomenon as singular, in its own way, as that of Mr. A. E. Housman, on whom I have a word to say later. Thomas wrote no verse between quite early life and the middle thirties. Then, in 1913, he began to pour out a great number of queer, rather fierce, very intense poems, disconcerting in content and form, and unlike anything ever written by anyone else. I have been told that the poetry of Mr. Robert Frost gave him his first impulse; and that may be so, though the impulse never became an influence. However it may be, Thomas continued to write verses during the last four years of his life; and when he was killed in April on the first day of the battle for the Vimy Ridge, he left a considerable number of pieces behind him. The first of these (sixteen or so of them) had been published only a few weeks before in an "Annual of New Poetry" over the signature "Edward Eastaway"; and the literary public had not bestirred itself sufficiently to take any interest in them, when suddenly it heard that the author was Thomas and that he was dead. This volume now follows and there is, I am given to understand, another yet to come.

I suggested in my last letter that Thomas was a disillusioned and somewhat embittered man. He spent the best of his youth over critical essays and books of literary travel which, though he did them as well as he could, that is to say, very well indeed, were not meant for permanence and will not be permanent. His was the minor tragedy of a man who, consenting to write for the market, was kept on the very margin of popularity by an uncompromising conscience and insisted on putting his best work into books for which, in themselves, he cared very little. The tone of his poetry conveys the impression that he felt that the gift for it had come to him too late. The poems deal throughout with the things which, as I suppose, made life endurable to him; but they alternate between the feeling that the loveliness of these things can only increase his own discontent and the other feeling that they are at best only attempts to hide the misery of life. It is as though he treated this stubborn and late-won talent with a certain disdain, holding it less in awe because it had come after the time to give him pleasure. And in his seeming indifference, he handles verse brusquely and carelessly and so gets out of it, again and again, effects of rhythm and description novel and marvelously penetrating.

He writes of practically nothing but the country and he describes the country as it has never been described before. He is not a poet of white, woolly sheep, flowering hawthorn hedges, and the orange-colored harvest moon. He prefers to write about faggots of wood, dusty nettles or mud; and he gets his color-effect out of the opening of a pile of swedes. It is hard to choose out of the sixty odd pieces one or two that will exactly show his qualities. Here is one:

There they stand, on their ends, the fifty faggots
That once were underwood of hazel and ash
In Jenny Pinks's Copse. Now, by the hedge
Close packed, they make a thicket fancy alone
Can creep through with the mouse and wren. Next Spring
A blackbird or a robin will nest there,
Accustomed to them, thinking they will remain
Whatever is for ever to a bird:
This Spring it is too late; the swift has come.
'Twas a hot day for carrying them up:
Better they will never warm me, though they must
Light several Winters' fires. Before they are done
The war will have ended, many other things
Have ended, maybe, that I can no more
Foresee or more control than robin and wren.

Here the mind has turned from the contemplation of an object with a succession of little, queer, involuntary thoughts; and the poet has surprised each of them and brought each alive into his verse. In another poem, which I will quote, he captures not the reflection but the moment of seeing, the very moment itself:

Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

Thomas was not perhaps, probably never would have been, a great poet; but he was a poet exquisitely true and exquisitely individual.

I have no doubt that Professor A. E. Housman and his one book, "A Shropshire Lad," are names to conjure with in America, at least among a small circle of readers. His admirers there will be able to understand the thrill which certain Englishmen felt when they saw that signature under eight lines of verse in the "Times" on the third anniversary of the climax of the first Battle of Ypres. There is no doubt that some of us did feel a thrill. For Professor Housman published his one book, which contains sixty-three poems, twenty-one years ago and, except for one or two comic pieces, the unbendings of a classical scholar, and one poem which had pretty obviously been rejected from his book, he has maintained a complete silence ever since. And his book is very important in the history of modern English poetry. It has certain qualities which are entirely his own, and which he has not communicated, a sort of deep gloom, which is fresh instead of clammy, as though it were the shade of a very thick wood in early summer, and a sardonic, despairing humor, fierce, bitter, and destructive pleasantry at the expense of life. But it has also an extraordinary clearness of technique and economy of phrase, and these qualities have made a deep mark on subsequent English verse. The influence of the book has been subtle and subterranean, but I think that when we come to see our epoch in perspective, it will be easily distinguished. And the latest crop of young war poets shows that it is as effective as ever.

But the prestige of the book has undoubtedly been enhanced by its author's uncanny silence, to explain which many theories have been invented. It has been deduced most plausibly from the contempt for life shown in his book that the author simply thought more composition not worth his while. But there is a disparity between the poet and his poems which has made deeper the general perplexity. When he first came to Cambridge as regius professor of Latin, the Dons of Trinity, of which college he had been made a fellow, got out their copies of the "Shropshire Lad" with that confused noise which passes for a buzz of excitement in our universities. They read with attention and gathered a general impression of seduction, desertion, murder, suicide, and execution by hanging. They then went to dine in hall and saw a rather small, rather round man, with a beaming expression and a good appetite. They returned in silence to their rooms and read again, receiving the same impression, mitigated only by an occasional suggestion of premature but natural death. They have not solved the mystery yet; nor has anyone else. But this sort of thing explains the reputation that Professor Housman enjoys. His poem in the "Times" was an epitaph on the original British Expeditionary Force and, though it was supremely well-turned—the author could no doubt have turned it as well in Latin—it was hardly so good as the weakest thing in the "Shropshire Lad." But it caused a thrill in a greater number of readers than I, fearing to be thought foolish, should care to guess at.

Two books of that sort which approaches with a noise like a train coming through a tunnel are out and are keeping the omniscient reviewers mightily busy. Lord Morley's "Recollections" are less stiff and inhuman than I expected they would be, but they contain precisely the number of revelations that I anticipated—that is to say, none at all. The book is a monument of the later Victorian age—of the agnostic Liberalism which died very hard but is now quite dead. Lord Morley, who shook his head sadly over the extravagances of Rousseau, is more at home with G. H. Lewes, Spencer, and Mill; and, while one is under the spell, one almost believes that these were great men of the very first order. But the spell vanishes and the belief with it. Some day some impressionistic historian, of a type yet to be evolved, working from documents and writing with a touch of dry satire, will compose the perfect history of nineteenth-century England. Lord Morley's "Recollections" will be a most useful part of his material.

The other book of this sort is Sir Sidney Colvin's new life of Keats, a marvelous production which, in five hundred and fifty large, closely printed pages, relates fully everything that is known of the poet and renders any other biography impossible, perhaps forever. Sir Sidney has little new material but he writes with geniality and a very genuine love for his subject. His criticism is not enterprising but it is very sound and very full. His book has, in short, German thoroughness without German absurdity; it is the sort of book that I should like someone to write about Goethe. And it almost encourages

the idea that our learned men think English poetry a matter of living importance.

I made a mistake in an earlier letter for which I must apologize. Mr. W. B. Yeats's new volume of poems, which has now been published in Ireland in a limited and expensive edition, is not called "Per Amica Silentia Lunae" (which is another book) but "The Wild Swans at Coole." These poems are very good but very eerie, and the impression that their author is no human child, but a changeling, gains ground.

EDWARD SHANKS.

London, November 28, 1917.

China, Provence, and Points Adjacent

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE. By Vachel Lindsay. (The Macmillan Co.; $1.25.)
LUSTRA. By Ezra Pound. (Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.)

It is something of a surprise and a good deal of a relief to pick up a volume of poetry these days that does not "interpret" the war. One gets a bit wearied of old rhetoric and ante-bellum platitudes refurbished with post-Kipling metres and a few martial metaphors. One turns to such a volume as Vachel Lindsay's latest with anticipation—and reads it with something like disappointment. For, after a colorful and enticing opening, we are plunged into two whole sections of pedestrian poetry about "Mark Twain and Joan of Arc," and "Where is the Real Non-Resistant"; about Kerensky and Jane Addams and Bryan and "our mother Pocahontas" and similarly timely personages. All these may be imbued with the poetic stuff, but in reducing them to rhyme, the result is anything but poetry. Nor is the verse materially strengthened by Mr. Lindsay's mental attitude. We see him wavering between a frank horror of all wars and a hesitant justification of this particular one. This insecurity of intellectual base recalls how anxious a position Mr. Lindsay maintained in his previous volumes; how hazardously he balanced himself in a devotion to a liberal socialism on one hand and a strict prohibition on the other. A pagan by intention and a puritan by intuition. Pulled one way, as a poet, by the imperious demands of beauty, and another way, as a propagandist, by the moral dictates of the uplift crusade, he shows a vacillation, almost pathetic, between a universal compulsion and, to be literal, local option. Any admirer of Lindsay will observe with distrust this growing insistence on the sermonizing feature of his work. The preacher seems to be in the ascendancy, the Chautauquan threatens to dominate the artist. In "General Booth Enters into Heaven," "The Congo," "The Eagle that is Forgotten," "Sunshine," "The Leaden Eyed," there was a strangely successful mingling of these two forces; the blend of poetry and pamphleteering became powerful and persuasive. But in the present volume, it is somewhat disturbing to witness Lindsay hitching his clipped Pegasus in front of the meeting-house and mounting the worn-out steps to deliver himself of such orotund banalities as:

Would that the lying rulers of the world
Were brought to block for tyrannies abhorred.
Would that the sword of Cromwell and the Lord,
The sword of Joshua and Gideon,
Hewed hip and thigh the hosts of Midian.
God send that ironside ere tomorrow's sun;
Let Gabriel and Michael with him ride.
God send the Regicide.

or the still flatter wordiness of:

When Bryan speaks, the sky is ours,
The wheat, the forests, and the flowers.
And who is here to say us nay?
Fled are the ancient tyrant powers.

When Bryan speaks, then I rejoice.
His is the strange composite voice
Of many million singing souls
Who make world-brotherhood their choice!

It is a relief to turn from these, skipping over such matters as the attempt to make jingles (such as "Niagara") look like war poems, and pass to a poem like "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes." Here Lindsay's native fancy is given free swing; he carries the reader on a midnight scamper with nothing more purposeful than the driving power of imagination. Or examine "The Prairie Battlements." Here again Lindsay is not trying to prove anything or convince anyone; he is concerned only with trying to snare a glimmering and elusive beauty. No village improvement societies will embroider it on their banners; no anti-vice crusades will take it up as a slogan; and yet I like to feel that the real Lindsay is in these unofficial and merely beautiful poems. Witness these lines, a part of "The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken."

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed
"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you, with Hell in their speech and their faces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you—a pole for a lance—
And the giant mules bit at you—keeping their places.
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing. . .

It is easy to turn the entire poem into a piece of pretty symbolism. The little colt-broncho is the artist or possibly he is beauty or joy; the crows are the inevitable and discouraging critics; the drunk driver and the mules are the forces that try to make art a utilitarian affair and break it to harness, and so on and so on. The charm of such a poem, however, is in nothing so intellectual. It is in the homely fantasy, the natural extravagance that is so native to Lindsay and which he communicates so individually. I call attention again to the title poem that opens the volume with its subdued and varying chant; to the amazing "John Brown," which begins with a childlike catalogue and runs through negro pomposity to a picturesque and powerful close; to "Simon Legree," possibly the richest and raciest piece in the collection, with its fallacious moral and its rollicking high spirits. It is this last quality that keeps one from becoming perturbed by Lindsay's growing churchliness. It is the whimsical buoyancy, the side spring, the gay appraisal of loveliness that keeps Lindsay the missionary from superseding Lindsay the minstrel. His morals may tame the man; they will never be able to keep a bit and bridle on his magic.

Ezra Pound's volume is a far more puzzling affair. Its range and variety are its most outstanding quality and its chief defect. The volume seems a catch-all for Pound's slightest utterance. Poems in the imagist manner, lugubrious cantos in a Sordello form, arrangements in the vorticist vein, epigrams from the Greek, Lalage and other ladies from the Latin, paraphrases from the German, scraps from the early Anglo-Saxon, snatches from the Spanish, idioms from the Italian, water-colors from the Chinese, echoes from Provence—one gets nothing so much as a confused jumble and smattering of erudition. The effect is less that of the man of the world than the man about literature. All is carefully noted, collected, tagged, and set down. Nothing is too inconsequential or unworthy of inclusion. It is all here; even the absurd apostrophe to Swinburne ("Salve Pontifex") and the inane, schoolboy burlesque of "Summer is icumen in." What makes this lust for print the more puzzling is the fact that Mr. Pound has not only a critical but a selective gift. In fact the latter concentrative quality (as is proved by the transcriptions of Fenollosa's notes, "Cathay") is his most salient trait. What then will even his youngest disciple say to the awkward and malformed versions of the eight Heine poems that read like so many humorless parodies, the paper-motto silliness of such a couplet as:

THE NEW CAKE OF SOAP
Lo, how it glistens in the sun
Like the cheek of a Chesterton.

and "Papyrus," which I quote in its entirety:

PAPYRUS
Spring. . . .
Too long. . .
Gongula. . .

White paper is evidently not so precious as the publishers would have us believe.

This overmastering desire to exhibit every triviality, to let not one bad joke blush unseen, spoils many a bright page and most of the volume. Pound chatters on, and his wandering loquacity dulls the edge of a really keen irony. (A badly mixed metaphor, no doubt, but one direct from the barber's chair.) The patient reader will find and delight in such sharp performances as "Phasellus Ille," "New York," "Arides," "Portrait D'Une Femme," "The Social Order," "Salutation," and "Commission," where cold irony gives way to a hot anger. I quote the first few lines:

Go, my songs, to the lonely and the unsatisfied;
Go also to the nerve-wracked, go to the enslaved-by-convention,
Bear to them my contempt for their oppressors.
Go, as a great wave of cool water,
Bear my contempt of the oppressors.

Speak against unconscious oppression,
Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative,
Speak against bonds.

Any lover of æsthetics will also find much to admire in the subtleties of light, shadow, movement and what is naïvely called "atmosphere" in such brief pictures as "Albâtre," "Fish," "The Encounter," the "Fan-Piece for Her Imperial Lord" (an excellent example of condensation from an original many times as long), "The Coming of War" and this—

IN A STATION OF THE METRO
The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.

But "Lustra" is something more than a haphazard and too inclusive collection; it is the record of a retreat, a gradual withdrawal from life. In the early days when Pound first moved his physical lar and his æsthetic penates to Lon-

don, he gave promise of achieving a personal utterance to match a decided personality. In many of the early poems, such as "Pierre Vidal Old," "Ballad of Gloom," and the exquisite "Greek Epigram" (all originally in "Personae" and "Exultations"), the influence of Browning and Bertran de Born was unmistakable. But it was not overmastering, and it was confidently expected that a few years would bring Pound to a more striking and less scholastic habit of mind. The first part of this expectation was fulfilled, but, strangely enough, it only placed an emphasis on his inverted scholasticism. Pound, it became evident, was no pioneer, no intrepid traveller; he was always an exponent of "movements," a schoolman, alternating between an incurably romantic veneration of the past and an even more cloistral aversion to the crowd. Now it is classicism that he embraces, now imagism, now a furtive effort to look at the violence of life in the terms of vorticism—always the contact with the actual world is feared. More and more he shrinks back into literature. And so in "Lustra," we find him established. He has become a connoisseur of the curious; a haunter of old bookstalls; a formalist arguing in a musty and deserted classroom. The library is his ivory tower, and he has locked himself in. Once in a while he opens a window and hears people laughing and brawling in the street. But he listens only for a moment. The window is slammed, the curtains are drawn, the perfumed candles lit —and he is back again, picking his way through literatures, amassing technicalities and dreaming of himself in his favorite rôle—the pedagogue in power, the pundit on parade. The sum total of all this is staggering, the net result infinitesimal.

Pound has gone on, collecting cultures, and all they have yielded him is an accent, an attitude. He poses before the mirror of his art and drapes himself in a coat of many colors that he has taken, patch by patch, from other and more authentic designers. He has really little to say, but he says it in a manner that gives his words a superficial significance. It is not so much the phrase as the gesture that accompanies it that is distinguished and arresting. It is this gesture that explains and identifies Pound. Some of his followers who are not so well known have surpassed him in his own *métiers:* the Aldingtons are far more Hellenic and chiseled than he; T. S. Eliot has a much lighter touch in recording the ironies and overtones of conversation; John Gould Fletcher is a more successful experimenter in the clash of colors; Maxwell Bodenheim has a more delicate and dextrous imagination and a far greater feeling for words—but Pound triumphs in the gesture. He puts up his hand, his fingers become nimble, his eyebrows go up and what, when spoken, is tawdry and trivial, becomes glamorous with a possible mystery. This is his power. The escape into literature is complete; the poetry is mostly dumb show, but he can still simulate life. He is Gordon Craig's super-marionette and his art is poetry in pantomime.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

A Freudian Half-Holiday

DELUSION AND DREAM. An Interpretation in the Light of Psychoanalysis of *Gradiva,* a Novel, by Wilhelm Jensen. By Dr. Sigmund Freud. Translated by Helen M. Downey. (Moffat, Yard & Co.; $2.)

To what extent can true psychologic insight, not consciously determined by objective experience, be credited to the literary artist? Is there such a thing as an intuition or instinct of psychic verity anticipating, nay transcending, the more laborious constructions of the systematic psychologist? And has the latter nothing but admiration and envy for the great artist's unguided, yet infallible, unravelings of the mysteries of the human soul? Perhaps. At least we may grant without fear of contradiction that modern psychology might rest content with the assurance of but half the grasp of mental phenomena that the great army of Shakespearean interpreters have, at one time and place or another, ascribed to their liege lord. And how does it stand with psychoanalysis? Have the not altogether self-evident psychic mechanisms that Freud has disinterred for us ever been anticipated *in toto* in a work of fiction? It is not a question of whether this or that isolated bit of psychoanalytic theory finds its parallel or confirmation in literature,—such convergences of thought may be instanced by the hundred,—but of whether there are to be found anywhere a literary plot and an underlying psychological analysis that are comparable to a typical psychoanalytic clinical picture.

The latest addition of Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. to their rapidly growing library of psychoanalytic literature undertakes to answer this question. It consists of two parts: a short novel, or *Novelle,* by the prolific German writer Wilhelm Jensen, entitled "Gradiva, a Pompeiian Fancy"; and a Freudian interpretation of this work of fiction, "Delusion and Dream in Jen-

sen's *Gradiva.*" The intrinsic literary merit of "Gradiva" hardly concerns us, except in so far as it puts us in an initially responsive or begrudging mood when confronted by the succeeding commentary. The translator, as usual in these Moffat, Yard & Co. translations from the German, has done her best to create a haze of literalness separating us from too close intellectual contact with the writer, yet I doubt whether even the best type of rendering would have altogether made credible Freud's own estimate of the æsthetic value of the story. It has the same heavy combination of sentimental fancy and rather coarse jocularity that, in such tales as "Die Nonna" and "Höher als die Kirche," was served up to us in high-school days. The "fancy" wings its flight in comfortable view of German *Gemütlichkeit.* It is with somewhat of a shock that we learn that the Gustav Freitag-Paul Heyse type of sentimentality was still flourishing in Germany in 1903; presumably its germs are still intact. Of the jocular note running through Jensen's fantasia Freud seems a bit oblivious, perhaps because there are weightier matters in hand. And yet, that Freud's sense of humor is not altogether in abeyance and that he is aware of the smallness of the step that separates interpretative acuity from flightiness is shown by the final remark with which he calls a halt to his own resourcefulness: "But we must stop or we may forget that Hanold and Gradiva are only creatures of our author." All psychoanalysts who are capable of making reservations should thank Freud for this sly dig in his own ribs.

Let all this not obscure the fact that Freud makes a case, and indeed a very plausible and sharp-witted one. Aside from certain shortcomings, psychoanalytically considered, of Jensen himself, and aside from a few cases of rather evident overdoing it on Freud's part, the accord of "Gradiva" with psychoanalytic requirements is remarkable enough, however one chooses to explain it, and this despite the obvious fact that the suggestion of anything like psychological plausibility was far from Jensen's conscious mind. That Jensen intended to move almost entirely in the realm of pure fancy is indicated by two or three of his assumptions, assumptions credible only in a fantasia. The reader of the novel must take for granted, without motivation, the complete identity in appearance and manner of walking of Zoë Bertgang, the long-forgotten childhood playmate of Hanold, the archæologist, and of Gradiva of the bas-relief dug up at Pompeii; the meeting of Zoë and Hanold, who are next-door neighbors in a German town, in Pompeii itself; and the fact of Hanold's strange forgetfulness. The nucleus of the tale is the abnormal interest that Hanold takes in the bas-relief, more particularly in Gradiva's very peculiar trick of lifting the foot in walking. Psychoanalytically, this interest, which leads to fancies of a delusive nature, is interpretable as a substitutive form of expression of the sexual instinct, all direct and normal manifestations of which have been denied an outlet by the conscious self. The reason for the repression, however, is not evident, for Hanold's intensive preoccupation with classical archæology is, at best, but an occasion or shaping circumstance, not a sufficient cause. At least so psychoanalysis; Jensen may have other ideas of what constitutes causality in a fantasia. As the only sexually utilizable material antedating the repression is Hanold's childish relations to Zoë, now "remembered" only by the unconscious, it is natural that the dammed instinct should feed on a representation linked, via this unconscious memory, with his childish past. We have, therefore, in Hanold's infatuation with the bas-relief a typical example of the unconscious infantile fixation which is so frequently at the back of neurotic phenomena. His delusional fancies are, in effect, a compromise formation induced by two conflicting volitional streams, the sexual impulse and the repressive force; they "satisfy" the former through the power of an unconscious series of associations, the latter by guaranteeing a flight from sexual reality. The psychoanalytic complexion of Jensen's "Gradiva" extends far beyond this delusional nucleus to a considerable number of details. Emotional transference, rationalization of motive, unconscious symbolization of desire, regression to infantile experiences—all these familiar aspects of Freudian thinking find, or seem to find, frequent illustration in the novel. The very name Gradiva, "splendid in walking," which has been bestowed by Hanold on the girl of the bas-relief, turns out to be, as Jensen himself points out, but the Latinized equivalent of the living girl's surname, Bertgang; that Hanold fancies something Hellenic in the features of the Pompeiian girl is a distorted reflex of the unconsciously remembered name Zoë; his sudden departure for Pompeii, apparently a poorly motivated caprice, is plausibly explained by Freud as symbolizing both his desire for Zoë-Gradiva (consciously rationalized as an absurd quest of Gradiva's peculiar footprints in the lava of Pom-

peii) and his unconscious fear of Zoë, the work of the repression. To at least some extent Freud's detailed analyses of two of the dreams introduced by Jensen carry conviction, but only to some extent. The treatment of the "latent content" of the dreams is less plausible than the analysis of the delusions. This is precisely as it should be, for the chances of constructing dreams possessing psychological verisimilitude are not very high. Finally, the cure of Hanold's delusions effected by Zoë may be described as an abridged replica of the Freudian psychotherapy.

What are we to make of it all? Jensen himself "testily" denied all knowledge of psychoanalysis. Are we then, with Freud, driven to ascribe to Jensen a high degree of instinctive psychological insight, an artist's intuition that more than makes up for ignorance of psychological theory? In view of the very moderate artistic ability displayed by Jensen and the obvious lack of deep earnestness in his treatment of the plot, one hesitates to commit himself to Freud's thesis. We might be less disinclined to follow Freud if the author of "Gradiva" were a Shakespeare, a Balzac, or a Dostoevsky. Perhaps we are unfair to Jensen. An unprejudiced survey of his other works might bring conviction. Yet would it, after all, be rash to seek a less ambitious explanation in what the ethnologists term "cultural convergence"? Jensen might have started with the purely mechanical idea of tying an arbitrarily interrupted past to a sentimental present and have hit upon the device of unconscious *sous-entendus* as a convenient means. This would be tantamount to an unconscious aping of the psychoanalytic procedure. It would also explain Jensen's failure to motivate what Freud interprets as a repression. Or, still more plausibly, a modicum of psychological insight, say into the facts of unconscious memory, may have been helped out by such a mechanical device as is here suggested.

However we decide as to the psychoanalytic credentials of Wilhelm Jensen, we may accept Freud's study as a sugar-coated introduction to the subject of psychoanalysis itself. As such it may have its uses. A scientific confirmation of Freudian psychology it can hardly claim to be. While it does not seem to the reviewer to represent a full day's work in the psychoanalytic workshop, it is too good a thing to be dismissed as the vagary of an off day. May not Freud have taken a half-holiday when he wrote it?

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Polyglot Empire

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: THE POLYGLOT EMPIRE. By Wolf von Schierbrand. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.; $3.)

HISTORY OF SERBIA. By Harold W. V. Temperley. (Macmillan Co.; $4.)

The war began in southeastern Europe; its principal cause was the Mittel-Europa project of Germany, looking to the bridging of the Balkans and the Bosphorus with a German-controlled political and economic empire; and while the ultimate military decision will undoubtedly be reached on the soil of France, Belgium, or Germany, many of the major problems of the pacification will centre about the future of the lands of the east and south. Prominent among these problems will be the restoration and indemnification of Servia. Strong interest will attach also to the fate of the loose-jointed, sorely beset dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary, its boundary changes, its political reconstruction (whether complete dissolution, fuller federalization, or closer consolidation), and its economic ruin or possible rehabilitation.

In his "Austria-Hungary: The Polyglot Empire" Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand, traveller and journalist, has written a popular account of the Austro-Hungarian peoples, their racial difficulties, political life, economic problems, and war conditions, which, although on the whole less useful than Geoffrey Drage's well-known "Austria-Hungary," has the advantage of being considerably more recent and more readable. The author lived in Austria-Hungary from 1912 until 1917. He strongly disclaims the intention to write "a mere war book." Yet more than a third of his chapters deal specifically with the state of the country during the war, and the chief value of his work lies in the fact that it furnishes almost the only intimate account that we have of what has been going on in the Hapsburg dominions since the war began.

All the world knows that the *crux* of the Austro-Hungarian situation is, and has always been, the interrelations of the empire-kingdom's multifold racial groups. After fairly well outlining the elements in this problem, Mr. von Schierbrand discusses with some deftness the problem's inherent difficulty, and goes on to consider the possible lines of its solution. He shows that the American "melting-pot" theory has no application in the dual monarchy, mainly for the reason that all the bitterly contending racial elements—Germans, Poles, Czechs, Ruthenians, Magyars,

Slovaks, Serbs, Italians, and what not—claim their dwelling places as their ancestral homes, look upon their neighbors as intruders and foes, cling tenaciously to their cultural inheritances, and regard any union with their rivals as ultimately desirable only if they themselves are left in a position to rule. The view is taken that the present war will make it necessary to "cut the Gordian knot"; although we are also told that, without the war, matters could not long have gone as they were.

Assuming that it is forever impossible to weld the polyglot populations of the monarchy into a compact state, the author contends that the only feasible course, if the Hapsburg dominions are not to dissolve utterly, is to grant to every important racial group the essentials of self-government. He describes the plan of the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand to supersede the Ausgleich with an instrument reorganizing the dominions on a triple instead of a dual basis, with Austria, Hungary, and a Jugoslav (South Slav) union as distinct political entities; and he shows that this interesting plan would have fallen quite short of its object, not only because of the hostility of the Hungarians, but because such other reforms as were to have gone with it would still have left under the Emperor's sway a dozen discontented nationalities. The Archduke's scheme did not go far enough. "The only radical remedy for the ills which race strife has bred in Austria-Hungary is self-government for each and every part of the whole. The ideal must, in fact, be the establishment of something like a United States of Austria-Hungary, *only more so*. That is, the self-government in each state of this prospective federation must be, to accomplish all that is desired, more complete than it is in its American prototype. Common ties must be confined to a very few."

That there are tremendous obstacles to such a readjustment is freely admitted. But the author feels certain that between it and the utter dissolution of the monarchy there will be, after the war, no middle ground, and he ventures the prediction that "probably the means will be found." It may be added that in his speech opening the Reichsrath last May the young successor of Francis Joseph pointed the way to a constitutional reorganization based on greatly increased autonomy for the "kingdoms and lands" of the monarchy.

Mr. von Schierbrand makes the common mistake of supposing that foot-notes and bibliographical lists frighten away the "general" reader; they do so only if the subject treated or the manner of treatment is itself dull. The present volume would gain greatly by being to some extent documented. Important information is given and interesting judgments are passed with no citation of sources, authorities, or other means of corroboration; so that while the book as a whole carries weight as the work of a competent and sympathetic observer, it lacks the value for the scholar and publicist which one would suppose it might readily have been given.

A book of very different type is Mr. Temperley's "History of Serbia." Its author is known as a tireless explorer of the diplomatic collections of the British Record Office, and as the writer of more than one scholarly volume on modern international relations. Begun as a history of Serbia from the revival of her independence in the nineteenth century to the Balkan war of 1912, the present work has broadened into a history reaching backward to the first coming of the Southern Slavs into their Danubian and Balkan habitats. It closes with the events of 1910. The book bristles with evidence of painstaking research; it is well documented; and it contains a select bibliography of very satisfactory proportions.

The writing of Balkan history is a task calling for peculiar talents. The sources are plentiful, yet fragmentary and conflicting. Fundamentals are exceptionally difficult to hew from labyrinths of detail. Above all, it is hard not to be influenced by the susceptibilities and prejudices of the numerous rival nationalities. In the Balkans, it has been well said, history is a sort of pacific warfare in which every native scholar is a general.

Mr. Temperley has overcome these difficulties with notable success. He has the advantage which falls to the onlooker as against the participant. He is a master of sound historical criticism. And he has simplified his problem by tracing the fortunes of a single branch of the South Slavic race, rather than trying to write a composite history. Similar treatment of the Bosnians, the Serbo-Croats, the Slovenes, and other South Slav peoples would make for clearness of comprehension by the outside world.

In the light of the author's conclusions, the tragedy of Serbia under Austro-Hungarian conquest takes on added color. "If there ever is a Southern Slav federation," he affirms, "it will be because of the kingdom of Serbia, which has

held up the same kind of hope and example of unity to the Southern Slavs that the kingdom of Piedmont did to the Southern Italians. The history of the Serbian race in Montenegro and Serbia is therefore the most important, because these lands are the core of that rugged stock which has preserved or achieved freedom, and thus become a hope and a beacon to the Slavs enslaved under rulers or imprisoned in other lands." This judgment is the more impressive by reason of the fact that throughout his narrative the author makes no attempt to obscure the weaknesses and faults of the Serbs, and especially of their ruling dynasties.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

Greek Vases

DOURIS AND THE PAINTERS OF GREEK VASES. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.)
EUTHYMIDES AND HIS FELLOWS. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. (Harvard University Press; $4.)

The average museum visitor, in his wanderings through the galleries of Europe and America, usually passes by with but a swift glance the cases of black and red Greek pottery, thus unwittingly depriving himself of a pleasure afforded by the works of but few periods in the history of art. For the value of the study of Greek vases, battered and fragmentary though their condition frequently is, lies in the fact, first, that they afford us an amazing revelation of Greek life. Second, they yield a unique pleasure to the mind sensitive to certain æsthetic qualities—to balance and exquisite adaptation of figures to space, to the grace of curved lines, the swiftness and firmness of straight; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the painters were probably mere craftsmen. Third, to the person gifted with imagination, they offer a conception, vague though it may be, of the general character and development of Greek drawing and painting, a lost art, now known only through meagre literary references.

Of interest to those who have already acquired a love for the Greek vase, as well as to those who may desire to gain an understanding of the craft, is the publication of three volumes which will help to fill the need for books on this subject in English. Two have already appeared—Miss Bettina Kahnweiler's translation of M. Pottier's "Douris et Les Peintres des Vases Grecs," and Mr. Hoppin's "Euthymides and his Fellows"; while the third, Mr. J. D. Beazley's "Attic Red Figured Vases in American Museums," is announced by the Harvard University Press as a forthcoming work. And it is of peculiar advantage that the first two, at least, treat of the subject at the most inspiring point in its evolution, when, for *naïveté,* freshness of imagination, and the ethical quality of its struggle to solve problems inherent in the developing technique of drawing, it is comparable with the art of the fifteenth century in Italy.

For the layman, no book can serve better as an introduction to the subject than that of M. Pottier. This first-rate authority on Greek vases, abandoning technicalities and moot questions, has brought all his learning to a simple and sympathetic exposition of the subject, not for the professional archæologist, as he says in his opening sentences, but for the reading public. His monograph is now made more accessible through Miss Kahnweiler's translation, to which has been added a preface by Miss Jane Ellen Harrison, on the relation of Greek vase-painting to Greek literature and mythology. Twenty-five illustrations, some in color, accompany the text.

In his first chapter M. Pottier briefly discusses the importance of the study of Greek vases as a means of dimly discerning the nature of the pictorial art of classic Greece, and states as his reason for selecting Douris as a typical exponent of the craft, first, the fact that this painter is representative of the culmination of the manufacture of Greek pottery; and second, that to him can be attributed the largest number of vases bearing the name of the painter.

In the next three chapters, the author tells of the social conditions of the vase-painter, gives a glimpse into a factory in the Kerameikos, touches upon the great pottery industry in Athens, and suggests how these skilled craftsmen must have been keenly sensitive to the works of art by which they were surrounded; describes the workshop and tools; and follows step by step the technical process of the production of a piece of red-figured work.

In the remaining chapters the author discusses the vases of Douris, dividing them, according to the content of the painting, into three groups: mythological, martial, and genre, for the last of which Douris showed a decided preference, introducing us to many an interesting everyday scene of contemporary Athenian life. In conclusion the writer summarizes in a peculiarly happy way the historic and æsthetic

value of his painter. In fact, the chief value of the book is the charm that results from the warmly appreciative and sympathetic attitude of M. Pottier toward his subject.

The translator, however, could have rendered the volume more valuable to the student, had she added, in footnotes, the results of late criticism, which, for instance, accredits Douris with more work than the twenty-eight pieces mentioned by M. Pottier.

A different aim is found in Mr. Hoppin's monograph, which is a scholarly and more technical presentation of the works of a small, but closely allied, group led by the painter Euthymides. The writer arranges his material in the form of a catalogue *raisonné* of the signed works, each accompanied by a detailed description, a bibliography, and, wherein lies the unusual value of this work, an illustration of every vase discussed, many of superior quality, as they are reproduced from the Furtwängler-Reichhold plates. He then effects his reconstruction from the following data: (a) signatures and inscriptions; (b) use of *kalós* names; (c) relation to the other artists of the period; (d) style and technical details. His deductions are that historically Euthymides was active in the early part of the fifth century, had some connection with the black-figured work, and with Andokides and his group, and was a contemporary and rival of Euphronius. Artistically he possessed a well-defined style—a fact which has been established by a morphological study of the figures and a reduction of them to geometric formulæ.

On the hypothesis of this reconstruction, by the comparative method, Mr. Hoppin attributes to Euthymides ten unsigned vases, arranging his data in the same catalogue form as in the case of the signed works.

By a like study of four vases of unquestioned signature, the writer determines the historical place and style of Phintias, whom he considers an intimate associate, if not actual partner, of Euthymides. Finally he discusses the more shadowy personalities of Kleophrades and Hypsis, the former, because of his relation, at the beginning of his career, to Euthymides, as a probable pupil; and the latter, because of his strong Euthymides characteristics.

Students of the history of art will value Mr. Hoppin's monograph not only for its reconstructions, but also for its exposition of a method, logical and scholarly.

HELEN GARDNER.

Another "Apologia"

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE. By R. J. Campbell. (D. Appleton & Co.)

This book belongs to the type of intimate literature represented earlier by Newman's "Apologia" and in our own day by the autobiographical confessions of Benson and Tyrrell. "It is best to tell the whole story of my religious life and to let it speak for itself," says Mr. Campbell. "Most of the arguments on both sides are already outworn, . . . I have therefore confined myself to describing step by step the road by which I came to the position I occupy today." The vogue of such religious autobiography is great, and it is significant. Abstract theology may be alien to our generation; philosophical discussion always appeals to limited groups. But the modern world is hungry for records of experience, and the welcome accorded them shows that men are still intensely conscious that they are "pilgrims of eternity," and crave fellowship and guidance on the journey.

Fellowship rather than guidance is to be found in Mr. Campbell's book. The secret of the author's power over vast audiences is not hard to discover. Such sympathetic eagerness and sweetness of nature are assets in the pulpit and will always win the world. The delightful account of the boyhood in Ulster is full of beauty and humor, and incidentally throws much light on the present psychology of Irish affairs. The loving and reverent discipleship toward Dean Paget and other friends, the pleasure in great books,—for Campbell has been a wide if not a deep reader,—the authentic note of spiritual experience, are charming traits—traits of a man so lovable that his unknown hearers or readers feel at once a personal bond established.

But these very traits are those of the fellow-traveller rather than the leader. The book has high representative value; one finds in it a reflection of many characteristic phases in the religious experience of England and, in a measure, of Europe during the last quarter-century. One does not find in it an original contribution to Christian thought. There is nothing to compare, for instance, with the great concluding chapter of the "Apologia" for depth and fervor of thought, or for power of expression. Yet change of faith, in the cases of both Newman and Campbell, sprang really, not out of thought, but out of personality. Intellectual as well as spiritual travail preceded Mr. Campbell's sincere and deliberate

conversion from non-conformity to Anglicanism. But those to whom news of that conversion came as a surprise will learn now that it was inevitable. Newman, as a little boy, for some mysterious reason drew rosaries in his schoolbooks and crossed himself in the dark. So Campbell, in conservative Presbyterian Ulster, where Orangemen abounded and contempt for Catholic Ireland dominated emotion, tells us: "I remember making for myself an Oratory in a remote corner of our woods, and carving a rude crucifix for it as well as erecting a rough stone altar. Why I did this I cannot imagine, as I am sure I never saw anything of the kind anywhere else at that time." These things have to be, and it is a foolish soul that fights against the call from a region below reason.

Presently we are at Oxford, and the author has to record the spell cast over him by the holy lives of the priests with whom he was there in contact, and by the lofty beauty and mystic implications of Catholic life and worship. The forces which withheld him at that time from the Anglican priesthood were partly an honorable loyalty to his Presbyterian forbears, and a recognition of the work of the Spirit within them, partly a liberalism which questioned "the authority on which we accepted Christian doctrine" and shrank half consciously from dogmatic demands. He felt that High Anglicanism led straight to Rome. Also, he was "in the mood for sacrifice," and "would rather work with those who had not social recognition than with those who had." Admirable objections, yet all the time the spell was at work. "The two sources of my spiritual life are the Ulster Presbyterianism of my childhood, and the Anglo-Catholicism of my Oxford days. To the latter, humanly speaking, I owe my soul." Anyone reading the record of those years, though aware that it may be somewhat colored by feelings of a later date, would be certain that in the end nostalgia of the Altar, as Tyrrell used to put it, would lead the wanderer home.

But the home-coming was by a roundabout path, and in describing it the book treats of nearly all the forces which have swayed modern religious minds. Chapter VI, on "The Labor Movement," is interesting in its record of a growing social radicalism, and noteworthy for the gentleness with which its advanced positions are maintained. But the dramatic centre of the book is in the controversy gathering around the New Theology, and in the progress of Campbell's mind before and after. That work, written under the temporary influence of a Modernist Christology, monistic to the verge of Pantheism, called forth, among other comment, a reply from Campbell's honored leader of old at Oxford, Bishop Gore. Rare phenomenon! The author was convinced by the refutation,—or at least was driven back to former types of faith, which in the end resumed their hold. A man who can be brought round to his opponent's point of view by that opponent's attack on him is a real Christian; and the fine humility, as well as the impressionable quality of mind which gives book and man their charm, is peculiarly evident at this point. The whole discussion of modern Christology, moreover, of the "Christ-Myth" theory and the Apocalyptic conception of Christianity, is lucid and valuable to the reader least versed in theological methods; nor does the discussion lose cogency from the ardent devotional tone which pervades it. To be religious, Mr. Campbell keenly says somewhere in his book, is a gift of nature; to be spiritually minded is the work of grace, and comes after long effort only. This book is the self-revelation of a spiritually minded man who knows whereof he speaks.

Perhaps Mr. Campbell's sanguine temper overestimates the degree to which the modernist Christology is now discredited; but he is not alone in reaction from it. Younger non-conformists of distinction, as for example Dr. Orchard in his brilliant "Necessity of Christ," are also feeling their way back to faith in the historical and supernatural basis of Christianity, as well as toward a Sacramental and Catholic philosophy. Once more the ancient sanctities have been attacked by the tumultuous roar and rush of an incoming tide; and again as the waves recede they stand firm as rocks above the welter. In the course of geologic periods, waves wear rocks away; but the Rock of Ages shows no change as yet to mortal vision.

Bishop Gore pointed out to Campbell that much which repelled him in current Protestant orthodoxy was equally repellent to the Catholic genius: and insistence that the mystic Christ and the Jesus of history are one, led him back into the Catholic fold. "It was the Christ of the Catholic Church that stood forth from the newer criticism of the gospel sources, not the Christ of liberal Protestantism." Very gently, with true loving-kindness toward all, Campbell returned to his old home. Has he reached the end of his journey? Every reader asks the question. He

explains that he has carefully studied and rejected the claims of Rome. But a temperament like his rarely reaches a passive goal. Meantime, wherever he may find himself, his power to contribute to the larger Christian unity which begins to seem more than a dream is in many ways unique. His treatment of the vexed question of Reordination is especially cogent and timely; the direct and practical experience of varied religious types, the respect for all, the lofty view of the Whole Body, the Sacramental philosophy, above all the personal piety breathing through every page, equip him to render greater services to his generation in the future than in the past. His autobiography, so typical in its very weaknesses, may not give much satisfaction to minds ready to penetrate new regions; but it does better. It is the revelation of a true Christian, unspoiled by popularity, humble, consecrate, and never disobedient to his heavenly vision.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

The Industrial Revolution

THE TOWN LABOURER, 1760-1832. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond. (Longmans, Green & Co.; $3.50.)

From the point of view of the possessing classes, the Industrial Revolution in England meant the dawn of modern greatness, the conquest of nature by man's inventive skill, the endowment of society with a wealth of commodities and services. From the point of view of the worker who produced these commodities, the Industrial Revolution was a cruel and shameless exploitation of the mass of a race by the classes holding economic and political power. The modern social historian is far more interested in this latter point of view than in the former, and presses insistently on these sorest spots of English civilization. Never has the story been told with such masterly precision or with such illuminating reference to the original sources of the time as in this book by the Hammonds. It is not a large book, but the perspective and proportion are so perfect that the life of a whole era, analyzed searchingly and profoundly, passes before your eyes as you read.

The book is virtually a study in the technique of class-manipulation. Not only are events and conflicts studied, but the whole intellectual and spiritual background of this class struggle as events were reflected in it is presented. This is "social" psychology as an intellectual fine art. We see not only the cruelly ingenious union of capitalism and government for the purpose of keeping the working classes in servitude, but we see the philosophy by which capitalists and politicians rationalized their crude will-to-power into attitudes that satisfied them as necessary. The Hammonds have used their material with the utmost skill to show us the intellectual structure of this terrible civilization. In their early chapters, "The New Power," "The New Town," "The New Discipline," they show the inexorable hemming in of the workers by the new capitalism. In the later chapters on "The Mind of the Rich," "The Conscience of the Rich," "The Defences of the Poor," "The Mind of the Poor," "The Ambitions of the Poor," the authors analyze the states of mind, religious, political, predatory, that accompanied the new subjugation and the reactions against it. In their feeling for class attitudes, for the rationalizations that accompany the economic war, for the sinister manipulation of government by capital, the Hammonds have an intellectual tool which should be in the hands of every one who tries to write of this modern industrial era. And they have produced a book which can fairly be called a model of method and perspective.

The writers are filled with the need of organizing a society in which "all men and women have an equal and recognized share." The age they describe, which still lives on in our American industrial civilization, thought of industry only "as offering rapid and tempting prizes to the spirit of gain which was regarded as the great motive power of human progress." The workingmen leaders who were right then, and are right now, saw that "if life was to be enriched by the new industry, machinery must be made subordinate to the men who used it." The struggle to effect that subordination has still after a century scarcely got beyond the first skirmishes. This book reflects the revolutionizing of economic thought; it insists that England—and the other industrial nations by inference—shall no longer be "two nations," divided by a bitter class struggle, but a genuine commonwealth in which machinery becomes the servant of life and not its master. "The Town Labourer" should be read for its constant play of suggestiveness upon our modern situation, and the stern questions its material puts to us of how much our ruling classes know of liberty to-day.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Psychology in a Vacuum

THE THREE BLACK PENNYS. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Alfred A. Knopf; $1.50.)

The publisher of Mr. Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys" calls it "the first American novel" he has printed. There is no need to put any special interpretation on that use of the word "American," but it comes in neatly as a starting-place for a discussion of this "splendid, unsuccessful" novel. It is not American. Until American business became the world's breakfast conversation, the sordidness of getting to work by eight o'clock, or an even more vulgarly early hour, there to be enslaved until five or six in the evening, was kept from the novel-reader's delicate sensibilities. One somehow received the impression from one's youthful reading that the people in novels rarely had to work. They did work, it is true; but the hero always dressed for dinner, and he could be had for a love scene in a shadowy pergola at any hour of the day. Even when his work and its influence were the theme, the spiritual situation was more likely to be presented than the weariness of the hours from morning till lunch and from one o'clock till five. English and continental literature still make one think of the dominant leisure classes, though they may be felt only through their pressure on the laboring man. America is the workaday nation of the world, garish, loud, and unrefined. There are almost as many millionaires in the United States as the Russian peasant believes there are, but it is doubtful whether there are many who do not spend a great part of their days at a desk. And whether judged fairly or not, the millionaire is notoriously bovine as regards the "finer shades." The work of making millions has completely coarsened him.

The three black Pennys are three men of one family, separated by generations but bound by a strain of melancholy, "black blood," which gives them the appellation. All three are inheritors of the Penny iron mills and wealth. This offers what seems to be, and is, a typically American background; but the characters are in it and not of it. Gilbert Penny, the founder of the iron business and the only one who gives his life in true American fashion to its development, is merely the father of the first of the three "black" Pennys. His successors are all men of complete leisure, of genuine culture and wealth, free to do as they please and breathe an atmosphere of aristocracy decidedly European. All the men and women of the story, indeed, are possessed of a refinement that reminds one of the people who interested Henry James. The iron mills pound, flame, and roar outside, always outside, for they are never allowed to come into the drawing-room. It is, so to speak, in drawing-rooms, softly lighted and faultlessly furnished, that all three stories take place. This is the impression of the whole work. The author himself writes with a subtlety and a sensitive penetration that are the fruits of careful reading, if not study, of English and French models. There are none of the bold, bald observations of a Spoon River historian. So much, then, as a friendly attempt to rid Mr. Hergesheimer's novel of a complimentary advertisement which it cannot fairly be asked to live up to. To say that it is not American, is not to derogate the novel. The publisher, you know, may have meant by "American," a novel written by an American and printed in this country!

Obviously, the adjectives "splendid" and "unsuccessful" were chosen with care. It is unsuccessful, first of all, because it is not a unit. It is divided into three parts that are three stories. In spite of a liberal and often tiresome, though always skilful, use of the mechanics of genealogy and inheritance, the reader is wholly unconvinced that these men and their stories are in any way related. Why the author is not successful, despite his clever use of genealogical connectives, is too subtle and complex a subject to be dealt with in anything less than an essay. One is generously tempted to excuse him on the grounds that he has attempted one of the most difficult feats in fiction, until one remembers the impressiveness of "The Way of All Flesh." When the first part of the book has been finished, and a brilliant piece of work it is, the disappointment at discovering that one is to know no more of Howat Penny and Ludowika, that one has finished a short story, is so discouraging that patience must be coaxed to return. Jasper Penny's story follows, and it has a hard time indeed making a place for itself in the mind of the reader who has become fond of Howat, Ludowika, and the whole first Penny family. But it finally does so, because of the author's vivid presentation of human psychology. At this stage, in fact, forgiveness is the feeling one has, until the same experience must be gone through again with the third story. It is too much. One determines to tell everyone, including the author, that this is not a novel, but three short stories.

Contributing also to the ultimate failure of the work as a novel is a smaller flaw, a flaw, however, that is cumulative in its effect upon the reader who likes Mr. Hergesheimer's people. This flaw has been mentioned. The characters move in the setting as though it were a mere stage back-drop. It might even be said that they move hither and thither through it with no more effect upon themselves than if it were air and mist. At first the reader's feeling is too vague to be called even a suspicion. Little by little he finds that these people really live in an abstract world, that they could be taken from their setting without changing their fates in the least. Not one of the Penny men is really affected by the iron mills; the wealth that affects them comes from the mills, but the money might have been inherited from perfect strangers and their stories would have been the same. This independence of the atmosphere of the surroundings extends even to the weather. The moods, the thoughts, the spirits of the various characters are in no way changed by those minute influences which make up so large a part of the mosaic of life. Memories of the exquisite blending of man and nature by such men as Meredith, Maupassant, and Flaubert flood into the reviewer's mind.

The virtue of the book is its psychology, its delineation of the minds and souls of these people. For this it deserves the adjective "splendid." And lest the reader of the review be undesirably biased by a comparison of the space devoted to praise and blame, let me say unequivocally that the book is worth reading. One hands it on immediately to one's best friend, and gives the friend full permission to do the same. Every person in the book lives, lives in his or her small time with an attraction not incomparable to that of some of the great characters in fiction. At times you forget the words and paper, you sympathize to the point of embarrassment. This is no small accomplishment for a writer, and it is Mr. Hergesheimer's. There are flaws, but one of them is not false or superficial psychology. You are surprised not by what the people say, but by the fact that they say just what they should say. They react in normal, vivid, vital ways. In the world of fiction-puppets such individuals stand out with all the attraction of personalities. It is because his people are so "splendid" that one must call the novel unsuccessful.

B. I. Kinne.

Briefs on New Books

Arizona the Wonderland. By George Wharton James. Page; $3.50.

Arizona's signal claim to publicity has rested these many years solely on the Grand Canyon. We learn from the book before us that it can boast of other wonders of nature. George Wharton James's self-imposed, and not altogether unsuccessful, task is to establish the truth of his statement that "With but one exception—the ocean—Arizona has everything that has rendered California so world-famed, with the addition of many scenic, geologic, ethnologic, and archeologic features that California does not possess." It would seem that Mr. James knows his Arizona as well as the California of which he has written so much, for in defence of his enthusiasm he says: "Of course I shall be accused of 'fine writing.' I always am, by men who have not seen what I am writing about. How foolish for those who *know not* to criticize the endeavors of those who *do*."

Too bulky for a guide book, too discursive for quick reference, the work nevertheless makes pleasant and often informative reading. After "Glimpses of the Land," in which the reader is taken in imagination on a sketchy trip over the whole state, the remainder of the book satisfies the curiosity thus aroused by developing more intensively the subjects enumerated. Of especial interest are the facts relating to the various tribes of Indians, among whom the author has spent much time, studying their ceremonies, their ways of living, and their histories. He concludes that the ancient cliff-dwellers are to be identified with the present-day Pueblo Indians. We learn of the existence of ruins that do not come within the ken of any but the specialist; one of them, Betatakin, with Nonnezoshie, a great natural arch rising above it, was seen for the first time by a white man in 1909. In the White Mountains, the author says, new dwellings are often brought to light, and there are still many that have yet to be discovered.

The industrial and intellectual phases of Arizona life are also recorded, so that the book is comprehensive in its scope. It is likewise a well-furnished volume, illustrated with a dozen color-plates besides many other pictures and a map.

Politics and Personalities. By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Scribner; $2.25.

The book itself is thoroughly engaging. It is one of those comfortable books which one can take up at odd moments with the assurance that they will prove good moments—a book genial without loss of seriousness, thoughtful without being profound, and (grateful virtue) contemporary without being harrowing. The politics that

Mr. Russell is concerned with is current English politics, the personalities are mostly present-day political personalities—both judged from the vantage of a man read in history and reared in the society of the high Victorians. Everywhere the author is sure-tempered; everywhere he is shrewd and humane; everywhere he sees Britishly. His analysis of the duties of representatives, where conscience and constituency are at odds ("M. P. or Delegate?"); his reasoned assertion of the political influence of the British monarch ("The Whigs and the Constitution"); his characterization of John Bull as a type that is passing ("John Bull in Ireland")—these are samples of topics that exact attention; and with them such judgments as, "England remains the most religious country in Europe"; "the true spring of oratory is the old Holy Well of Romance"—said, concerning "Demagogues," with Lloyd George in the category; or, "the pitifullest and meanest outcry which can be uttered is the outcry of the well-to-do classes against expenditure on the instruction of the poor."

But, after all, it is not the book, it is the author that stirs the imagination. Is he, as a type, doomed to pass along with old John Bull? The propertied Liberal, political both by nature and opportunity; the aristocrat, unostentatious but family-conscious; the Oxford man, who moves in the classics without apparatus and remembers Jowett; the churchman, familiar with the problems of the mind and capable of setting his own intelligent appraisal upon the thing we call science ("The Dark Side of Science")—combine such qualities with humor and humanity, honor and chivalry, all sanely proportioned, and you will limn such a portrait as Mr. Russell all unconsciously draws of himself in his essays, rich in reminiscence but awake to the present hour. No one need expect to find in "Politics and Personalities" solutions for the great political problems of the near future, nor are they likely to be solved by men of its author's type: the times are cataclysmic, and experience cast in Victorian moulds cannot be their measure. But it is not the least poignant of our qualms to fear lest the cataclysm shall have swept from the future the possibility of perpetuating this same fine type of the political man.

Days of Destiny. By R. Gorell Barnes. Longmans, Green; $1.

Another book of war verse comes from a young author, now member of the Rifle Brigade. It is written by following, unconsciously perhaps, the familiar patterns. In ordinary orderly metrical rhymes the writer celebrates "The Path of Honour," "The Cliffs of England," "The Fall of Namur." The verse is neither beautiful nor poor; it is merely commonplace. There are no arresting visions, no thrilling beauties, no stirring agonies. It is true that the finest poetry in the world deals with the oldest things in the world. The dreadfulness of war, the dearness of home, the glory of a goal seen through a mist of blood and tears, these are close enough to men's hearts to be at the root of poetry. But neither good subject-matter nor the will to self-expression, alone or together, can create art. And that intimate wedding of the sensitive and the communicative which results in fine art can occur even when the form is as old as iambic tetrameter. For all this versifier's sentiments, he has no passions. He expresses in traditional way traditional feelings. His is neither the wilfulness of original emotion nor the unique significance of an original manner. Indeed, he lacks even the tradition of his tradition: the note of Tennysonian lyrism.

Letters About Shelley. Interchanged by Three Friends—Edward Dowden, Richard Garnett, and William Michael Rossetti. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. S. Garnett. Doran; $2.

"Writing maketh an exact man," says Bacon. Behind any good biography or any carefully established text is hidden an amount of labor on minutiæ that is both amazing and depressing. Yet this scholarly research need not be dryasdust; it may be accompanied by noble enthusiasm and the spirit of unselfish sacrifice. Both the toil and the generosity of scholars are illustrated in the volume which Mr. R. S. Garnett has edited. The book is valuable, besides, to lovers of Shelley. It comprises the greater part of the correspondence of three notable authorities on the poet, presents their discussions in detail from 1869 to 1906, and reflects the broad-minded interest of each in literature and life in general. Of the three, Richard Garnett was first to win recognition as an authority on Shelley. He hoped some day to write the poet's biography; but crowded with duties at the British Museum, and drawn by the force of circumstances into other literary undertakings, he never found the necessary leisure. To him Rossetti, himself become known for painstaking research, presently applied for assistance in a memoir. So unstinted was the response that a firm friendship between the two men resulted. After a time Rossetti called Garnett's attention to "a Whitman enthusiast Edward Dowden." Before long Dowden in turn was studying Shelley and corresponding with Garnett about a multitude of details. Sir Percy Shelley, now hopeless of securing Garnett's services, invited Dowden to write the official biography. The invitation was accepted; still more rigorous investigation was made necessary, and an intensified correspondence between Dowden

and Garnett was begun. The letters of this period are the most valuable of the collection. They offer no sweeping revelations about Shelley, for the sufficient reason that their discoveries have already been embodied in published works. But their arguments pro and con and their numerous citations of elusive evidence make them useful for reference. The most important general fact to be elicited from them is that of Dowden's independence of the poet's family. It has been supposed that he deferred too much to Sir Percy Shelley. These letters show clearly that he followed his own opinion in essentials, though at times he softened mere expressions, and was always open to suggestions from the magnanimous Garnett.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN IN HISTORY. Edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton. Macmillan; $4.

Among the meetings held at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915 was that of the Panama Pacific Historical Congress. This volume, "The Pacific Ocean in History," contains a record of that congress, and in title indicates the scope of the historical interests represented. Edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton, the work is assured the careful attention of scholars, particularly when each finds included under the comprehensive but vague appellation papers in his own special field. There are twenty-four papers upon subjects more or less remotely connected with the "Pacific Ocean Area." They are divided into six sections, (1) "The Philippine Islands and their History as a Part of the History of the Pacific Ocean Area," (2) "The Northwestern States, British Columbia, and Alaska in their Relation with the Pacific Ocean," (3) Spanish-America and the Pacific Ocean," (4) "California," (5) "New Mexico and Arizona," and (6) "Japan and Australasia." Indicative of the range of the papers read in these sections may be cited "The Western Ocean as a Determinant in Oregon History," "British Influence in Mexico, 1822-26," "French Intrusions in New Mexico, 1749," and "Japan's Early Attempts to Establish Commercial Relations with Mexico." Ten of the papers are by representatives of the University of California, and fourteen are in the field of Spanish-American history. The volume is largely a University of California product, the result of the combined energies of Professor Stephens in his managerial capacity and of Professor Bolton in his remarkably productive seminary.

Much of the book is not of interest to the layman. But this is not true of the opening address of Professor Stephens, in which he discourses upon the conflict of European Nations in the Pacific. His wide view of international relations of the past four hundred years may well enlarge the horizon of many a casual reader. A brief but careful survey of California history down to 1850 is included, and Horace Davis contributes a paper on the "Home Guard" of 1861.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Vol. I. Edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. Putnam; $3.50.

This work, the first volume of which is just issued, purposes doing for American literature in three volumes what the Cambridge History of English Literature has done for the older country in fourteen. The editors believe that to write the intellectual history of America from the modern æsthetic standpoint would be to miss precisely what makes it significant among modern literatures. A people that devoted its main energies to exploration, settlement, labor for sustenance, religion, and statecraft had no time and no disposition to pursue art for art's sake. Yet conditions which operated unfavorably for the development of poetry and fiction were "no serious handicap to the production of a prose competently recording their practical activities and expressing their moral, religious, and political ideas." This view once adopted, the work of Jonathan Edwards is indeed worth more than some imitative didactic poem in heroic couplets, and "The Federalist" of more account than contemporary attempts at novel-writing. The present volume, therefore, is largely taken up by the theologians and political writers of the eighteenth century—though there is an opening chapter on early travellers and explorers. This part of the volume has also a fine, upstanding chapter on Franklin, by Professor Sherman, of Urbana. Later on, due attention is bestowed upon Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Emerson, the latter section being handled by Paul Elmer More. A chapter on transcendentalism, introducing this, is by Professor Goddard, of Swarthmore College. It is one of the best pieces of work in the volume, but its title, curiously enough, is omitted from the table of contents. There are also pages on the early essayists, dramatists, poets, and historians—who were, of course, mostly imitative echoes from the days of Queen Anne.

Of the 584 pages of the volume, 200 are taken up by a laborious bibliography. Now that the foundations of the history are laid, perhaps the superstructure will exhibit a lighter and more attractive aspect. One would welcome a smaller measure of compilation and a larger manifestation of the critical and the appreciatory.

Notes on New Fiction

The republication of Mr. E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" (Harper; $1.50) will call the attention of many people perhaps for the first time to what is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable novels ever written in this country. Composed thirty-five years ago, in the spare moments of a lonely Kansas editor's life, the book has had a continuous circulation, though with a curiously submerged reputation. It somehow never got itself into the canon of American classics, to which it so rightfully belongs. Perhaps this is because it defies all the laws of what is generally supposed to be congenial to the American imagination. It is austere and slightly ironic in tone; it pictures a stagnant and more or less defeated pioneer countryside; it has no trace of moralism; and it is distinctly pessimistic in its outlook. There is nowhere the popular American theme of redemption. The incredibly pathetic and tragic story of Jo Ewing moves to its dramatic close without the alleviation of sentimentality. There is about the book a good deal of the remorseless fate that we feel in the "Spoon River Anthology." This young novelist pierced through the layers of optimism and mawkishness that popular writers are apt to smother American life in, and told the cold and arid truth about his environment as he saw it. It is a realism colored by a pale romantic glow, and by a singularly sustained mood of resignation. This story suggests nothing but itself. The names of some of the characters suggest an allegorical intention, but the allegory is not insistent. The plot has an intensity of feeling and an almost classic contour that one associates with no other American novel. The style is extraordinarily simple, flowing, and vigorous, perfectly adapted to the primitive emotional life and relations it describes. The touching *naïveté* of the narration brings out all of these qualities. There is hardly anything about the book that is not an anomaly. Strangest of all perhaps is the fact that the story was much appreciated by the American reviewers when it came out, and the first edition, as Mr. Howells reports in his preface, was sold out in the very community where the story was produced and about which it was written. Its renaissance now is a fortunate event.

The sentimentality in which the novelist clothes the woman who has broken convention is nowadays as conventionally inevitable as the actual attitude toward her in real life. Emerson Hough in "The Broken Gate" (Appleton; $1.50) does not deviate from that narrow path of fictional possibility. The mother of Don Lane, instead of leaving the town where she was known, bravely lived there, as a milliner, for twenty years, while she supported the son she had sent away from her. It is a fine opportunity for pathos, and the author may be counted on to make the most of it.

In "The Youth Plupy, or The Lad with a Downy Chin" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.35), Henry A. Shute records the further adventures, chiefly amatory, of the hero-author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." Whether considered as a study of adolescence, as a story about boys for grown-ups, as a book of delicious humor, or as so much additional information about that compellingly interesting lad, Plupy, this episodical narrative, which reaches its climax in a pair of good old-fashioned fist-fights, is capital reading—first-class for the fag-end of a weary day.

"The Love Letters of St. John" (Kennerley; $1.25), forty-seven in number, subjectively relate the suppositive love story of the Apostle John and Antione, one of the Greek hetæræ. The burden of St. John's communications is that "the Word that he spake unto us, the God that he showed and declared unto us, is only Love. There is no other power and this is the life of every living thing. It is the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us. It is the bread of life, the only door into the Sheepfold, the only rock on which to build, the only way of salvation for the world . . ." Antione's replies sigh for the vanished "fragrance of that wondrous hour" of love. Obviously, the Apostle is constantly talking about the love that is of the Father, while Antione speaks of love only in terms of the flesh. It is not surprising, therefore, that the liaison ends in tragedy, which John attempts to ameliorate by sardonically assuring Xenia, the love-child of Antione and a former paramour, that "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for those who are only his friends." The follower of Dionysus will find little in the volume to take seriously.

The obvious and the sentimental are well disguised in "The Inner Door," by Alan Sullivan (Century; $1.35). The sincerity of the author is one factor in the disguise, his fair characterization and his utilization of the subjects of the day are others. They are likely to carry the reader along on a high tide of interested acceptance. But if one considers his story carefully, the fact becomes clear that he has presented only the more obvious questions in the conflict between labor and capital, the more obvious conflict between real and fancied romance in the heart of his hero, and that he has thrown about them a sentimental glamour that no amount of forceful writing can conceal. The book is a good example of the so-called better type of American novel with which the general reading public is wont to satisfy itself.

Casual Comment

Those who read only the headlines and the editorial comment in the daily press must have got a singularly inadequate notion of the President's message to Congress. As usual, the editors took considerable pains to veil as far as possible Mr. Wilson's incorrigible idealism, which they appear to regard as an inexplicable bias to be tolerated rather than a programme to be adopted. In particular, they fear anything like a candid and specific statement of what we expect to win by the war, and the whole of the President's clear and frank sketching of our constructive purpose was generally ignored as irrelevant and premature if not visionary—and that, too, in spite of his home thrust about Russia, whose present plight is a standing reproach to Allied statesmanship. What could more convincingly show the costliness of an evasive and doubtful attitude to the fundamental issues of the war than the loss of Russia's effective coöperation and the alienation of her sympathy? If suspicion could have been allayed by plain speech and a policy outlined that was untainted by self-seeking and purely nationalistic ambitions, the President believes that the present chaos might have been averted. At least there was a chance, of which a flexible statesmanship, awake to the strategic value of candor in dealing with democratic masses, would have hastened to avail itself. The President's stressing of this point and his feeling that, in spite of the apathy of the press, he has the support of plain men in his hopes for a peace based on give and take, a peace which cannot be established without concessions on the part of the victors as well as the vanquished, show once more his gift for interpreting the real national will.

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In Christian countries, for more centuries than it is heartening to count, the barometer of social liberalism has been the position of the Jews. The treatment of this people has become the gauge of social progress since the exclusion of Jews from the common life of Europe in the fourth century. Step by step they have gained entrance again into the comity of nations, and their advance has kept pace with the growth of freedom among the Christian peoples themselves. The test of the French Revolution's "rights of man" was the rights of the individual Jew; and in the last century western Europe has gradually met and passed the test. The test of the Russian revolution will be in a measure the same. If it is passed, the individual Jew will practically everywhere be a citizen. Above individual rights, however, stand national rights. International democracy, the rights of nations great or small, can be, perhaps must be, measured by the recognition bestowed on the Jewish nation. It is, therefore, a source of gratification to all liberals that the British government has pledged its support to the "establishment in Palestine of a national homeland for the Jewish people." After two thousand years of exile not only from his own land but from the community of nations as well, the Jew is given the encouragement of recognition. The sincerity of liberalism is certified. The world could reap no greater reward for granting the Jew opportunity to develop his culture freely than the gift of that culture itself. In this service lies the responsibility of the Jewish people, in Palestine and elsewhere.

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The "case" of Nietzsche continues to occupy the Paris reviews. Obviously, it would be naïve to link him with Bernhardi, Treitschke, and the other howling dervishes of the "Deutschland über Alles" cult. He shared their hopes no more than their illusions as to the German mission; on the contrary, he was a "good European," who saw in that *névrose nationale* which fastened itself on his countrymen after the Franco-Prussian War only the sacrifice of the German mind to the German Empire and the impending death of culture. Nothing more easily roused his fury than the religion of nationalism. For the petty state system which has to plant itself "between two hatreds" to keep from collapsing, he had nothing but scorn, and he was filled with the holy rage of the philosopher in the presence of all the fatuities and follies that accompanied the growth of the national vanity in Germany. Small danger of his mistaking the joyous Junkers for Overmen. There is, in fact, an exquisite irony in the fact that the writings of this fastidious and perverse solitary should have played their part in helping to spread a culture which he loathed as the very negation of spiritual values, as something heavy and uninspired, a grotesque mingling of tasteless borrowings and bungling imitation. He prided himself most on remaining an alien among the German people and carrying his admirations elsewhere—chiefly to France. He even turned the Germans he admired into foreigners in order to admire them comfortably. Wagner is a case in point; Wagner the "opposite and the incarnate contradiction of all 'German virtues.'" In the French he saw the only modern people who had produced a genuine culture, and in the last book he wrote he was betrayed into ludicrous excesses of praise for the French genius. These, to be sure, were the lengthening shadows of the sunset; but they were extensions rather than deflections of his lifelong bias, which showed a constantly growing exasperation with the German mind and a derisive amusement at the antics of the "poor

bear" attempting to dance to the tune of civilization. The French are certainly right to feel that they cannot afford to throw Nietzsche over; he is the most fanatical modern spokesman for their culture. And as for the Germans, if they are able to read a flattering account of their national aspirations into the works of Nietzsche, then Nietzsche is right in his valuation of the German mind.

* * *

SINCE THE EFFORTS OF THE ENERGETIC MR. HEARST to make literature hum among us have been crowned with complete success, what could be more remarkable than the humility with which he views his triumphs? He gives no evidence of elation, much less of surprise. His formula for success is simplicity itself, as he admits in the case of one of his most popular magazines. It is to establish an honorable monopoly of "the luminous figure of every man or woman in the world who has attained the apex of artistic achievement. . . The singers and the poets and the philosophers, the dreamers and the doers—who have reached the mountain height. The goodly company of rare spirits whom all the world recognizes for their rarity." To make the best also the most popular is a problem that has worried sociologists, but it does not worry Mr. Hearst. His simple, democratic faith allows him to reverse the formula and establish popularity as the true criterion of the best.

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THE FEAR OF LIBRARIES is becoming one of the commonest forms of modern neurosis. Even casual readers are likely to have a touch of it, though it may amount to nothing more than an occasional shudder in the presence of mountainous heaps of books which they have never read and never hope to read. After wandering for half an hour among the stacks, they will be seized by paralysis of the will and rush into the open air to escape the necessity of making a choice. But the chief sufferer is the specialist, since he is constantly browbeaten not by books alone, but by magazines and reviews as well. His learning may be prodigious; he may have absorbed whole libraries; but if he has missed the newest pamphlet or overlooked the latest book-review, he is no longer abreast of his subject. It is a fear capable of robbing him of all courage and peace of mind, and the resulting irritation is likely to disturb the peace of his family. The revolt of the futurists and the vorticists is partly an attempt to escape from the neurosis of libraries and museums and to vindicate the right to life and the pursuit of happiness of even an ignorant ego. It is a reaching out for liberty, and however grotesque the means may seem, the impulse itself is sacred.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The Anderson Galleries opened their new home at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, on December 10 by a sale of a collection of English literature, early and modern, consigned by Henry E. Huntington from his famous library. The books were selections and duplicates and comprised almost five hundred works. A number of them were formerly in the collections of Henry W. Poor, Beverly Chew, E. Dwight Church, and Frederick R. Halsey; others were in the Robert Hoe, Henry Huth, and Marshall C. Lefferts libraries.

George D. Smith paid $440 for a first edition of Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus, the schole of Shootinge conteyned in two books," London, 1545, in black leather, in binding by Riviere, the Frederick R. Halsey copy, not in the Hoe, Huth, or McKee collections. James F. Drake gave $360 for the same author's "Schole Master, or plaine and perfite way of teaching children," London, 1570, first edition, in binding by Riviere. Giovanni Boccaccio's "De Cameron," London, 1620, first edition in English, in binding by Riviere, went to Mr. Smith for $525. "Barnabees Journal," by Richard Brathwaite, London, 1638, first edition, in binding by F. Bedford, the Beverly Chew copy, went to Mr. Drake for $400. He also bought for $456 "The Crown of all Homer's Works Batrachomyomachia, or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. His Hymns and Epigrams," translated by George Chapman, folio, first edition, London, 1624, in binding by Riviere, the Halsey copy. Gabriel Wells obtained for $475 "The Workes of Geffray Chaucer," London, 1532, the first collected edition of Chaucer's "Works," and the only book with a date issued by Thomas Godfrey, the Beverly Chew copy.

"Thomas Churchyard's Challenge," London, 1593, first edition, the Utterson-Frederick Locker-Beverly Chew copy, was knocked down to Mr. Drake for $560. Mr. Smith paid $680 for Abraham Cowley's "Poetical Blossomes," London, 1633, first edition of Cowley's first production, in binding by Riviere, the Beverly Chew copy. "A Pretie New Enterlude with pithie and pleasaunt of the Story of Kyng Daryus," London, 1565, first edition, only five copies known, the Devonshire copy, was bought for $525 by the Rosenbach Company, of Philadelphia. Mr. Drake gave $310 for "The Scourge of Folly," by John Davies of Hereford, London, 1610, first edition, in binding by Riviere, containing references to Shakespeare. The same bidder paid $305 for "The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat," by Thomas Dekker, London, 1607, first edition, the Henry Huth copy; $390 for the same author's "Aroia—Nova Triumphans," London, 1612, first edition; and $300 for "Godfrey of Bulloigne," translated by Edward Fairfax, London, 1600, the first English edition, in binding by Gruel.

Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, obtained for $290 Sir Geoffrey Fenton's "Certaine Tragicall Discourses written oute of Frenche and Latin," Lon-

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don, 1567, first edition, in binding by Riviere. "A Pleasant Conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," by Robert Greene, London, 1599, first edition, the Henry Huth copy and apparently the only copy recorded as being sold at auction here and in Great Britain, went to the Rosenbach Company for $710. Mr. Smith paid $410 for the first edition of "The Temple," by George Herbert, Cambridge, 1633; $500 for "The Spider and the Flie," by John Heywood, London, 1556, first edition; and $300 for the "Woorkes of John Heywood," London, 1563, first edition, in binding by Stikeman. Mr. Drake gave $370 for "Seianus, his Fall," by Ben Jonson, London, 1605, the Robert Hoe copy. Mr. Smith obtained for $500 the same author's "Chloridia. Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs," London, 1630, first edition.

"The Massacre at Paris," by Christopher Marlowe, London, no date, first edition, the Devonshire copy, with autograph inscription by John Philip Kemble, the actor, went to Mr. Drake for $525. Mr. Smith paid $450 for "An Excellent Tragedy," by John Mason, London, 1632, and $2750 for the first edition of John Milton's "Lycidas," Cantabrigia, 1638, the Brayton Ives-Lefferts-Halsey copy. The Rosenbach Company gave $375 for the first edition of "The Downfall and Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington, afterward call Robin Hood," London, 1601, the Huth copy. Mr. Smith obtained for $360 "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," by Sir Philip Sidney, London, 1593. "The Faerie Queene," by Edmund Spenser, first edition, London, 1596, went to Ernest Dressel North for $975. Mr. Drake paid $430 for Edmund Spenser's "Fowre Hymnes," London, 1596. "Songs and Sonnets," by Henry Howard, Earle of Surrey, London, 1585, went to Mr. Smith for $625. Mr. Drake obtained for $525 "The Rocke of Regard," by George Whetstone, London, 1576. The highest price of the day, $3450, was paid by the Rosenbach Company for "A Refutation of Deism, in a dialogue," London, 1814, the first edition of the rarest of Percy Bysshe Shelley's writings.

The afternoon session brought $25,403 and the evening session $20,227.50, a grand total of $45,680.50. Americana from Mr. Huntington's library was sold on December 11.

A sale of Americana by Charles F. Heartman, 36 Lexington Avenue, New York, on November 30, brought a total of $3136.25. The highest price, $305, was paid by J. Goldsmith for a manuscript of two pages, folio, New York, May, 1822, by Philip Freneau, about a new, correct and elegant edition of his "Poems and Miscellanies," three octavo volumes, at three dollars. This edition for some reason was never brought out. Mr. Goldsmith also gave $220 for a three-page letter by Freneau, dated May 15, 1815, and $180 for another letter dated May 14, 1822. It is said that no autograph letter by Freneau has appeared before in the auction market, and that only two private sales of a letter by him are known. Both of the present letters refer to an edition of his poems. In one he mentions Thomas Paine, Dr. Hosack, and other notable persons of the day, satirizes the

society of New York and refers to a poem on the repulse of the British at New Orleans. "The Proposals for a Monmouth Newspaper . . . The Monmouth Gazette . . . New York, February 15, 1791, Philip Freneau," one page, large folio, went to Curtis Walters for $140. It is the only copy known. The newspaper was not brought out.

Library sets, first editions, colored plate books, sporting books, prints, and original drawings by John Leech and Thomas Rowlandson from the library of the late James Buchanan Brady, widely known as "Diamond Jim Brady," and from other sources, sold at the American Art Galleries, New York, on December 6 and 7, brought a grand total of $28,051.50. There were three sessions and 613 lots. The highest price was $725, paid by Gabriel Wells for "Œuvres Completes" of Voltaire, with both sets of the celebrated plates by Moreau, Paris, 1785-89, and other works about Voltaire (75 volumes in all), in binding by Bozerian Jeune, and extra-illustrated by the insertion of fine plates after Gravelot.

Mr. Wells paid $120 for "Sporting Sketches" with colored plates by Henry Alken, London, 1817-18. L. Wilmerding gave $440 for "The National Sports of Great Britain," with colored plates by Alken, London, 1821. George D. Smith obtained for $180 the "Melton Mowbray Hunt," with colored plates by Alken, London, 1822. Curtis Walters bought for $490 "The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette," colored plates by Alken, London, 1822-28. "A Melange of Humor," 1823-24, with colored plates by Alken, went to Mr. Wells for $100. He also bought for $105 six original drawings in pencil and water colors by the same artist. The same bidder obtained for $210 the "Beaux Arts Classics," Paris, undated, printed throughout on Japanese vellum paper and limited to twenty copies. Charles Scribner's Sons gave $135 for "Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux," by M. de Buffon, Paris, 1780-86. They also paid $175 for the original edition of Richard F. Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights," printed by the Kamashastra Society. The Denver, Colorado, reissue of this work went to Mr. Wells for $180. He also paid $150 for "Military Uniform, adopted by the Royal Army of Sweden," by Baron Frederick Eben, London, 1808.

Stan V. Henkels held an interesting sale of autographs on November 28, at 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. P. F. Madigan paid $30 for a letter by John Adams, Paris, April 13, 1785, to Elbridge Gerry about the choice of American Ministers abroad. A letter by Samuel Adams, Boston, March 13, 1774, to Elbridge Gerry about the riots at Marblehead, brought $72.50. A letter by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, April 6, 1797, about the financial condition of Robert Morris and James Wilson, went for $21. A letter by Benjamin Franklin, July 22, 1778, to James Lovell, brought $110. A letter by John Hancock, June 29, 1775, to Elbridge Gerry, sold for $32, and a letter by Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, went for $21. A letter by Joseph Hewes, April 21, 1777, to George Hooper, went for $300.

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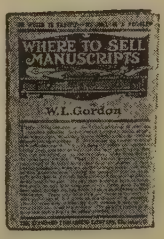

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Notes and News

The index to the current volume is now ready and will be sent post paid to those readers who wish to receive it, provided they will send in their request within thirty days. This index is included in the library copies of The Dial, but it is the publisher's impression that few others will be interested in receiving an index and he feels justified in saving white paper under existing conditions.

Contributors to the present issue:

Richard Offner has had the advantage of close association with the work of Bernhard Berenson. He is at present giving courses on the history of art at the University of Chicago.

Amy Wellington is a young New York critic and journalist who was formerly on the staff of "Current Opinion."

Rose Henderson is a resident of Silver City, New Mexico.

Louis Untermeyer is known as a writer both of verse and criticism. He is the author of "The Younger Quire," "First Love," and "Challenge."

Helen Gardner is a lecturer on art at the University of Chicago.

Among Vida D. Scudder's numerous works are "Socialism and Character," "A Listener in Babel," and "Social Ideals in English Letters."

B. I. Kinne is a member of the department of Romance Languages at the University of Wisconsin.

Appletons have just published a community masque from the pen of Percy Mackaye entitled "The Evergreen Tree."

Little, Brown & Company announce that Margaret Sherwood's novel of the war, "The Worn Doorstep," has now reached its fifteenth printing.

Joseph Pennell's pictures of war work, which are now touring the American art galleries, will shortly be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Brick Row Bookshop of New Haven has just issued an attractive little catalogue containing a selected list of first editions of contemporary writers.

Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Company announce for early January publication a new novel by Gertrude Atherton entitled "The White Morning," and also a novel by Flora A. Steel entitled "Mistress of Men." Other publications will include Cathal O'Byrne's "The Grey Feet of the Wind."

"The Book of the West Indies," by Hyatt Verrill, which Messrs. E. P. Dutton have just brought out, offers rather a complete guide to a section of the Western Hemisphere which the author feels is too little appreciated by Americans. The book is the result of several years' residence and exploration in the islands.

The John C. Winston Company, of Philadelphia, announces that it will enter the school-book field on the first of January. For several years this company has been preparing a series of text-books under the editorship of Dr. William Dodge Lewis, principal of the William Penn High School, of Phila-

delphia. James G. Stradling, for many years connected with The American Book Company, will be the Sales Manager of this new Educational Department. Among the publications announced for January first are: A Series of Readers, by Sidney G. Firman and Ethel H. Maltby; The Young American Readers, by Jane Eayre Fryer; A Series of Community Civics, including "Our Community," by Samuel H. Ziegler; "Our Neighborhood," by John F. Smith; "Citizenship in Philadelphia," by Dr. J. Lynn Barnard.

Two books of interest to those who have visited the Orient are Alfred M. Hitchcock's "Over Japan Way" and Alice Tisdale's "Pioneering Where the World is Old," both recently from the press of Henry Holt and Company.

The house in New York in which Ridgely Torrence, author of "Granny Maumee" (Macmillan), is now living is rich with literary associations. It was here that William Vaughn Moody lived from 1906 until 1909, and at various times Percy Mackaye, Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Padraic Colum, and Rabindranath Tagore have occupied quarters in the same building, which stands on Waverly Place, just off Washington Square.

Ensign Wilbur Bassett of the United States Navy is the author of "Wanderships," which has just been published by the Open Court Company. In this volume he has collected many interesting folk-stories of the sea, with notes upon their origin.

Those interested in the Irish renaissance will welcome the news of the establishment in Dublin of The Talbot Press, which will be devoted entirely to the publication of the works of Irish writers, attention being paid to the format. The new press is under the direction of Mr. W. G. Lyon, who has chosen as his American adviser Mr. Ernest A. Boyd. Mr. Lyon writes us that the political unrest of Ireland seems to have stirred a large amount of dormant literary ability and that almost daily manuscripts are being received which are of more than ordinary merit. Among the titles announced in their attractive catalogue are: "Appreciations and Depreciations" by Ernest A. Boyd; "Anglo-Irish Essays" by John Eglinton; "French Literary Studies" by Professor T. B. Rudmose-Brown; "Literature in Ireland" by Thomas MacDonagh; "Thomas Campion and the Art of Poetry" by Thomas MacDonagh; "The Constitutional and Parliamentary History of Ireland till the Union" by J. G. Swift MacNeill; "Confiscation in Irish History" by William F. T. Butler; "The Ways of War" by T. M. Kettle; "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars" by J. M. Flood; "A Short History of Ireland" by Constantia Maxwell; "Secret Springs of Dublin Song"; "The Poems of John Francis MacEntee"; "Ireland: A Song of Hope" by Padric Gregory; "The Dream Physician" by Edward Martyn; "Plays of Gods and Men" by Lord Dunsany; "Spring and Other Plays" by T. C. Murray; "The Kingdom-Maker" by Seosamh O'Neill; "Mud and Purple" by Seumas O'Sullivan; "Unknown Immortals" by Herbert M. Pim; "Waysiders" by Seumas O'Kelly; "The Threshold of Quiet" by Daniel Corkery; "Her Irish Heritage" by A. M. P. Smithson.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[The following list, containing 60 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Fiske. By John Spencer Clark. Illustrated, 2 volumes, 8vo, 533-523 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boxed. $7.50.

Lord Acton's Correspondence. Edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence. Volume I. 8vo, 324 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.

The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale. By Edward E. Hale, Jr. 2 volumes. With frontispieces. 8vo, 390-442 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $5.

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks. 2 volumes. 12mo, 718 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. Boxed. $4.75.

William Penn. By John W. Graham. Illustrated, 8vo, 332 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution. Reminiscences and letters of Catherine Breshkovsky. Edited by Alice Stone Blackwell. With frontispiece, 12mo, 348 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $2.

The Cruise of the Corwin. By John Muir. Illustrated, 12mo, 279 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75.

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Abigail Adams. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated, 12mo, 283 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35.

Love Stories of Court Beauties. By Franzisca, Baroness von Hedemann. Illustrated, 8vo, 354 pages. George H. Doran Co. $3.

The Private and Official Correspondence of General Benjamin F. Butler. 5 volumes. 8vo, 669-629-632-625-748 pages. Jessie Ames Marshall. Boston. Per set, $20.

Founder's Day in War Time. By Sir Adolphus William Ward. 12mo, 55 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Mark Twain's Letters. Edited by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 volumes. Illustrated, 12mo, 856 pages. Harper & Bros. $4.

Life and Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by John Erskine. 8vo, 393 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

Le Morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory and its Sources. By Vida D. Scudder. With frontispiece, 8vo, 430 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Legends and Romances of Brittany. By Lewis Spence. Illustrated, 8vo, 423 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50.

Days of Discovery. By Bertram Smith. 12mo, 222 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

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The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer. 8vo, 342 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.

The Prison and the Prisoner. Edited by Julia K. Jaffray. 12mo, 216 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

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